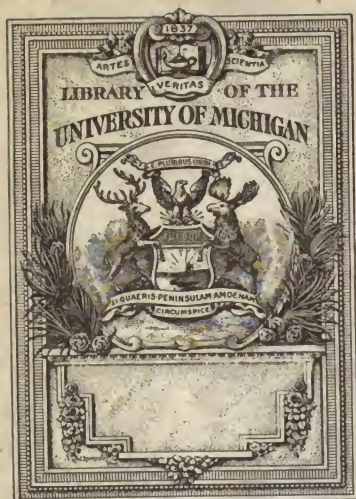


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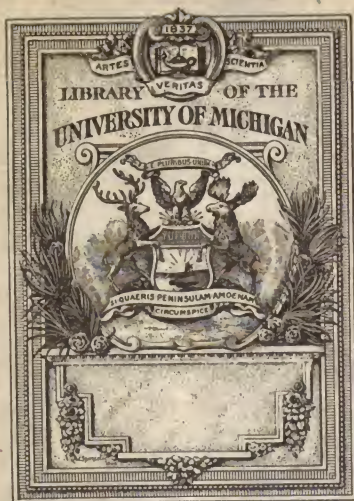
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SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

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PRINTER,  
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SAMUEL HUESTON,

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JANUARY, 1852.

No. 1.

## THE VOYAGEUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TALBOT AND VERNON,' 'THE GLENNS,' ETC.

'SPREAD out earth's holiest records here,  
Of days and deeds to reverence dear:  
A zeal like this, what pious legends tell?'

THE shapeless knight-errantry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, rich as it was in romance and adventure, is not to be compared, in any valuable characteristic, to the noiseless self-devotion of the men who first explored the Western country. The courage of the knight was a part of his savage nature; his confidence was in the strength of his own right arm; and if his ruggedness was ever softened down by gentler thoughts, it was only when he asked forgiveness for his crimes, or melted in sensual idolatry of female beauty.

It would be a curious and instructive inquiry, could we institute it with success, how much of the contempt of danger manifested by the wandering knight was referable to genuine valor, and what proportion to the strength of a Milan coat and the temper of a Toledo or Ferrara blade. And it would be still more curious, although perhaps not so instructive, to estimate the purity and fidelity of the heroines of chivalry; to ascertain the amount of true devotion given them by their admirers, 'without hope of reward.'

But without abating its interest by invidious and ungrateful inquiries, we can see quite enough—in its turbulence, its cruelty, arrogance and oppression—to make us thank Heaven that 'the days of chivalry are gone.' And from that chaotic scene of rapine, raid and murder, we can turn with pleasure to contemplate the truer, nobler chivalry, the chivalry of love and peace, whose weapons were the kindness of their hearts, the purity of their motives, and the self-denial of their lives.

The term '*voyageur*'\* literally signifies 'traveller;' but by this modest

\* In common use, this word was restricted so as to indicate only the boatmen; the carriers of that time; but I am writing of a period anterior, by many years, to the existence of the trade which made their occupation.

name are indicated some of the bravest adventurers the world has ever seen. But it is not in its usual, common-place signification that I employ the word, nor yet in that which is given it by most writers on the subject of early French settlements and explorations. Men are often affected by the names given them, either of opprobrium or commendation; but words are quite as frequently changed, restricted or enlarged in meaning, by their application to men. For example: you apply the word soldier to a class of men; and if robbery be one of the characteristics of that class, 'soldier' will soon come to mean 'robber' too. And thus, though the parallel is only logical, has it been with the term '*voyageur*.' The class of men to whom it is applied were travellers—*voyageurs*; but they were *more*; and as the habits and qualities of men came in time to be better understood than the meaning of French words, the term, used in reference to Western history, took much of its significance from the history and character of the men it assumed to describe. Thus, *un voyageur* means not only a traveller, but a traveller with a purpose; an adventurer among the Western wilds; a chivalrous missionary, either in the cause of science or religion. It includes high courage, burning zeal for Church and country, and the most generous self-devotion. It describes such men as Marquette, La Salle, Joliet, Gravier, and hundreds of others equally illustrious, who lived and died among the dangers and privations of the wilderness; who opened the way for civilization and Christianity among the savages; and won, many of them, crowns of martyrdom.

They were almost all Frenchmen. The Spaniards who came to this continent were mere gold-seekers, thirsting only for wealth; and if they sought to propagate Christianity, or rather the Christian *name*, it was only a sanguinary bigotry that prompted them. On the other hand, the English emigrants came to take possession of the country for themselves. The conversion of the natives, or territorial acquisition for the mother country, were to them objects of barely secondary importance. They believed themselves persecuted—some of them *were* persecuted—and they fled: it was only safety for themselves, and the rich lands of the Indian, that they sought. Providence reserved for the French chevaliers and missionaries the glory of leaving their homes without compulsion, real or imaginary, to penetrate an inhospitable wilderness; to undergo fatigues; to encounter dangers, and endure privations of a thousand kinds, enticed by no golden glitter, and covetous of no riches, save such as are 'laid up in heaven!' They came not as conquerors, but as ministers of peace, demanding only hospitality. They never attacked the savages with sword or fagot; but extending hands not stained by blood, they justified their profession by relief and love and kindly offices. Sometimes, indeed, they received little tracts of land; not seized by the hand of power, nor grasped by superior cunning, but possessed as the free gift of simple gratitude; and upon these they lived in peace, surrounded by savages, but protected by the respect inspired by blameless and beneficent lives. Many of those whose vows permitted it, intermarried among the converted natives, and left the seeds of many meliorations in a stony soil; and many of them, when they died, were as sincerely mourned by the simple children of the forest as if they had been chiefs and 'braves.'



Such were the men of peace who penetrated the wilderness through the French settlements in Canada, and preached the gospel to the heathen, where no white man had ever before been seen; and it is particularly to this class that I apply the word at the head of this article. But the same gentle spirit pervaded other orders of adventurers; men of the sword and buckler, as well as of the stole and surplice. These came to establish the dominion of *La Belle France*; but it was not to oppress the simple native, or drive him from his lands. Kindness marked even the conduct of the rough soldier; and such men as La Salle and Iberville, who were stern enough in war, and rigid enough in discipline, manifested always an anxious solicitude for the *rights* as well as for the spiritual welfare of the Indian. They gave a generous confidence where they were conscious of no wish to injure; they treated frankly and on equal terms with those whom their religion and their native kindness alike taught them to consider brethren and friends. Take, for example, that significant anecdote of La Salle, related by the faithful chronicler\* of his unfortunate expeditions. He was building the fort of '*Crevecœur*,' near the spot where now stands the city of Peoria, on the Illinois River; and even the name of his little fortress (*Crevecœur*, Broken Heart) was a mournful record of his shattered fortunes. The means of carrying out his noble enterprise (the colonizing of the Mississippi valley) were lost; the labor of years had been rendered ineffectual by one shipwreck; his men were discontented, even mutinous, 'attempting,' says Hennepin, 'first to poison and then desert him;' his mind was distracted, his heart almost broken, by accumulated disasters. Surrounded thus by circumstances which might well have rendered him careless of the feelings of the savages around him, he observed that they had become cold and distant; that in effect they no longer viewed him as their friend. The Iroquois,† drifting from the shores of Lake Ontario, where they had always been the bitterest foes of the French, had instilled fear and hatred into their minds; it was even said that some of his own men had encouraged the growing discontent. In this juncture, what measures does he take? Strengthen his fortifications and prepare for war, as the men of other nations had done? Far from it. Soldier and adventurer as he was, he had no wish to shed innocent blood; though with his force he might have defied all the nations about him. He went as a friend, frankly and generously, among them, and demanded the reasons of their discontent. He touched their hearts by his confidence, convinced them of his friendship, and attached them to himself more devotedly than ever. A whole history in one brief passage!

But it is more especially to the *voyageurs* of the Church—the men of faith and love—that I wish to direct my reader's attention: to such men as Le Caron, a Franciscan, with all the zeal and courage and self-abnegation of his order, who wandered and preached among the bloody Iroquois, and upon the waters of Huron, as early as 1616; to Mesnard, a

\* JOUTEL, who was one of LA SALLE's party, and afterward wrote an account of the enterprise, entitled '*Journal Historique*,' published in Paris, 1713. Its fidelity is as evident upon its face as is the simplicity of the historian.

† This was in the winter of 1679-'80; and the Five Nations, included in the general term Iroquois, had not then made the conquest upon which the English afterward founded their claim to the country. They were, however, generally regarded as enemies by all the Illinois tribes.

devoted missionary of the same order, who in 1660 founded a mission at the Sault de Ste. Marie, and then went into the forest to induce the savages to listen to the glad tidings he had brought, and never came back; to Father Allouez, who rebuilt the mission five years afterward, (the first of these houses of God which was not destroyed or abandoned,) who subsequently crossed the lakes, and preached to the Indians on Fox River, where, in one of the villages of the Miamis and Mascoutens, Marquette found a cross still standing, after the lapse of years, where Allouez had raised it, covered with the offerings of the simple natives to an unknown God. He is the same, too, who founded Kaskaskia, probably the earliest settlement in the Great Valley, and whose history ends, (significant fact!) with the record of his usefulness. To Father Pinet, who founded Cabokia, and was so successful in the conversion of the natives, that his little chapel could not contain the numbers who resorted to his ministrations; to Father Marest, the first preacher against intemperance; and finally to Marquette, the best and bravest of them all, the most single-hearted and unpretending!

Enthusiasm is a characteristic of the French nation; a trait in some individuals elevated to a sublime self-devotion, and in others degraded to mere excitability. The vivacity, gesticulation and grimace which characterize most of them, are the external signs of this nature; the calm heroism of the seventeenth century, and the insane devotion of the nineteenth, were alike its fruits. The *voyageur* possessed it, in common with all his countrymen. But in him it was not noisy, turbulent, or egotistical; military glory had 'neither part nor lot' in his schemes; the conquests he desired to make were the conquests of faith; the dominion he wished to establish was the dominion of Jesus.

\* In the pursuit of these objects, or rather of this single object, I have said he manifested the enthusiasm of his race; but it was the noblest form of that characteristic. The fire that burned in his bosom was fed by no selfish purpose. To have thought of himself, or of his own comforts, or advancement, or glory, to the detriment of any Christian enterprise, however dangerous or unpromising, would, in his eyes, have been a deadly sin.

At Sault de Ste. Marie, Father Marquette heard of many savages, (whom he calls 'God's children,') living in barbarism, far to the west. With five boatmen and one companion, he at once set out for an unexplored, even unvisited wilderness. He had what they had not—the gospel; and his heart yearned toward them, as the heart of a mother toward an afflicted child. He went to them, and bound them to him 'in the bond of peace.' If they received him kindly—as they usually did, for even a savage recognizes and respects genuine devotion—he preached to them, mediated among them, softened their hearts, and gathered them into the fold of God. If they met him with arms in their hands—as they sometimes did; for savages, like civilized men, do not always know their friends; he resolutely offered peace; and, in his own simple and pious language, 'God touched their hearts,' and they cast aside their weapons and received him in peace.

But the *voyageur* had higher qualities than enthusiasm. He was capable of being so absorbed in a cause as to lose sight of his own

identity; to forget that he was more than an instrument in the hands of God, to do God's work; and the distinction between these traits is broad indeed! Enthusiasm is noisy, obtrusive; self-abnegation is silent, retiring. Enthusiasm is officious, troublesome, careless of time and place; self-abnegation is prudent, gentle, considerate. The one is active and fragmentary; the other passive, but constant.

Thus, when the untaught and simple native was to be converted, the missionary took note of the spiritual capacity as well as of the spiritual wants; he did not force him to receive, at once, the whole creed of the Church, as a mere enthusiast would have done; for *that* wisdom would feed an infant with strong meats even before it had drawn its mother's milk. Neither did he preach the gospel with the sword, like the Spaniard, nor with fire and fagot, like the Puritan. He was wise as the serpent, but gentle as the dove. He took the wondering Indian by the hand; received him as a brother; won him over to listen patiently; and then taught him first that which he could easiest comprehend: he led him to address the throne of grace, or, in the language of the time, 'to embrace the prayer;' because even the savage believed in Deity. As his understanding was expanded, and his heart purified—as every heart must be which truly lifts itself to God—he gradually taught him the more abstruse and wonderful doctrines of the Church of CHRIST. Gently and imperceptibly he led him on, until the whole tremendous work was done. The untutored savage, if he knew nothing else, yet knew the name of his REDEEMER. The bloody warfare, the feuds and jealousies of his tribe, if not completely overcome, at least were softened and ameliorated. When he could not convert, he endeavored to humanize; and among the tribes of the Illinois,\* though they were never thoroughly Christianized, the influence of the good fathers had prevailed to abolish the barbarous practice of torturing captives.† For though they might not embrace the religion, the savages venerated its teachers, and loved them for their gentleness.

And this gentleness was not want of courage; for never in the history of the world has truer valor been exhibited than that shown by the early missionary and his compeers, the first military adventurers! Read Joutel's account of the melancholy life and death of La Salle; read the simple, unpretending 'Journal' of Marquette;‡ and compare their constancy and heroism with that displayed at any time in any cause! But the *voyageur* possessed higher qualities than courage, also; and here again we recur to his perfect abnegation of himself; his renunciation of all personal considerations.

Courage takes note of danger, but defies it: the *voyageur* was careless of danger, because he counted it as nothing; he gave it no thought, because it only affected *himself*; and he valued not his own safety and comfort, so long as he could serve the cause by forgetting them. Mere courage is combative, even pugnacious; but the *voyageur* fought only 'the good fight;' he had no pride of conquest, save in the victories of

\* A COLLECTIVE name, including a number, variously stated, of different tribes confederated.

† 'ANNALS of the West,' by J. H. PERKINS AND J. M. PECK, p. 679. St. Louis, 1850.

‡ The substance of the Journal may be found, republished by Dr. SPARKS, in the second edition of 'BUTLER'S Kentucky,' p. 493, *et sequitur*, and in vol. x. of his American Biography.

Faith, and rather would suffer himself than inflict suffering upon others. Mere courage is restless, impatient, purposeless: but the *voyageur* was content to remain wherever he could do good, tentative only in the cause of CHRIST, and distracted by no objects from his mission. His religion was his inspiration; his conscience his reward. His system may have been perverted, his zeal mistaken, his Church a sham; we are not arguing that question. But the purity of his intentions, the sincerity of his heart, cannot be doubted; and the most intolerant Protestant against 'the corruptions of Rome' will, at least, admit that even Catholicism was better than the Paganism of the savages.

'There is not,' says Macaulay, \* 'and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church.' And certainly all other systems combined have never produced one tithe of the astounding results brought about by this alone. Whether she has taught truth or falsehood; whether, on the whole, it had been better or worse for the cause of Christianity, had no such organization ever existed; whether her claims are groundless or well-founded, are questions foreign to our purpose. But that her polity is the most powerful; the best adapted to the ends she has in view; of all that man has hitherto invented, there can be no doubt. Her missionaries have been more numerous and more successful; ay, and more devoted, than those of any other Church. They have gone where even the sword of the conqueror could not cleave his way. They have built churches in the wilderness, which were time-worn and crumbling when the first emigrant penetrated the forests. They have preached to youthful savages who never saw the face of another white man, though they lived to three-score years and ten. They have prayed upon the shores of lonely lakes and rivers, which were not mapped by geographers for centuries after their deaths. They have travelled on foot, unarmed and alone, where an army could not march. And every where their zeal and usefulness have ended only with their lives; and always with their latest breath they have mingled prayers for the salvation of their flocks with aspirations for the welfare of their Church. For though countless miles of sea and land were between her and them, their loyalty and affection to the great spiritual Mother were never forgotten. 'In spite of oceans and deserts; of hunger and pestilence; of spies and penal laws; of dungeons and racks; of gibbets and quartering-blocks,' they have been found in every country, at all times, ever active and zealous. And every where, in palace, or hovel, or wilderness, they have been true sons of the Church, loyal and obedient.

An organization capable of producing such results is certainly well worth examination. For the influence she has wielded in ages past gives promise of her future power; and it becomes those who think her permanence pernicious to the world, to avoid her errors and yet imitate her wisdom. If the system be a falsehood and a sham, it is a most gigantic and successful one, and it is of strange longevity. It has lived now more than fifteen hundred years, and one hundred and fifty millions of people yet believe it. If it be a counterfeit, it is high time the cheat were de-



tected and exposed. Let those who have the truth give forth its light, that the falsehood may wither and die. Unless they do so, the life which has already extended over so many centuries may gain fresh vigor, and renew its youth. Even yet the vision of the essayist may be realized: 'And,' says Macaulay, in the essay above quoted, 'she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New-Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!'

It was to this Church that the early *voyageurs* belonged. And I do not use that word 'belonged' as it is employed in modern times among Protestants: I mean *more* than that convenient, loosely-fitting profession which, like a garment, is thrown on and off, as the exigences of hypocrisy or cupidity may require. These men actually *did belong* to the Church. They were hers, soul and body; hers, in life and in death; hers, to go whithersoever she might direct, to do whatsoever she might appoint. They believed the doctrines they taught with an abiding, *active* faith; and they were willing to be spent in preaching them to the heathen.

It has always been a leading principle in the policy of the Roman Church to preserve her unity, and she has been enabled to do so principally by the ramified and elastic polity for which she has been distinguished, to which she owes much of her extent and power, as well as no small part of the reproach so liberally bestowed upon her in the pages of history. There are many 'arms' in her service: a man must be impracticable indeed when she can find no place in which to make him useful, or to prevent his being mischievous. She never drives one from the pale of the Church who can benefit it as a communicant, or injure it as a dissenter. If he became troublesome at home, she has, in all ages, had enterprises on foot in which she might clothe him with authority, and send him to the uttermost parts of the earth; thus ridding herself of a dangerous member, and, by the same act, enlarging the sphere of her own dominion. Does an enthusiast become noisy or troublesome upon unimportant points, the creed is flexible, and the mother will not quarrel with her child, for his earnestness may convince and lead astray more valuable sons and daughters. She will establish a new order, of which the stubborn fanatic shall be founder: the new order is built into the old church organization, and its founder becomes a dignitary of the ecclesiastical establishment. Instead of becoming a dangerous heretic and schismatic, he is attached to orthodoxy by cords stronger than steel; henceforth all his earnest enthusiasm shall be directed to the advancement of his order, and consequently of his Church. Does one exhibit inflexibility in some matter of conscience upon which the Church insists, there are many of God's children in the wilderness starving in spirit for the bread of life, and to these, with that bread, shall the refractory son be sent. He receives the commission; departs upon his journey, glad to forget a difference with his spiritual superiors; preaches to the heathen; remembers only that the Church is his mother; wins a crown of martyrdom, and is canonized for the encouragement of others!

Thus she finds a place for all, and work enough for each; and thus are thrown off the elements of schism and rebellion. Those who had

most courage in the cause of right; all who were likely to be guided in matters of conscience by their own convictions; the most sincere and single-hearted, the firmest and purest and bravest, were, in matters of controversy, the most dangerous champions, should they range themselves against the teaching of the Church. They were consequently, at the period of which I am writing, the men whom it was most desirable to send away; and they were eminently well fitted for the arduous and wasting duties of the missionary.

To this class belonged the large majority of the *voyageur* priests; men who might be inconvenient and obtrusive monitors, or formidable adversaries in controversy, if they remained at home, but who could only be useful—who of all men could be *most* useful—in gathering the heathen into the fold of the Church. There were, doubtless, a few of another class; the restless, intriguing and disobedient, who, though not formidable, were troublesome. But even when these joined the missionary expeditions, they did but little to forward the work, and are entitled to none of the honor so abundantly due to their more sincere brethren. To this class, for example, belonged the false and egotistical Hennepin, who only signalized himself by endeavoring to appropriate the reputation so hardly won by the brave and unfortunate La Salle.\*

It does not appear upon the record that any of these men—of either the restless and ambitious, or of the better class—were literally *sent away*. But such has been the politic practice of this Church for many ages; and we may safely believe, that when she was engaged in an unscrupulous and desperate contest for the recovery, by fair means or foul, of her immense losses, there might be many in the ranks of her pious priesthood whom it would be inconvenient to retain at home. And during that conflict especially, with the most formidable enemies she ever had, she could not afford to be encumbered.

But whatever may have been the motives of their spiritual superiors, the missionaries themselves were moved only by the considerations of which we have spoken—the truest piety and the most burning zeal. Of these influences they were conscious; but we shall perhaps not do the character injustice if we add another spur to action, of which they were *not* conscious. There is a vein of romance in the French composition; a love of adventure for the sake of the adventure itself; which, when not tamed, or directed, makes a Frenchman fitful, erratic and unreliable. When it is toned by personal ambition, it becomes a sort of Paladin contempt for danger; sometimes a crazy furor. When accompanied by powerful intellect, and strengthened by concentration on a purpose, it makes a great commander; great for the quickness of his comprehension, the suddenness of his resolutions, the rapidity of their execution. When humanized by love, and quickened by religious zeal, it is purified of every selfish thought, and produces the chivalrous missionary, whom neither fire nor flood, neither desert nor pathless wilderness, shall deter from obeying the command of Him who sent His gospel 'unto every

\* In a book which he published at Utrecht, in 1697, entitled 'A New Discovery of a Vast Country,' he claims to have gone down the Mississippi to its mouth before LA SALLE. The whole book is a mere plagiarism. See SPARKS'S 'Life of LA SALLE,' where the vain father is summarily and justly disposed of.

creature.' And thus are even those traits, which so often curse the world with insane ambition and sanguinary war, turned by the power of a true benevolence to be blessings of incalculable value.

Such were the purposes, such the motives, of this band of noble men; and whatever may have been their errors, we must at least accord them the virtues of *sincerity*, *courage* and *self-denial*. But let us look a little more closely at the means by which they accomplished undertakings which, to any other race of men, would have been not only impracticable, but utterly desperate. Take again, as the representative of his class, the case of Father Marquette, than whom, obscure as his name is in the wastes of history, no man ever lived a more instructive and exemplary life.

From the year 1668 to 1671,\* Marquette had been preaching at the *Sault de Sainte Marie*, a little below the foot of Lake Superior. He was associated with others in that mission, but the largest type, though it thrust itself no higher than the smallest, will make the broadest impress on the page of history; and even in the meagre record of that time, we can trace the influence of his gentle but firm spirit: those by whom he was accompanied evidently took their tone from him. But he was one of the Church's pioneers; that class whose eager, single-hearted zeal is always pushing forward to new conquests of the faith; and when he had put aside the weapons that opposed their way, to let his followers in, his thoughts at once went on to more remote and suffering regions. During his residence at the *Sault*, rumors and legends were continually floating in of the unknown country lying to the west, 'the Land of the Great River,' as the Indians called it, until the mind of the good father became fully possessed with the idea of going to convert the nations who dwelt upon its shores. In the year 1671 he took the first step in that direction, moving on to Point St. Ignatius, on the main land, north of the Island of Mackinac. Here, surrounded by his little flock of wondering listeners, he preached until the spring of 1673; but all the time his wish to carry the gospel where its sound had never been heard was growing stronger. He felt in his heart the impulse of his calling, to lead the way and open a path for the advance of light. At the period mentioned, he received an order from the wise intendant in New-France, M. Talon, to explore the pathless wilderness to the westward.

Then was seen the true spirit of the man, and of his order. He gathered together no armament; asked the protection of no soldiers; no part of the cargo of his little boat consisted of gunpowder, or of swords or guns; his only arms were the spirit of love and peace; his trust was in God for protection. Five boatmen and one companion, the Sieur Joliet, composed his party. Two light bark canoes were his only means of traveling; and in these he carried a small quantity of Indian corn and some jerked meat, his only means of subsistence.

Thus equipped, he set out through Green Bay and up Fox River, in search of a country never yet visited by any European. The Indians endeavored to dissuade him, wondering at his hardihood, and still more at the motives which could induce him thus to brave so many dangers. They told him of the savage Indians, to whom it would be only pastime

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\* Most of these dates may be found in BANCROFT's 'United States,' vol. III.

to torture and murder him; of the terrible monsters which would swallow him and his companions, 'canoes and all;' of the great bird called the *Piasan*,\* which devoured men, after carrying them in its horrible talons to inaccessible cliffs and mountains; and of the scorching heats, which would wither him like a dry leaf! 'I thanked them kindly,' says the resolute but gentle father, 'for their good counsel; but I told them that I could not profit by it, since the salvation of souls was at stake, for which object I would be overjoyed to give my life.' Shaking them by the hand, one by one, as they approached to bid him farewell, as they thought, for the last time, he turned his back upon safety and peace, and departed upon his self-denying pilgrimage.

Let him who sits at ease in his cushioned pew at home; let him who lounges on his velvet-covered sofa in the pulpit, while his well-taught choir are singing; who rises as the strains are dying, and kneels upon a cushioned stool to pray; who treads upon soft carpets while he preaches, in a white cravat, to congregations clad in broadcloth, silk, and satin; let him pause and ponder on the difference between his works, his trials, his zeal—ay, and his glory, both of earth and heaven—and those of Father James Marquette!

The little party went upon their way; the persuasions of their simple-hearted friends could not prevail, for the path of duty was before them, and the eye of God above. Having passed through Green Bay, and painfully dragged their canoes over the rapids of Fox River, they reached a considerable village, inhabited by the united tribes of Kickapoos, Miamis, and Mascoutines. Here they halted for a time, as the mariner, about to prove the dangers of a long voyage, lingers for a day in the last port he is likely to enter for many months. Beyond this point no white man had ever gone; and here, if any where, the impulses of a natural fear should have made themselves felt. But we hear of no hesitation, no shrinking from the perilous task; and we know from the unpretending 'Journal' of the good father, that a retreat—nay, even a halt, longer than was necessary to recruit exhausted strength and renew the memory of former lessons among the natives—was never thought of. 'My companion,' said Marquette, referring to Joliet, 'is an envoy from the King of France, and I am a humble minister of God. I have no fear, because I shall consider it the highest happiness to die in the service of my Master!' There was no bravado in this, for, unlike many from whom you may, any day, hear the same declaration, he set forth immediately to encounter the perils of his embassy.

The Indians, unable to prevail with him to abandon the enterprise, made all their simple provision for his comfort; and, furnishing him with guides and carriers across the portage to the Wisconsin River, parted with him as one bound for eternity. Having brought them safely to the river, the guides left them 'alone in that unknown country, in the hand of God;' and, trusting to the protection of that Hand, they set out upon

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\* THE legend of the *Piasan* is well known. Within the recollection of men now living, rude paintings of the monster were visible on the cliffs above Alton, Illinois. To these images, when passing in their canoes, the Indians were accustomed to make offerings of maize, tobacco, and gunpowder. They are now quite obliterated.

their journey down the stream.\* Seven days after, 'with inexpressible joy,' they emerged upon the bosom of the Great River. During all this time they had seen no human being, though, probably, many a wondering savage had watched them from the covert of the bank, as they floated silently between the forests. It was an unbroken solitude, when the ripple of their paddles sounded loud upon the ear, and their voices, subdued by the stillness, were sent back in lonely echoes from the shore.

They were the first white men who ever floated on the bosom of that mighty river†—the envoy from the King of France, and the ambassador of the King of kings.' What were their thoughts we know not, but from Marquette's simple 'Journal;' for, in returning to Quebec, Joliet's boat was wrecked in sight of the city, and all his papers lost.‡ Of the Sieur himself, we know nothing, save as the companion of Marquette on this voyage; but from this alone his fame is imperishable.

They sailed slowly down the river, keeping a constant outlook upon the banks for signs of those for whose spiritual welfare the good father had undertaken his perilous journey. But for more than sixty leagues not a human form or habitation could be seen. They had leisure, more than they desired, to admire the grand and beautiful scenery of that picturesque region. In some places the cliffs rose perpendicularly for hundreds of feet from the water's edge; and nodding over their brows, and towering against the sky, were stately pines and cedars of the growth of centuries. Here, there lay between the river and the cliffs, a level prairie, waving in all the luxuriance of 'the leafy month of June;' while beyond, the bluffs, enclosing the natural garden, softened by the distance, and clothed in evergreen, seemed but an extension of the primitive savanna. Here, a dense, primeval forest grew quite down to the margin of the water; and hanging from the topmost branches of the giant oaks, festoons of gray and graceful moss lay floating on the rippled surface, or dipped within the tide. Here, the large, smooth roots of trees, half undetermined, presented seats and footholds, where the pleasant shade invited them to rest and shelter from the sultry summer sun. Anon, an open prairie, with no cliff or bluff beyond, extended undulating from the river, until the eye, in straining to measure its extent, was wearied by the effort, and the plain became a waving sea of rainbow colors, of green and yellow, gold and purple. Again, they passed a gravelly beach, on which the yellow sand was studded with a thousand sets of brilliant shells, and little rivulets flowed in from level prairies, or stealthily crept out from under roots of trees or tangled vines, and hastened to be hidden in the bosom of the Great Father of Waters.

They floated on, through the dewy morning hours, when the leaves were shining in the sunlight, and the birds were singing joyously, before the summer heat had dried the moisture, or had forced the feathered songsters to the shade. At noon, when the silence made the solitude oppressive; when the leaves hung wilting down, nor fluttered in the fainting

\* JUNE 10th, 1673.

† I MEAN, of course, the upper Mississippi; for De Soto had reached it lower down one hundred and thirty-two years before.

‡ It was announced, some months since, that our minister at Rome, Mr. CASS, had made discoveries in that city which threw more light upon this expedition. But how this can be, consistently with the fact stated in the text, (about which there is no doubt,) I am at a loss to divine.



wind ; when the prairies were no longer waving like the sea, but trembling like the atmosphere around a heated furnace ; when the *mirage* hung upon the plain, tall trees were seen growing in the air, and among them stalked the deer, and elk, and buffalo ; while between them and the ground, the brazen sky was glowing with the sun of June ; when nothing living could be seen, save when the *voyageur's* approach would startle some wild beast slaking his thirst in the cool river, or a flock of water-fowl were driven from their covert, where the willow branches, drooping, dipped their leaves of silvery gray within the water. They floated on till evening, when the sun approached the prairie, and his broad, round disc, now shorn of its dazzling beams, defined itself against the sky and grew florid in the gathering haze ; when the birds began to re-appear, and flitted noiselessly among the trees, in busy preparation for the night ; when beasts of prey crept out from lurking-places, where they had dozed and panted through the hours of noon ; when the wilderness grew vocal with the mingled sounds of lowing buffalo, and screaming panther, and howling wolf, until the shadows rose from earth, and traveled from the east, until the dew began to fall, the stars came out, and night brought rest and dreams of home !

Thus they floated on, 'from morn till dewy eve,' and still no sign of human life, neither habitation nor footprint, until one day—it was the twenty-fifth of June, more than two weeks since they had entered the wilderness—in gliding past a sandy beach, they recognized the impress of a naked foot ! Following it for some distance, it grew into a trail, and then a path, once more a place where human beings habitually walked.

Whose feet had trodden down the grass, what strange people lived on the prairie, they knew not ; what dangers might await them, they cared not. These were the people whom the good father had come so far to convert and save ! And now, again, one might expect some natural hesitation ; some doubt in venturing among those who were certainly barbarians, and who might, for aught they knew, be brutal cannibals. We could forgive a little wavering, indeed, especially when we think of the frightful stories told them by the Northern Indians of this very people. But fear was not a part of these men's nature ; or if it existed, it lay so deep buried beneath religious zeal and pious trust, that its voice never reached the upper air. Leaving the boatmen with the canoes, near the mouth of the river now called Des Moines, Marquette and Joliet set out alone, to follow up the trail, and seek the people who had made it. It led them to an open prairie, one of the most beautiful in the present State of Iowa, and crossing this, a distance of six miles, they at last found themselves in the vicinity of three Indian villages. The very spot\* where the chief of these stood might now be easily found, so clear, though brief, is the description of the simple priest. It stood at the foot of a long slope, on the bank of the river Moingona, (or Des Moines,) about six miles due west of the Mississippi ; and at the top of the rise, at the

\* THE place of MARQUETTE'S landing—which should be classic ground—from his description of the country, and the distances he specifies, could not have been far from the spot where the city of Keokuk now stands, a short distance above the mouth of the Des Moines. The locality should, if possible, be determined.

distance of half a league, were built the two others. 'We commended ourselves unto God,' writes the gentle father; for they knew not at what moment they might need His intervention; and crying out with a loud voice, to announce their approach, they calmly advanced toward the group of lodges. At a short distance from the entrance to the village, they were met by a deputation of four old men, who, to their great joy, they perceived bore a richly ornamented pipe of peace, the emblem of friendship and hospitality. Tendering the mysterious calumet, they informed the Frenchmen that they belonged to one of the tribes called 'Illinois,' (or 'Men,') and invited them to enter their lodges in peace; an invitation which the weary *voyageurs* were but too glad to accept.

A great council was held, with all the rude but imposing ceremonies of the grave and dignified Indian; and before the assembled chiefs and braves, Marquette published his mission from his Heavenly MASTER. Passing, then, from spiritual to temporal things—for we do not hear of any address from Joliet, who probably was no orator—he spake of his earthly king, and of his viceroy in New-France; of his victories over the Iroquois, the dreaded enemies of the peaceful Western tribes; and then made many inquiries about the Mississippi, its tributaries, and the nations who dwelt upon their banks. His advances were kindly received, his questions frankly answered, and the council broke up with mutual assurances of good-will. Then ensued the customary festival. Hoinminy, fish, buffalo and *dog-meat*, were successively served up, like the courses of a more modern table; but of *the last* 'we declined to partake,' writes the good father, no doubt much to the astonishment and somewhat to the chagrin of their hospitable friends; for, even yet, among the western Indians, dog-meat is a dish of honor.

Six days of friendly intercourse passed pleasantly away, diversified by many efforts on the part of Marquette to instruct and convert the docile savages. Nor were these entirely without result; they excited, at least, the wish to hear more; and on his departure they crowded round him, and urgently requested him to come again among them. He promised to do so, a pledge which he afterwards redeemed. But now he could not tarry; he was bent upon his hazardous voyage down the Great River, and he knew that he was only on the threshold of his grand discoveries. Six hundred warriors, commanded by their most distinguished chief, accompanied him back to his boats; and, after hanging around his neck the great calumet, to protect him among the hostile nations of the south, they parted with him, praying that the Great Spirit, of whom he had told them, might give him a prosperous voyage, and a speedy and safe return.

These were the first of the nations of the Mississippi Valley visited by the French, and it is from them that the State of Illinois takes its name. They were a singularly gentle people; and a nature originally peaceful had been rendered almost timid by the cruel inroads of the murderous Iroquois.\* These, by their traffic with the Dutch and English of New-York, and by their long warfare with the French of Canada, had ac-

\* It was by virtue of a treaty of purchase—signed at Fort Stanwix on the 5th of November, 1763—with the Six Nations, who claimed the country as their conquest, that the British asserted a title to the country west of the Alleghenies, Western Virginia, Kentucky, etc.



quired the use of fire-arms, and, of course, possessed an immense advantage over those who were armed only with the primitive bow and arrow. The restless and ambitious spirit of the singular confederacy, usually called the Five Nations, and known among their neighbors by the collective name of Iroquois, had carried their incursions even as far as the hunting-grounds of the Shawanese, about the mouth of the Ohio; and their successes had made them a terror to all the Western tribes. The Illinois, therefore, knowing the French to be at war with these formidable enemies, were the more anxious to form an alliance with them; and the native gentleness of their manners was, perhaps, increased by the hope of assistance and protection. But, whatever motives may have influenced them, beside their natural character, their forethought was of vital service to the wanderers in the countries of the south, whither they proceeded.

The little party of seven resumed their voyage on the last day of June, and floating with the rapid current, a few days afterward passed the rocks, above the site of Alton, where was painted the image of the ravenous *Piasan*, of which they had been told by the Northern Indians, and on the same day reached the mouth of the *Pekitanoni*, the Indian name for the rapid and turbulent Missouri. Inwardly resolving, at some future time, to ascend its muddy current, to cross the ridge beyond, and, descending some river which falls into the Great South Sea, (as the Pacific was then called,) to publish the gospel to all the people of the Continent, the zealous father passed onward toward the south. Coasting slowly along the wasting shore, lingering in the mouths of rivers, or exploring dense forests in the hope of meeting the natives, they continued on their course until they reached the mouth of a river which they called the *Ouabache*, or Wabash, none other than the beautiful Ohio.\* Here they found the advanced settlement of the Shawanese, who had been pushed towards the south-west by the incessant attacks of the Iroquois. But by this time, fired with the hope of ascertaining the outlet of the Mississippi, they postponed their visit to these people until their return, and floated on.

It is amusing, as well as instructive, to observe how little importance the travelers gave to the river Ohio, in their geographical assumptions. In the map published by Marquette with his 'Journal,' the '*Ouabisquigou*,' as he denominates it, in euphonious French-Indian, compared to the Illinois, or even to the Wisconsin, is but an inconsiderable rivulet! The lonely wanderers were much farther from the English settlements than they supposed; a mistake into which they must have been led, by hearing of the incursions of the Iroquois; for even at that early day they could not but know that the head-waters of the Ohio were not distant from the hunting-grounds of that warlike confederacy. Even this explanation, however, scarcely lessens our wonder that they should have known so little of courses and distances; for had this river been as short

\* THE geographical mistakes of the early French explorers have led to some singular discussions about Western history—have even been used by diplomatists to support or weaken territorial claims. Such, for example, is the question concerning the antiquity of Vincennes, a controversy founded on the mistake noticed in the text. Vide '*Western Annals*,' 2d Ed. Revised by J. M. PEEK.

as it is here delineated, they would have been within four hundred miles of Montreal!

After leaving the Ohio, they suffered much from the climate and its incidents; for they were now approaching, in the middle of July, a region of perpetual summer. Mosquitoes and other venomous insects (in that region we might even call them *ravenous* insects) became intolerably annoying; and the *voyageurs* began to think they had reached the country of the terrible heats, which, as they had been warned in the north, 'would wither them up like a dry leaf.' But the prospect of death by torture and savage cruelty had not daunted them, and they were not now disposed to be turned back by any excess of climate. Arranging their sails in the form of awnings to protect them from the sun by day and the dews by night, they resolutely pursued their way.

Following the course of the river, they soon entered the region of cane-brakes, so thick that no animal larger than a cat could penetrate them; and of cotton-wood forests, of immense size and of unparalleled density. They were far beyond the limits of every Indian dialect with which they had become acquainted; were, in fact, approaching the region visited by De Soto, on his famous expedition in search of Juan Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth.\* The country was possessed by the Sioux and Chickasaws, to whom the *voyageurs* were total strangers; but they went on without fear. In the neighborhood of the southern boundary of the present State of Arkansas, they were met in hostile array by great numbers of the natives, who approached them in large canoes made from the trunks of hollow trees. But Marquette held aloft the symbol of peace, the ornamented calumet, and the hearts of the savages were melted, as the pious father believed, by the touch of God. They threw aside their weapons, and received the strangers with rude but hearty hospitality. They escorted them, with many demonstrations of welcome, to the village of Michigamia; and on the following day, having feasted their strange guests plentifully, though not with the unsavory meats of the Illinois, they marched in triumphal procession to the metropolis of Akansa, about ten leagues distant, down the river.

This was the limit of their voyage. Here they ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, and not, as had been conjectured, into the Great South Sea. Here they found the natives armed with axes of steel, a proof of their traffic with the Spaniards; and thus was the circle of discovery complete, connecting the explorations of the French with those of the Spanish, and entirely enclosing the possessions of the English. No voyage so important has since been undertaken; no results so great have ever been produced by so feeble an expedition. The discoveries of Marquette, followed by the enterprises of La Salle and his successors, have influenced the destinies of nations; and passing over all political speculations, this exploration first threw open a valley of greater extent, fertility, and commercial advantages, than any other in the world. Had either the French or the Spanish possessed the stubborn qualities which *hold*, as they had the useful which

\* In 1541, De Soto crossed the Mississippi about the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, or near the northern boundary of the State of that name. It is not certain how far below this MARQUETTE went, though we are safe in saying that he did not turn back north of that limit.

*discover*, the aspect of this continent would, at this day, have been far different.

On the seventeenth of July, having preached to the Indians the glory of God and the Catholic faith, and proclaimed the power of the *Grand Monarque*—for still we hear nothing of speech-making or delivering credentials on the part of Joliet—he set out on his return. After severe and wasting toil for many days, they reached a point, as Marquette supposed, some leagues below the mouth of the Moingona, or Des Moines. Here they left the Mississippi, and crossed the country between that river and the Illinois, probably passing through the very country which now bears the good father's name, entering the latter stream at a point not far from the present town of Peoria. Proceeding slowly up that calm river, preaching to the tribes along its banks, and partaking of their hospitality, he was at last conducted to Lake Michigan, at Chicago, and by the end of September was safe again in Green Bay, having traveled, since the tenth of June, more than three thousand miles.

It might have been expected that one who had made so magnificent a discovery, who had braved so much and endured so much, would wish to announce in person to the authorities in Canada, or in France, the results of his expedition. Nay, it would not have been unpardonable had he desired to enjoy, after his labors, something of the consideration to which their success entitled him. And, certainly, no man could ever have approached his rulers with a better claim upon their notice than could the unpretending *voyageur*. But vain-glory was no more a part of his nature than was fear. The unaspiring priest remained at Green Bay, to continue, or rather to resume, as a task laid aside only for a time, his ministrations to the savages. Joliet hastened on to Quebec to report the expedition, and Marquette returned to Chicago, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the Miami Confederacy, several allied tribes who occupied the country between Lake Michigan and the Des Moines River. Here again he visited the Illinois, speaking to them of God, and of the religion of Jesus; thus redeeming a promise which he had made them, when on his expedition to the South.

But his useful, unambitious life was drawing to a close. Let us describe its last scene in the words of our accomplished historian:\*

'Two years afterward, sailing from Chicago to Mackinac, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass, after the rites of the Catholic Church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half-hour,

— 'In the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the MIGHTIEST solemn thanks  
And supplication.'

At the end of the half-hour they went to seek him, *and he was no more*. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, in their danger

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\* BANCROFT. History of the United States. Vol. III., page 161, *et sequitur*, where the reader may look for most of these dates.

on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.'

The monument is not yet built; though the name of new counties in several of the Western States testifies that the noble missionary is not altogether forgotten, in the land where he spent so many self-denying years.

Such was the *voyageur* priest; the first, in chronological order, of the succession of singular men who have explored and peopled the Great West. And though many who have followed him have been his equals in courage and endurance, none have ever possessed the same combination of heroic and unselfish qualities. It ought not to be true that this brief and cursory sketch is the first distinct tribute yet paid to his virtues; for no worthier subject ever employed the pen of the poet or historian.

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NOTE.—Struck with the fact that the history of this class of men, and of their enterprises and sufferings, has never been written, except by themselves in their simple 'Journals' and 'Relations'—for the *résumé* given of these by SPARKS, BANCROFT, and others, is of necessity a mere unsatisfactory abstract—the writer has for some time been engaged in collecting and arranging materials, with the intention of supplying the want. The authorities are numerous and widely scattered; and such a work ought to be thoroughly and carefully written, so that much time and labor lies between the author and his day of publication. Should he be spared, however, to finish the work, he hopes to present a picture of a class of men, displaying as much of true devotion, genuine courage, and self-denial, in the humble walk of the missionary, as the pages of history show in any other department of human enterprise.

Jacksonville, Illinois, October 15, 1851.

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PARTING STANZAS.

I've pressed my last kiss on thy brow,  
I've breathed my last farewell,  
And hushed within my breaking heart  
The love I may not tell.  
I sought to win thee for mine own,  
To wear thee in my heart;  
That dream is o'er—I leave thee now,  
And bless thee, as we part.

The cherished hopes of other days  
Time never may restore;  
But, dear lost one! I love thee still  
As fondly as of yore.  
Thy low, sweet tones are in my ear,  
Where'er my footsteps roam,  
And pleasant memories of thee  
Will make my heart their home.

And when my bark, now passion-tossed  
Upon life's wintry sea,  
Shall sink beneath the stormy wave,  
Wilt thou not weep for me?  
Farewell! I may not pause to gaze  
Into those eyes of thine:  
God spare thy heart the agony  
That now is rending mine!

Centreville, Indiana.

N. H. JOHNSON.

## T H E N O R T H E R N L I G H T S .

Hell's gates swing open wide,  
 Hell's furious kings forth ride;  
 The deep doth redden  
 With the flags of armies marching through the night,  
 And scarlet legions running to the fight  
 At Armageddon.

Lords and princes mark I,  
 Captains and chiliarchi,  
 Thou burning angel of the pit, ABADDON!  
 Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,  
 Gigantic thrones and heathen troopers, whom  
 The thunder of the far-off war doth madden.

Lo! Night's barbaric khans,  
 Lo! the waste deep's wild clans  
 Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles:  
 Lo! flaming sultans, lo! infernal czars  
 In deep-ranked squadrons gird the rushing cars  
 Of LUCIFER and AMMON, towering idols.

See! glittering arrows pierce the globes and moons;  
 See! see the swift cimmerian dragoons  
 Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!  
 See the tall regiments whose spears incline  
 Beyond the circle of that northern sign  
 Which toward the streams of ocean never leaneth; \*  
 While fires of keen artillery  
 Kindle afar thy gloomy peaks, Cordillera!

Whose yonder dragon-crest?  
 Whose that red-shielded breast?  
 SATANAS, chieftain, comes! Emperor of the furnace!  
 Blazing centurions and crimson earls,  
 In mail of Hell's bright ores and burnished pearls,  
 Alarm the kingdom with their gleaming harness.

All tribes and spectral hosts,  
 All shades and frowning ghosts,  
 All mighty phantoms from the Gulf's deep gorges  
 Follow the kings in glimmering multitude;  
 While savage giants of the Night's old brood  
 In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches!

On! Lords of dark Despair,  
 Prince of the Powers of air,  
 Bear your broad banners through the constellations:  
 And all ye Stygian hordes  
 Wave to the skies your swords;  
 Startle with warlike signs the watching nations!  
 March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;  
 Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep;  
 Dare ye again, fierce thrones and scarlet powers,  
 Assault with Hell's wild host those crystal towers!

LUDWIG VON MUDDLEBRAINS.

\* "Ἀρχτον. . . . ἄμαξαν. . . .  
 Οἷη δ' ἄμμορος ἐστὶ λατρῶν Ωκιανοῖο.

## W O M A N A N D F A M E :

A STORY OF INNISFIELD.

BY F. H. UNDERWOOD.

'THOU hast a charmed cup, O FAME!  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.'

HEMANS.

MINE host of the Washington, the drowsy little inn of Innisfield, was a sad illustration of the cheer afforded by his larder. The model inn-keeper has come to be a pretty well-known character; his general outlines are as familiar to the imagination as the figure of Falstaff. He should be of moderate stature, of a rotund form, with easily bending shoulders, a face rosy and smiling, a mouth suggestive of juicy sirloins and delicate pastry, and an eye sparkling with good-humor, like the wine just released from his cobwebbed bottles, or, tetotally speaking, like the water from a bright mountain spring. But Zebulon Harwood was deficient in nearly all these particulars; so much so, that it is a marvel why an innate sense of propriety had not kept him out of the profession. He was a tall, gaunt man, whose frame seemed wrought of iron and whalebone, with none of the cellular tissue to give symmetry to its outlines, or to cushion its angular projections. His neck was long, and, as he opened and shut his lank jaws, the loose, flabby skin beneath seemed to envelope and glide over a bundle of knotted cords. Upon his prematurely bald head rested a wig of a faded brown, in fine contrast with the gray eyebrows that bristled above his small, restless eyes. The lean and sanctimonious looks of our landlord would certainly seem to indicate to a traveler, that he would be far surer of a long grace and a round bill, than of a luxurious entertainment. But such inferences are not always as conclusive as in the case of the Black Knight and Friar Tuck.

The monotony that usually pervaded the inn was enlivened, one fine evening in June, by the arrival of a passenger in the weekly mail, who gave his name as George Greenleaf. He was a young man, neatly dressed, of quiet, simple manners, and with an unusual weight of baggage. The practised eye of the landlord ran over these indications of a well-filled purse, and his heart warmed somewhat towards his guest at once; but he rubbed his bony hands, and moved his thin lips with a quiet, purring satisfaction, when he learned that the new-comer would probably remain a month or two. The best room was forthwith prepared, and the guest comfortably installed therein.

By the south window, overlooking the street and the river beyond, the stranger sat for an hour before breakfast next morning, and gazed with rapt attention upon the beautiful prospect. On the left, a row of majestic elms, fit emblems of the grave and sombre generation that planted them, overhung the green avenue to the church; and, above their waving, breezy tops, the spire with its burnished vane rose resplendent with



the earliest beams of the sun. To the right, the river rolled rapidly away from the mill-wheel amid a tangled foliage of grape-vines, ivy and alders. Beyond, the vast form of the south-western hill, covered with grazing herds, closed up the view; and, around its base, on the extreme right, the river lay darkening and quiet, as though recovering its energies before rushing upon a new labor in its destined career. The birds have always loved the quiet valley and the beautiful trees of Innisfield; and, knowing nothing of the murderous customs of later times, they daily gladdened the landscape with their vivacious movements, and their joyous, uninterrupted song.

The stranger had never beheld a fairer valley, but he did not evince his delight in words; he was content to gaze in silence. The sweet influences of the morning stole into his heart, like the dew into the flower; and the freshness and beauty of Nature seemed to have been mirrored in the soul of her fond worshipper. How long this reverie would have lasted, it is not easy to say; but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of the landlady, who, impatient to see the young stranger, had herself come, as a mark of special attention, to announce breakfast. She was attired in a morning-gown of calico, (then a rare luxury,) and her head was surmounted by an indescribable mass of folded, yellow batiste, which she probably called a turban. Her face had nothing remarkable, except a discoloration of the upper lip; and her voice, never very musical, perhaps, at once suggested a reason for the yellow hue, for its tones were as thin, and as destitute of any natural resonance, as those of a cracked clarinet. It needed but a glance at the host and hostess, as they sat at the breakfast table, to satisfy their guest as to the question of supremacy. *Incedo regina* was plainly implied in every movement of the stately head, crowned with its vast yellow burden. The soft and affectionate terms of speech she employed, were as thin a covering for their imperious meaning, as was the gauzy batiste for the silvery hairs underneath its ample folds.

The table and its appendages were neat, and the breakfast excellent. Mr. Greenleaf conversed with easy politeness upon the common topics of the day; but he parried with a quiet address the attempts of the curious landlady to learn something of his errand into such a secluded village. After breakfast he walked out with a knapsack or travelling port-folio, and remained until dinner. In the evening he again took his solitary ramble. A month passed, and he continued in the same daily custom. Meanwhile the hostess and other villagers were consumed with the desire of penetrating the supposed mystery of the stranger's life; yet such was the manly simplicity of his manners, joined with a hardly perceptible reserve—a reserve that inspired respect rather than awakened suspicion—that all who came within the charmed circle which surrounded him, though baffled in their curiosity, instinctively yielded their homage, as to a superior being.

Under the shadow of the elms on the western border of the common stood a large old house, once painted cream color, but, at the date of this sketch, turned by mould and moss to a dingy brown. In front, the slope was easy to the placid pond above the mill, and in the rear, a tasteful garden extended a short distance up the hill which overhangs the village on the north. Here dwelt the school-master, a grave widower of fifty,



and his only daughter. The school-house was at the opposite end of the common, just beyond the church, whose new spire showed so fairly among the dense foliage. This dwelling-house, with a few acres of smooth meadow adjacent to the village, were the sole property of the school-master, and of that he was merely 'tenant by courtesy,' in the jargon of the lawyers. The labor of the summer sufficed to gather a supply of the ordinary necessities of life; and, to eke out this frugal income, the scanty pay of a village teacher in early times was his sole dependence.

The villagers knew the good school-master's name to be Augustus Lee; they knew he was a faithful and kind dominie, and that no man ever doated upon a daughter more tenderly than he upon his darling Alice. Some had seen the ponderous books and the mysterious instruments that filled the curious oaken secretaries in the master's library; and there were not wanting some among the rude and uninformed, to whom such black-letter folios and uncanny apparatus, gathered in a sombre apartment, carried an ill-defined and secret awe. Nor were such vague terrors likely to be at all diminished by the appearance of the skull which always rested on an antique cabinet, and, with sternly clenched teeth and hollow eyes, seemed striving to stare the beholder to stone. But none of the people, whether more or less intimate, seemed to recognize the rare intellect, the original genius, which was doomed to the daily drudgery of the village school.

Alice, the scholar's bright-eyed daughter, motherless from infancy, had received a father's care only; and how faithfully he had discharged his duty, only the self-denial, the toil, and the almost feminine solicitude of fifteen years could witness. With a vigorous physical system, developed by habitual exercise in the open air; with fine native talents, trained and expanded by constant contact with her father's superior intellect; with a soul of tenderness and sensibility; and with a rare symmetry of features, to which her physical and mental culture gave at once the glow of perfect health, and an air of intelligence and grace; with such advantages of person and education, no wonder that the orphan, Alice Lee, was the favorite of all the good matrons in the village, or that her father was so often seen regarding her with a look of unutterable pride and affection.

At the age of sixteen, while most school-girls were toiling over arithmetic, embroidering tiresome 'samplers,' or vainly wrestling with the construction of obdurate sentences, the scholar's daughter, already versed in the principles of mathematics, and familiar to a considerable extent with the ancient languages, was a companion in his daily studies, and shrank not from the abstruse theories of the schoolmen, nor from the conflicting commentaries upon the classics and the Scriptures. But with the maturity of coming womanhood was blended the playful grace of the child; and, when at evening the books were restored to their ancient cases, her buoyant spirits would break forth in the merriest laughs and the fondest endearments. If an angel had looked in at those antique windows, during such a time of recreation, it could not have been without delight. Nay, it seemed, as the flickering light played on the serene face of Plato and the stern features of Demosthenes, that even the silen-

marble broke into smiles while looking down upon a scholar so blest.

But, though the orphan was rich in the treasures of learning, of the knowledge of the world, that tree of good and evil, she knew nothing. Taught only the pure precepts of philosophy, and the perfect law of love, she was child-like in her trustfulness, and ignorant of the evil that so often gnaws at the core of the fairest seeming character. Into her own heart she looked, as into the placid face of the village pond; all was clear and bright, and heaven lay mirrored there in unruffled beauty. The storm had never yet swept over it, to break its tranquillity, and to arouse the unsuspected tides of passion beneath its fair surface.

A bold rock projects over the mountain side, from which nearly the whole village of Innisfield is visible. Below, the forest had been partially cleared, so that there was no obstruction to the view. Alice often rambled over the mountain in search of wild flowers, and to gather the twigs of the fragrant birch and the young roots of the aromatic sassafras. One afternoon she took her accustomed stroll, and, descending from the summit a short distance to the overhanging rock, stood gazing at the familiar scene below. The sun was about setting, and the long shadows of the trees were reflected in the pond, as though to adorn a nether landscape. Not a breeze was in motion; the man-like vane rested from its weary evolutions, and glowed with a richer light as the sun drew near the golden gates of the west. The beautiful valley! The sketcher cannot by word-painting depict its dreamy repose; it must be portrayed by a true artist; his practised hand alone, obedient to the sense of beauty in the soul, may reproduce the picturesque scene over which Alice hung.

And it was reproduced. Just at her right hand, seated under a clump of shrub oaks, was a painter with an open port-folio, busily touching an exquisite picture of the valley. It was the new-comer at the village inn, George Greenleaf. So light were the footsteps of Alice, and so completely absorbed was the artist with his work, that he had not observed her until she uttered an exclamation of delight, as she chanced to look at the picture. He raised his eyes, and at first would have concealed his work. He had effectually shunned observation for a month, and would have gladly departed unknown as he came. But an impulse, which he did not stop to question or analyze, stayed his hand, and the picture still lay upon the rude, extempore easel. It would seem that we are often the quiet instruments, rather than the arbiters of our fate; that we are the recipients of an occult and overmastering influence, before which pride and resolution vanish, and the soul yields without question.

'I'm glad you are a painter,' said Alice, with unaffected simplicity.

'And why?' asked Greenleaf.

'Because this is a glorious prospect, and I have always wanted to see it fairly drawn.'

'But that is not *quite* to the point. You say you are glad that *I* am a painter.'

'Oh, it is not worth telling, perhaps, but there are people who think that all they don't fully know must be wrong! Some of them have wondered at your stopping so long in this little village; and a few super-

stitious folks shake their heads doubtfully, when they see you go into the woods every day with your satchel.'

'Do they, indeed? But you wander here alone, it seems.'

'Me!—I love the woods. I feel a new life under these grand oaks and solemn-whispering pines. I talk to them, and they seem to answer me, and wave all their green tops over me in gladness.'

'Why, you talk like an angel!'

'No; angels do not talk to men, as they once did. Father says they may, perhaps, visit us again, if our lives are pure and our souls transparent.'

Greenleaf felt rebuked. Here was a maiden, nearly come to womanhood, who did not know what flattery meant. He turned his picture toward her.

'How do you like it?' said he.

'It is beautiful; the church, the river, the trees, hills; all but the sunset. You have not painted those great rose-colored clouds, nor those bars of crimson, edged with gold, nor the amber hues of the sky above them.'

'My palette has no colors with which to mock the glories of sunset. But, my little wood-nymph, where did you learn to criticise paintings?'

'My father, the school-master, has a few pictures. The wood-nymphs, I suspect, have been long ago frightened away by our rough wood-choppers. I have never met one, though I used to call them till the echoes rung again.'

Thinking she had talked quite long enough with a stranger, she turned to leave, but stopped as he spoke again.

'In finishing this sketch, I could not but notice the peculiar vane on the church-spire. How came it to be of such a shape?'

'You will but laugh if I tell you.'

'How so? Was it the master-piece of some rustic blacksmith, who strove to forge out an immortality for himself on his sounding anvil?'

'No; at least, I do not know who made it. It is but a few years since it was put up: I remember the day. A stranger brought the vane, and gave it to the church. He affected some mystery about his movements; and his singular air, the unusual shape of the vane, and its horrid creaking, all gave rise to some odd conjectures among our old people.'

'And pray, what may they be?'

'Why, some people pretend to believe that the 'arch-enemy' brought our former wicked minister, and put him on the pivot for a vane, that he may swing over the church which he profaned as long as it stands.'

'And I suppose there are a plenty of old women who have seen him squirm on stormy nights, when witches and other wild fowl are sailing about!'

'Oh, yes, such stories are current here.'

'Capital! I'll paint the steeple in a storm, with all due adornments. Thank you for the story. Do n't mention my profession to any but your father.'

It was nearly night, and the painter returned home with an exhilarated pulse and a bounding step. The rustic legend, or some other subtle influence, kept his mind fixed upon the unlooked-for interview with the maiden. With the first dawn he awoke; the accessories of the picture

had been planned during sleep, and with a few rapid strokes, the spire, with the struggling man impaled on it, with witches, bats, and divers other fearful shapes around it, and with clouds as wild as the dishevelled locks of the storm-king sweeping over it, was boldly and powerfully depicted.

One evening, not long after, when the children came down the street rejoicing from school, the painter took his picture of the spire, and his sketch of the village, and walked toward the school-master's house. Mr. Lee was sitting under the great elm, and his daughter, as usual, was by his side. At Greenleaf's approach, she rose gracefully and without embarrassment, and bade him welcome. Her father had heard of their chance meeting with some secret regret, but a glance at the open and ingenuous face of his visitor reassured him, and, at his bidding, Mr. Greenleaf entered the house. The pictures were first admired, for Alice remembered the painter's promise, and prevailed on him to open his port-folio at once. In a few minutes, conversation was in rapid progress. Such men as Augustus Lee and George Greenleaf could not meet without creating a strong mutual interest. Their minds were cast in different moulds; still, it would not be easy to determine which was the superior in natural gifts. Lee was profoundly learned; the painter's information, though perhaps as varied, was not as minute and accurate. The one had devoted himself to books, the other was a student of Nature, and her glorious beauty had filled his soul as with a visible presence. Thus finely balanced in their organizations, the new friends conversed until a late hour, each separating with a cordial regard. Alice, as was her custom when her father had visitors, listened with eager attention, but took no part in the conversation.

A change, hardly perceptible to himself, came over the painter. His taste for sketching landscapes began to lose its exquisite relish. The woods were not less beautiful to his eye, nor their mystical influences less potent over his soul. The skies still hung with changeless beauty over the valley; and the pomp of morning, and the Assyrian splendors of evening, still touched the hidden springs of poetry; so that the full heart had but to speak, and its glowing thoughts, like molten glass, would have issued, to be crystalized in forms of perennial grace.

But the children of art, in all their various spheres, are haunted by a vague sense of the unattained. The 'vision' is glorious, but for its perfect representation the 'faculty' is not often completely 'divine.' Years before, forms of beauty had hovered over the painter in his earliest attempts in his art; but their changeful, evanescent images, had always eluded his grasp. They seemed to allure him with graceful smiles, and then dissolve into air; he could not reproduce them upon his canvas. Weary with fruitless efforts to arrest and embody these subtle and enchanting *eidola*, he turned to the more tangible charms of nature; and in the quiet enjoyment of sketching actual scenes, strove to forget the opal-hued dreams that had mocked him. Now, however, the visions of former days returned with an unwonted vividness; they hung over his pillow by night, and the glare of day did not dissipate them. Bright eyes looked at him from every flower; and if he turned to the skies, forms of ethereal grace bent over him from every summer cloud. Impelled by a new and unaccount-

able enthusiasm, he took his implements, and upon a piece of canvas he had prepared for a view from Holyoke, not many miles distant, he commenced the head of a Madonna. The child who first sees the lines made by a stick of phosphorus, glowing in the dark upon a wall, could not be more surprised than was Greenleaf with the outlines which his rapid pencil had traced. As the thoughtful features of the Virgin MOTHER were brought out, stroke by stroke, the canvas seemed instinct with life. The picture regarded him almost like a human soul, with its calm eyes and open brow. It seemed to Greenleaf that he had evoked a spirit, and that its impalpable presence was now made manifest in the form he had created. The day passed, the village bustled through its usual routine, and the painter yet stood before his easel, still fixed, as by fascination, upon the marvellous beauty of that face, whose spell had scarcely less of awe than of gladness for him, now that twilight gradually stole into the apartment. Duskier still grew the shadows, and the painter yet gazed; and it was not until night fell, wrapping all objects in indistinguishable gloom, that he awoke from his reverie, remembered the long hours of labor, and was conscious of the prostration that always follows a season of protracted excitement.

The painter was now in a new world. Satisfied hitherto with delineations of picturesque scenery, such as Innisfield and its vicinity afforded, he now remained in his chamber, and exulted in his newly-found powers. When the devotee first lifts his eyes under the lofty dome of St. Peter's, he is oppressed by the sense of vastness, and is lost in the unimagined wealth of architecture around; but his soul, if he be a true man, soon expands and fills the great temple, as though it were to be the place of his daily abode. Greenleaf began at once to turn his thoughts backward to the great artists, whose fame had before appeared to him like the radiance of the inaccessible stars. Now, in the exulting confidence of youth, they seemed his brethren; he would clasp their hands, and claim a place in their immortal circle. Greenleaf's knowledge of art as derived from the study of great works was not very extensive. The country had not then a reputable gallery, and pictures in private collections are rarely accessible to young artists. The world-renowned galleries of Florence and of the Vatican now contained for our painter more attractions than the treasures of Aladdin's cave. The thought came instantly; he would visit Italy. He would give the fullest development to his powers, by the immediate contact of genius. He would study the great masters, and who could say how far their transatlantic pupil would be ultimately surpassed? The idea shot a fiery exhilaration along his nerves; and under its influence every glimpse of the glorious future brought a subtle and delicious joy. Italy! Italy!—he would see Italy! And he walked the room with an elastic step, his right hand brandishing a brush, his hair and apparel uncared for, and his eye glowing with a preternatural light. In the height of his enthusiasm, the door opened, and the yellow turban was revealed in its full proportions. The good landlady, surprised at the wild expression of her hitherto gentle boarder, at his furious gestures, and at the many faces which now regarded her from the walls around, could do nothing more than stare; for her one hand was engaged in slipping her snuff-box under her check apron, while



the thumb and finger of the other were arched together significantly, and arrested half way to her nose. But words soon came.

'Bless me, Mr. Greenleaf, I thought you might be sick! I rapped and rapped: and then, think-says-I, I'll jest look in, for maby you might be sufferin'.'

The thumb and finger were here elevated to the right position, and relieved of their burden: the check apron followed, and duly removed from the lip whatever failed to be drawn up by the powerful nasal current.

The painter looked down from the ceiling. Raphael was no longer there, nor Titian; the glorious company had vanished. St. Peter's dome no longer rose in the distance; and instead of the warm tints of an Italian landscape, the clear, bright atmosphere of New-England encircled him. He looked around the room, and his pictures, Sybils, Madonnas, Nymphs, Graces, were all disenchanted; although far excelling in merit any of his previous productions, yet how far were they below his ideal! He had descended from the clouds, and stood once more upon the earth, without being conscious of the agency that had transported him. During this process, which took somewhat longer than the time usually allotted for making a reply to a civil question, the good woman inwardly wondered whether he were not becoming demented. When, at last, he perceived his hostess, scarcely attempting to conceal her astonishment, he blushed, stammered, and was only relieved by her kindly garrulity.

'Would he have a cup of tea, or a glass of wine?'

'Neither: he was quite well.'

After a period, mutual confidence was restored, and the landlady made a tour of the room, inquiring with a pleased curiosity concerning the pictures, which had been dashed off the last week as rapidly as though they had been so many tavern-signs. Greenleaf attempted to comply; but his explanations drew in so much of heathen mythology on the one hand, and of Catholic tradition on the other, that between them both the good woman was completely confounded. It was the first time these classic stores had been opened to her, and her suspicions of the painter's sanity were by no means lulled as she listened to what seemed his improbable stories. But a bright idea struck her, and with the kindly instincts of her sex, she hastened to impart it.

'But if these picters, Mr. Greenleaf, are all for different folks, as you say, why upon airth did you paint 'em all so much alike? That gal now, (whose clothes you are going to paint bime-by, I hope,) is jest for all this world like Alice Lee; jest so pretty and kind o' modest-like. And then that other woman, with the bright ring over her head, jest like the bow to my old c'lash, she looks like her too, only older, and more sort o' stiddy-like. All on 'em look like her. Well, I have *my* 'spicions. You do 'nt need no medicine: you 'll tough it out, I dare say.'

The turban waved in the door-way a moment, like a yellow holly-hock in the breeze, and the painter was left alone.

Was the painter's mystery solved? Truly, there is more than one secret which is beyond the power of man to conceal effectually, at least from woman. The world has neither nook nor corner where a man may bestow his thought, and say it is safe. The winds will whisper it; the



trees will refuse to be silent ; echo will catch the name that fills his heart, while it yet struggles for utterance. But most of all, if he be an artist, the works of his hand will betray him. He must follow the inner sense, for he cannot paint mechanically : every touch will be eloquent, so that those who run may read.

But Greenleaf had been occupied by influences, effects, and had not stopped to look back for their cause. He was rejoiced to be able to portray the fair shapes that once came only to mock him ; and not being in the habit of any rigid introspection, he had not fathomed the obvious cause of his unwonted energy and enthusiasm. The truth was now brought to him through a homely medium, but it struck a responsive chord. So true is it, that a guess at a venture is often surer than the subtlest speculations of the metaphysician.

The next day Mr. Greenleaf took his accustomed walk, and, in returning at dusk, called upon his friend the school-master. His heart bounded as Alice arose to greet him ; for his regard for her had gradually strengthened, until now it seemed to control every impulse of his being. Still he maintained a firm self-possession, and conversed with her father as usual, though it must be confessed that his eyes wandered occasionally. Their conversation turned upon the causes of failure and success in life. The painter listened to the acute reasoning and nice distinctions in which Mr. Lee's mind was so much at home, and as he heard, wondered why an intellect at once so subtle and so comprehensive, developed by the most intense study, and joined to a fair personal appearance, had remained in obscurity, to leave no impress of its power on the age. With as much art as his frank and ingenuous nature could command, the painter led the way to learn something of his friend's history. Mr. Lee seemed communicative, and related a few instances of his life, which we here condense, retaining the form of the first person.

'I have had just what advantages my own labor could procure for me. How well I have improved them, it matters not now at my time of life—only to remember ! During the year or two preceding the outbreak of the colonies, I was a lawyer, and a hearty supporter of the people's cause. My practice was respectable, and increasing. To satisfy my restless temperament, I wrote frequently—habitually, I might say—and acquired, perhaps, some point and vigor in style. While in my chamber, committing to paper the thoughts that burned within me for utterance, it seemed to me that in the forum I might give at least as free an expression to my aspirations for freedom, and my hopes for the regeneration of the world. I felt an ardor that promised to overcome all difficulties. This inward glow I thought was the only thing requisite. It was a great mistake. Demosthenes had as fiery a soul, conceptions as glowing, and a chain of logic as perfect, *in his own mind*, when he was hissed from the Athenian stage, as when afterward he strook the throne of Macedon by his denunciations. Nothing but laborious practice enabled him to grasp, clothe and present his images, and to follow without interruption the course of his argument. I failed, as you might suppose. Men whose reasoning faculties I did not particularly envy, spoke almost nightly in Faneuil Hall, and the applause of the multitude shook the walls at every period. My personal friends raised a feeble complimentary cheer

once or twice, but it was evident that I had no hold upon the populace. Either my notions were too fine-drawn, or my manner failed to inspire enthusiasm. The inward fervor, and its outward sign, are not always correlative. While full of feeling, so as hardly to control my voice, men thought my manner cold. The sentiments which were received as tame truisms when I uttered them, though in a voice loud enough to be clearly heard, were greeted with tremendous shouts when repeated by some Boanerges. The groundlings, as well as some others who ought to know better, demand that a passion shall be torn to tatters; and he who fails to minister to such tastes must not hope to become a popular orator.'

'You did not abandon the people's cause?'

'By no means. I resigned myself to what I supposed was my fate with a mute despair. My dreams were dispelled; but, concluding that if I could not talk, I might certainly fight, I entered the army as a private, and served four years in various capacities. That sword yonder has the names of a few engagements engraven on its battered blade. At last I received a severe flesh-wound, and retired from the service. This little hamlet caught my attention when a homeless wanderer, and any villager can tell you my brief history here.'

Greenleaf was silent and pensive, as though he had found a column with its sculptured capital prostrate in the woods. He looked down the darkening street, while the school-master sat with a tear in his eye, and his arm around his only daughter. And as the fond father looked in her lustrous eyes, beaming on him with affection, his proud yet tremulous glance seemed to say, 'Here I am repaid for the forsaken world!'

As Greenleaf walked home, he could not conceal from himself the fact, that he loved the daughter of the school-master with his whole soul. But his lips at least had never betrayed his secret to her; their intercourse had been frank and unrestrained; and he would not have wronged the trusting father by seeking to win the sole object of his affection, without his free consent. The painter had counted upon raising money by the sale of his pictures (when transferred from his paste-board sketches) in New-York and London, to enable him to proceed to Rome; but, if he now yielded to the current of his present impulses, that course was plainly impossible; for he was poor, as the world rates poverty, and the school-master was far from being rich. It was the turning-point of his life. On the one hand was the goal of his ambition; on the other, the object of his love; Italy and a hope for immortality, or a quiet home and a peerless wife. While occupied with his pictures, or while reading the triumphs of the great masters of his art, his soul was consumed with the desire to follow their brilliant career; and he seemed to spurn the time and the toil that must intervene between the new world and the classic ground whither his aspirations tended. But one glimpse of Alice Lee was sufficient to overset his ambition and its auxiliary philosophy; and, in room of his dreams of fame, came the vision of a fair rustic Eden, of which she was ever the enchanting Eve.

Weeks passed, and Greenleaf was still between contending influences; but such a strife could not be long protracted; circumstances soon compelled him to act, and to decide his destiny. Mrs. Harwood, the landlady, had always scorned the character of being a gossip; 'She had no

tales to tell of her guests, not she; she had two daughters, likely gals, and she would n't like to hear *them* talked about.' Such common-places, with the air of mystery which some women like to affect, the significant nods, the manner which says so plainly, 'I could if I chose; I know more than I care to tell:' all these were sufficient for a circle whose smallest actions were under a vigilant mutual inspection. The stranger's visits to the house of Mr. Lee were, as a matter of course, well known; and the mysterious airs of the landlady furnished a foundation for various edifying rumors. This idle gossip soon reached the painter through Zebulon, the landlord. His determination was speedily formed; he would go at once. Other motives coincided; for summer was now nearly spent, and there would not be more than time enough to prepare for the voyage; a matter of far greater consequence half a century ago, dear reader, than a trip in one of Collins's steam-ships at this day.

Wishing to give a few more touches to his sketch of the village, Greenleaf walked up the hill one afternoon, and approached his accustomed resting-place. But he was not alone. Alice had preceded him only by an hour, and was seated under an oak near by, reading. Their surprise was mutual as he approached. After a few words of conversation, he sat down to his task. Alice was seated a few feet behind him, upon the trunk of a fallen tree, so that she could look over his shoulder; and if he failed in making a correct transcript of the scene, it must be attributed to his bounding pulse and tense nerves, rather than to any want of appreciation of the landscape. A hundred times a torrent of words was ready to escape from his lips; but he heroically resolved to conquer himself; and he continued to talk, as calmly, to outward appearance, as usual, although his whole soul was rent by the strife within. The sketch was finished; still he remained rooted to the spot; and, though hourly and momentarily dooming himself to exile, a joyous thrill ran through every fibre as the music of her voice fell upon his ear. An eagle flew from a tree near by, and rose with a majestic sweep to the clear blue fields of the upper air. At the rushing sound of the broad wings, Alice rose and pointed to the receding form.

'Look, how he rises! Like the strong will of a great Soul soaring above difficulties, or like a genius to his native skies!'

These words would have inspired the unhappy painter with fresh courage, if they had been spoken by lips less fair; the hand, too, and extended arm, which pointed to the eagle, were so exquisitely moulded, that the painter could not control his secret admiration. Catching her hand, that he might look upon its faultless proportions, he asked her, for a feint, if she had faith in palmistry! A laughing negative was the reply, and a whole row of pearls was displayed before the wavering questioner, now fast-losing his courage. After finishing his examination, he ran through the usual predictions of fortune-tellers, and, raising the hand to his lips, 'The witch's usual fee, Alice,' he said with a smile, while his heart seemed to rise in his throat. His resolution faltered: Italy was far, and fame was often but a delusive phantom; and here was the woman created and destined for him. Should he resign such a prize, or even a hope of winning it, for a mere dream? A moment more, and the painter had been lost. But he repressed his emotion with a mighty

effort, and looked up to the skies for a moment of self-possession. The tide of passion subsided, and the full, strong current of his native energy rushed in. He lost not a moment, but arranged his port-folio, and descended the hill in advance of his companion.

Not daring to trust himself to another interview with Alice, Greenleaf thought it best to call at once and take leave of her father, before her return. The painter's hopes and desires were not unknown to Mr. Lee, but the latter was not aware that his young friend's departure was to be so speedy. In a few words, Greenleaf thanked him for his kindness, and spoke of the possibility of a future meeting with hope. The fervor of his manner was not lost upon Mr. Lee; but, if the father divined the secret cause, he kept his own counsel.

By the mail, whose weekly trip occurred the next day, George Greenleaf left Innisfield, with totally new aims, and with brighter hopes, but yet with memories whose mingled delight and sorrow only he could know. The necessary preparations were soon made, and he set sail for Italy, intending to be absent five years. With high hopes he set forth; the world was all before him: the consciousness of undeveloped powers stimulated him; and of the many glorious visions of the future, surely, *all* could not prove delusive.

But his thoughts were by no means so buoyant, when adding five years to the age of Alice Lee. What events, natural and probable in themselves, but terrible and unnamable to him, might not occur from sixteen to twenty-one, the period of woman's freshest and most captivating charms? What rustic beaux might not sue for the hand which his lips once pressed; the hand now perhaps lost to him for ever! He could not pursue the thought farther; even at its first view, his spirits sank like the barometer before the storm. But the vessel heaved steadily on, and the intensity of the painter's feelings soon wore off. And whether, like most men, he gradually lost the memory of the beautiful maiden, the first sincere object of his love, so that her face became to him like a cloudy, indistinct daguerreotype, laid by in some forgotten crypt; or whether he ever after cherished her image, as the lake 'bears on its breast the pictured moon, pearled round with stars,' and trusted to his pure and loyal faith to preserve the power in his art which it had brought him—let the future say: if, perchance, I, or some other, shall trace his farther progress in life.

But unless some romancer, dear reader, shall enlighten you on this point, I fear greatly it will remain unwritten. History is not for such matters; it is occupied more profitably in detailing murders at wholesale. And though the wise man long ago said that 'he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' yet while successful besiegers, from Demetrius Poliorcetes down, have been honored with the historian's attention and the world's applause, the many heroes, victoriously over themselves, are passed by unnoticed.

Was Alice's heart meanwhile untouched? I dare not, as a veracious chronicler of our little village, undertake to assert that it was not. Still, if her bosom had throbbled with new and delightful emotions, she hardly knew why; and her maidenly peace, though at first disturbed by the sudden departure of her friend, soon recovered its wonted placidity.

The old gentleman continued in the same even course: he was quiet and happy, for gossip had nothing whereon to feed; and, that annoyance ended, the world had not a sorrow for him. Every evening, after his labors in the school, or on his little farm, he sat under the patriarchal elm, or by the blazing fire in his library, and his bright-eyed daughter was never away from his side.

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'O U R P A T H S D I V I D E.'

ALL things are changing, even thou!  
I fondly hoped we might elude  
The pang that we are suffering now  
In this our last vicissitude,  
And glide apart on Life's broad sea,  
Like ships at night — unconsciously.

I knew that, woman as thou art,  
A tide which thou couldst ne'er control  
Must rise upon thy maiden heart,  
And sweep my image from thy soul:  
As well return to ocean's strand,  
To seek one's foot-prints in the sand.

Mine was a passionate good-will:  
And, ever waking in my breast,  
I felt a yearning and a thrill,  
Which mournfully I hushed to rest;  
For the frank interest in thine eyes,  
True to itself, ne'er sought disguise.

When I was sad with any care,  
With any grief, and came to thee,  
Thou wouldst so sorrowfully share  
The burden which was laid on me,  
That I forgot all other pain,  
To soothe and make thee glad again.

And when I strove to tell thee aught  
Beyond the reach of words, thy face  
Became a picture of my thought,  
And gave the shadow life and grace:  
Until its beauty seemed to be,  
That it was listened to by thee.

With an increasing tenderness,  
E'en now thy spirit seems to grieve,  
And vainly struggle to confess  
The change itself can scarce believe:  
Still seeking, by some gentle art,  
To teach my soul that we must part.

Thus, while a warmth from earlier days,  
Whose brightness we should else forget,  
Is lingering, with the golden haze  
Of Indian Summer, round us yet:  
Our paths divide, and leave the scene  
We trod together, ever green!

## L O N E L Y   H O U R S .

How still and cold it is to-night!  
The moon hath hid her silver light,  
But all the starry hosts burn bright  
From east to west.

Now from the lone deserted street  
There comes no sound of busy feet:  
The crowds that here by day I meet  
Are gone to rest.

Ah! what a change the Night brings on!  
She claims all Nature for her own:  
Nor in the outward world alone  
We feel her sway.

He who at morn in eager haste  
With thronging multitudes here pressed,  
Now, thoughtful, o'er a gloomy waste  
Pursues his way.

Hark! through the still and wintry air,  
A sound by day I scarce can hear,  
Booms o'er the darkness loud and clear:  
The clock tolls one!

And answers from each neighboring bell  
From tower to tower in chorus swell,  
Till the last laggard sounds the knell,  
And all are done.

Who watches o'er the slumberer's bed,  
While lies at rest his weary head?  
Is it the man whose measured tread  
I hear draw nigh?

Oh! no: there is an unseen Power  
That guards the still unconscious hour,  
And while Night's shadows o'er us lower,  
Stoops from on high.

Now, looking on the worlds above,  
My thoughts in paths celestial move,  
Musing on one whom still I love,  
Though from me gone.

I think how glorious, how bright  
That City, where she walks in light;  
There is no slumber, there no night:  
Her work is done!

Yet was she once a pilgrim here,  
Encompassed by each earthly care.  
Storms swept her pathway: bleak and drear,  
The way seemed long.



But on a dark and suffering day,  
As sank the flesh amidst decay,  
Angels her spirit bore away  
To join their song.

She spoke not, saw not as she passed:  
Death had so dark a shadow cast  
Over the flickering flame at last,  
And quenched her sight.

But by the life that she had led,  
We knew, while weeping o'er her dead,  
When the sweet spirit from us fled,  
Whither its flight.

Not that she sinless lived, or won  
Salvation by her works. Alone,  
Oh, none shall stand before Thy throne,  
And be forgiven.

Wrapt in CHRIST's righteousness, by faith  
She lived, she yielded up her breath;  
In HIM she triumphed over Death,  
And entered Heaven!

SPERATA

## C H A R L O T T E M A Y .

BY FRANCIS COPPITT

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,  
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep.'

'MOTHER,' said Lottie May, 'my head aches, and feels very, very warm. What can be the matter?'

'You are feverish, love, and require rest.'

So Mrs. May gave her child some herb-tea, and placed her in her little bed.

In the night, the mother was awakened by a little groan, and lay and listened half unconsciously for a few moments; then she heard the groan again.

'It's Lottie,' she said to herself; and springing softly from her bed, for fear of disturbing the child, she stepped to the side of its bed and whispered:

'Lottie!'

'Is that you, mother?'

'What's the matter, Lottie?'

'My head hurts me a little, mother;' and she groaned again as she clasped her hot hands over her soft, brown hair. 'Will you give me some water, mother?'

Mrs. May's hand trembled so that she could hardly pour out the water;

but Lottie could not lift herself up to drink it, and the mother held her; then she lit the gas.

'My God!' she exclaimed to herself, as she saw the red and purple cheeks, the large dark eyes, now larger than ever, and bloodshot; the vacant, wild look, and the little hands clasped tightly on the top of her head.

'Lottie! Lottie! Charlotte!' said Mrs. May; but Lottie did not answer for some moments; then she opened her eyes suddenly, more widely than ever, and said:

'Oh, mother, I've seen an angel, and its face was like yours; and there were two great wings, and glory all round it, mother; and it called, Lottie, Lottie, Lottie.'

Mrs. May trembled again, but she did not show it, or change her countenance before her child.

Then she rang the bell for her maid, and told her to call John, and send him for Dr. Mason immediately; then she bathed the little sufferer in cold water, and laid her on the bed again until the Doctor came.

'WHEN was she taken, Mrs. May?' said Dr. Mason.

'She went to bed feverish; I was awakened an hour ago by the child's groans, and found her so.'

'What have you done?'

'Bathed her in cold water; that is all.'

'All wrong,' said the Doctor; and he felt her pulse, gave her some calomel, told Mrs. May to keep her very warm, and the windows closed, and went home again, wondering why people would get sick at night, he did so hate night-practice; or if they must be sick, why could they not wait until morning to be treated.

Lottie lay in an unquiet doze, and Mrs. May sat by her side all the long night. Oh, how her heart yearned for her child! and she prayed silently that the flower might not be gathered from her; indeed, she never knew how much she loved her little idol until now, when the shadow of Death loomed up like a black cloud on the horizon of her imagination, at which she looked with sickening anxiety. Would it bring thunder, and lightning, and destruction, or pass on with but a genial shower, leaving fresh greenness and life in its path? Was it the shadow of Death, or did the all-devouring tyrant himself hover near? And she grasped the child's hand, as she thought of the angel's calling, 'Lottie, Lottie, Lottie,' as if she would so keep Heaven from taking away her treasure; and in the long night-watches it recurred again and again; and each time her heart ceased to beat, a feeling of dread and awe overpowered her, and a tremor passed over her frame like the feeling from sudden fright in the darkness; yet apart from her child there was no fear in that mother's heart: she felt that she could part with life itself to save her little one.

At last the long, weary, desolate night had gone, and the sun shone into the room fitfully as the clouds passed over it.

Lottie opened her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and at the sunshine, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, in a low, weak, gentle voice:

'What's the matter, mother! You look so sick! I'm not ill now, mother; my headache's gone.' Then she looked up at the sun again and said: 'Mother, I'll get up now.' The mother's heart beat wildly with hope as she spoke, but the child could not move.

'But, mother, I'm better, a great deal better; I'm only a little sick. Kiss me, mother. I saw you by my bed last night, but could n't speak then.'

She breathed harder from the effort she had made, and lay perfectly still, except her large eyes, which followed every movement of her mother about the room.

Then Dr. Jones came, and shrugged his shoulders at what had been done, though he declined interfering, but Mrs. May insisted, and called in old Dr. Armour, the friend of her father's youth also; and the three doctors met and 'consulted' about the poor girl.

And Lottie was sometimes worse, and at others better; and at times she knew no one, not even her poor mother. It almost broke her heart to see the child stare at her so vacantly, and say such strange things. Then her eyes would change, and she would look up in her mother's face and smile, and be again her own dear Lottie.

In this manner so solemn, sad, and weary days of hope deferred passed away, and Lottie grew weaker and weaker.

Mrs. MAY sat by the side of her sleeping child hour after hour, and gazed at the shrunken hands, and rough crimson cheeks, and listened to her deep breathing, every breath of which seemed like a groan. Oh, how freely would she have given her life to bring back the hue of health to those fevered cheeks! She took up her embroidery, to try and wile away an hour of this torturing uncertainty, but the needle trembled in her hand, for the work itself was a seat for Lottie's little chair; she could not make a stitch. Then she took up her favorite author, but the letters seemed blurred; she could not distinguish a word; her pen to write, but the tears fell and mixed with the ink—emblem of her fast-coming black despair. Then she knelt by the couch of her child to pray, but she could not; her prayers were the 'groanings which cannot be uttered;' and she arose and went to the window, and looked up towards the sun, but there were clouds over the sky; it seemed as if there were clouds over the sunshine always now. In the street she saw Dr. Jones' and Dr. Mason's gigs approaching; but she left the room, for she began to lose faith in them, and went into the garden, where there was more air to breathe; she sometimes thought she would choke in the rooms, they seemed so small now.

When she came back, Dr. Armour was there also.

'Dr. Armour,' said Mrs. May, with an appealing yet firm look, 'will my child die?'

'Heaven grant she may not!'

'Doctor, I have steeled my heart to bear even her death. *Will my child die?*' And her look became more firm and grave, but she held her hand tightly over her heart.

'I am not omniscient, Madam; your own feelings probably tell you as much as all my science can. *I fear the worst.*'

Mrs. May rose to her feet with a fixed and vacant stare, and moved slowly forward through the rooms. She had never yet in her heart thought that her child would die; woman-like, she had hoped against hope. For a moment she looked round vacantly; then all the scenes of those three days of torture crowded to her brain; the blood-shot eyes, the red, furred cheeks, the breathing a succession of groans, the Doctor's words, his look; and then like a flash of lightning through her brain passed the words, 'Lottie must die,' and she uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless on the floor.

When she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. Armour standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him:

'Doctor, is my child dead?'

'Not yet. But do not rise, Madam, you are too weak.'

Mrs. May looked at him with a surprised look, then rose and went to her child's bed-side. Lottie knew her mother; and when Mrs. May took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her; then she tried to speak, but could not; and the mother stood by the side of the bed with glazed eyes, in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh, how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned hot as she gazed at the dying girl.

The doctors stood round in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said, with a faint voice, 'Mother!' and fell back on the pillow quite dead.

'God of mercy, help me to bear this!' said Mrs. May. 'ALMIGHTY FATHER, help me to bear this!' and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

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THE doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down stairs, and they stepped into the parlor, and shut the door to have a chat before they separated.

Mrs. May started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, last hope of her heart, last link that bound her to earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs, to the back parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

' . . . Lower down; the breathing showed that. I was afraid we were to be kept up all night.'

'I think you gave her too much calomel, Mason.'

'Not a bit, not a bit: she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic.'

'Well, well. Curious case.'

'Very.'

'Gentlemen,' said the old gray-headed Dr. Armour, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before; 'gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must . . .'

Mrs. May had been checked by the tone of indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers; now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if they had seen a spectre: but she only said:

'Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr. Armour, for God's sake, come back and tell me if the child's dead!'

They returned, but the corpse was growing cold.

Mrs. May clasped her hands round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her Lottie.

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Mrs. MAY sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form. She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that Lottie had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over those dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope, about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now; but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet. Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint 'Mother!' but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, 'Why, oh, why had He taken away her Lottie?' And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space, and heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life were lost; and then the question would recur, *did* He take her away, or was she sent, uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs; and she shrank from the question shuddering.

Carriage after carriage drove up to the door, the rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn-looking man opened the Bible, and read, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' Then he said many beautiful things about the child, which he had known from its birth; but Mrs. May could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room: for *why* had He taken away her Lottie? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even amongst her little play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. May alone; she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. May was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while Lottie was carried by; and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. May drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments, (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart,) until they came to Lottie's grave. It



was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. Lottie had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

Mrs. May remained in the carriage, and when they took the coffin toward the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse for ever near her!

They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!' and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haired girl awaited the final reckoning.

They came to Mrs. May as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone. Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave; and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved Lottie; and Mrs. May bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there, and tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her; and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed. Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint 'Mother!' and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh, how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory; and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune; and her lips were opened at last. She prayed long and earnestly to the FATHER who had taken her idol. She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed His holy name, and knew *why* he had taken her Lottie. Her mind became more exalted; a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness of the INFINITE*. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being; and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the 'inspiration of heaven,' or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the INFINITE of Holiness and the great Soul of Humanity; and while a feeling of infinite love and pity for mankind took possession of her

soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground: even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little.

This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling for ever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to mothers at the birth of their first-born, oftener at its death. A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions; to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyze the soul. Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith; seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstasy; this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost; that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind.

Mrs. May knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her; but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart; and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, toward her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser, a better being; for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but he had given his own love in their place, and she wept no more.

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U N U S E T A L T E R .

IN the land of Greece, that glorious land,  
A harp is swept by a female hand,  
And e'en the attendant Muses own  
The magic of its raptured tone.  
But what rude strains are heard, the while,  
In yon remote, wild, barbarous isle?  
'Tis the Druid's hymn, to the war-god given,  
The terrible God of the Druid's heaven.  
Awfully fatal those harsh notes sound  
In the ear of the victim doomed and bound:  
But oh! what changes o'er earth have passed,  
Since the reign of the Lord hath come at last!  
Druid song and Sappho's lay,  
Forgotten and lost, have passed away;  
And hark! where the war-god's song was heard,  
The air with harmonious sounds is stirred;  
Again 'tis a female sweeps the strings,  
Angels are listeners while she sings.  
Never, oh! never shall pass away,  
HEMANS! from earth thy glorious lay;  
Over the world to the old time known,  
Over the world by the world-finder shown  
To Christian men, thy strains have flown  
From the barbarous isle so wild and lone!

## AN EPISTOLARY DAY-DREAM.

COME and see me in the autumn, fruitful season of the year,  
 When the days are cool and pleasant, and the evenings long and clear.  
 I will meet you at the *dépôt*, drive you safely all the way:  
 Bring no satchel, but your boxes, if you come; pray come to stay!  
 'Tis a pleasant drive from Brooklyn, shaded well with way-side trees;  
 As you ride, you feel the vigor of the bracing ocean breeze;  
 Passing 'loves' of country-houses, nestled lovingly 'mid green,  
 And the broad and fruitful orchards lie conveniently between.  
 Now the ponies in the sunshine loiter at an even pace;  
 Now, a carriage passing quickly urges them to win the race.  
 Faster fly our sprightly horses; all around are clouds of dust:  
 Do not speak it, if you feel a little natural disgust!  
 In the distance, at the turning, spy you not a snowy gate?  
 Close beside the 'Lodge' you see it, porticoed and roofed with slate.  
 Ah! the portress has been watching; see, the gate is opened wide:  
 Gliding slowly o'er the gravel, look around on every side.  
 See the turf, how smooth and even, scattered o'er with lofty trees:  
 Saw you e'er a knoll so lovely, or the shadows sweet as these?  
 There's the arbor, with its fountain, where I love to linger long;  
 Just the place, I can assure you, for a sentimental song.  
 'Neath that grove of sturdy beeches, on your left and just before,  
 KATE and EMMA frolic daily, as we frolicked days of yore.  
 Fondly, sadly now I pass them: there my little ERNEST played;  
 Hushed his laugh, his bounding footstep passed for ever from the glade!  
 Flowers of one long, lonely summer o'er him in beauty wave:  
 Half my heart, my precious darling, lieth with thee in the grave!  
 Oh, forgive a mother's sadness! do not heed a starting tear,  
 Though it falleth on this happiest, merriest day of all the year!

Just behind those alder-bushes, skirting that low, mossy spot,  
 Lies a walk all richly shaded, leading to a lonely grot,  
 Formed for quiet contemplation, close beside a flowing stream,  
 Where the sunlight through the branches casteth many a fitful gleam.  
 Here's the house! the horses know it; how they raise their slender ears!  
 Two white dresses at the shutters: come and welcome me, my dears!  
 This, my first-born, fair and ruddy KATRINE, daughter of my youth;  
 In her hazel eyes there gleameth all the light of love and truth.  
 How her laughing lips, so ruby, mindeth me of ERNEST's smile!  
 Fear not, darling, thy caresses shall me of this gloom beguile.  
 Here is EMMA: timid nursling, raise thy modest eyes of blue;  
 These brown tresses, softly curling, like her father's are in hue;  
 And she has his quiet manners, his enthusiastic fire:  
 More may she resemble him, is my fervent, warm desire!  
 If a mother e'er can nourish partial feelings in her breast,  
 Then I fear—I shame to say it—*she* is loved more than the rest;  
 For I feel her father's beauty and his virtues in her shine,  
 And I constantly thank Heaven, precious treasure, she is mine!

You are weary: let us enter. Pray, forgive my husband's stay;  
 Business called him, in the morning, to the city all the day;  
 But before we're dressed for supper he will greet you with delight,  
 For he seldom stays till evening, and he'll surely come to-night!  
 On your right our parlors lie, neatly furnished, long and wide,  
 And the green-house opening from them, with the library beside;  
 To the left the nursery, and my sitting-room within:  
 Here I work and teach the children, here my daily cares begin.

This deep window, with its settle, hath a very pleasant view  
 Of the village of Jamaica, houses, trees, and spires too;  
 This flat, open, sandy country to your northern taste is new.  
 In the north wing opening from this is your chamber: are you pleased?  
 Should the children's noise disturb you, tell me truly when you're teased.  
 (Ope the shutters, KATE, my darling.) See, the garden terrace here;  
 Cull as many flowers as please you: are you fond of them, my dear?  
 You perceive the summer's beauty lingereth here with ten-fold bloom,  
 And the zephyrs always bring you through this casement sweet perfume.  
 These few pots of monthly roses, and this fragrant nignonette  
 Are for you to care for daily, prune and water—don't forget!  
 Pray forgive my seeming counsel, but I like that all should learn,  
 In performing daily duties, gratefully to pleasure turn.  
 (Come, my children, let us leave her; father must be very nigh.)  
 Half an hour, dear, to supper: look your loveliest—now good-bye!

How that snowy dress becomes you with the lilies in your hair!  
 Years have added to your graces, while they rob me every where.  
 Pleasant days come back to me as I see you thus arrayed;  
 But to show you thus to WALLACE, I am really afraid.  
 Do come with me to the study; he has gone himself before:  
 We will watch him, ere we enter, at the open green-house door.  
 Quickly, lightly through the parlors; do not linger 'mong the flowers;  
 You shall see them other seasons, you shall tend them other hours:  
 Two broad steps to mount—bend nearer: can you plainly see within?  
 There he sits beside the table: does n't he look pale and thin?  
 This long day at town has tired him; I am sorry he has been.  
 He has pushed his book before him, with his glossy head reclined  
 'Gainst the chair-back—love and firmness in his lifted eyes enshrined.  
 Saw you e'er a face so noble, or a mien so proudly grand?  
 Yet he has the gentlest, truest, kindest heart in all the land.  
 He has gathered here around him learned books from all the world,  
 And his own bright genius o'er them like a banner lies unfurled.  
 He can speak in every language, and he has a poet's pen,  
 And for much and varied learning is he honored among men.  
 Though he ranks with proud and wealthy by his gentle, unstained birth,  
 And though sweet to know him honored, sweeter far to know his worth!  
 Heaven has blessed me with its bounties: wealth the needy to supply,  
 Many friends, both true and tender, station, home, and health have I;  
 Blessed my home with three sweet children, tenderly, most dearly loved,  
 Yet of all, my loving husband has the greatest blessing proved!  
 Every joy he shareth with me; and when sorrowful in grief—  
 Oh, to weep upon his bosom is such precious, sweet relief!  
 Long may Heaven spare him to me, dearest friend and constant guide,  
 Teach me to fulfil his wishes, be his honor and his pride!

Oh! what pleasant, long excursions we will take while you are here!  
 We will ride about Jamaica, which you know is very near;  
 And some morning very early we will go to Roekaway,  
 Take the children, and in bathing spend the live-long autumn day.  
 We will have a sailing-party and a pic-nic, and will send  
 Invitations to the neighbors; they'll enjoy it to attend.  
 On the Sabbath to the city: of the drive you will not tire,  
 For the preaching of our pastor and our church you must admire.  
 We will in the tangled wild-wood wander with unwearied feet,  
 And our books and work will carry to the rustic garden-seat;  
 Then my little KATE shall for us lightly dance upon the glade,  
 Where the turf is soft and even, and the lindens weave a shade;  
 And at dewy evening hour we will list to WALLACE sing  
 Songs that to your listening senses pleasant memories will bring.

Oh! 'twill be a happy season, calling up forgotten hours,  
 When our future was all brightness, and our present filled with flowers.  
 Memory's glance 'tis sweet to cherish, but I sorrow not to know  
 That the past is ever buried 'in the grave of long ago.'

*Albany, Oct., 1851.*

L. L. S.

## Schediasms.

THE SUPERFICIALNESS OF MEN IN LARGE CITIES

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

TAKE any man, born, bred and educated in a large city, ten to one he is superficial, thoroughly superficial; superficial in his thoughts, in his cultivation, in his reverence, in his purpose. He looks at life as a moving panorama; enjoying what is immediately before him, careless of what has gone, indifferent as to what is coming, looking neither before nor after, but vividly appreciating the present. Precedent and prophecy are to him alike unmeaning and without weight or influence. MEMORY and FORECAST are faculties used only as bases of calculating daily gainful speculations, or as ministers to his pleasures. They are no part of his mental being. They are not inwoven with its texture, as the warp, but the mere selvage, to be torn from the cloth for homely use. They are not faculties spiritual, but helps practical only. They are not, as they should be, the links of a golden chain, connecting the present with the eternity of the past on one side, and the eternity of the future on the other. To the superficial, things temporal and things eternal are not thus allied.

Swift, in his 'Tale of a Tub,' complains bitterly of this superficialness of the city-bred literary men of his day. 'We of this age,' says he, 'have discovered a shorter and more prudent method than the Ancients to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold. Either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly—which is, indeed, the choicer, the profounder, the politer method—to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is turned and governed, like fishes by the tail; for to enter at the palace of learning, by the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore, men of much taste and little ceremony are content to get in at the back door. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails.'

A graphic illustration, truly! and it seems to have jumped with the humor of Pope, when he afterward, striking at this same vice, exclaims, with more than a 'coincidence:'

'How index-learning turns no student pale,  
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.'

And Hazlitt, too, has remarked, in his Essay on the Ignorance of the



Learned, 'People in towns, indeed, are woefully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only in the bust, not as a whole length.'

It seems, at the outset, an odd proposition, that where there is the more food, there should be the less fat; that where the means of cultivation and the resources of thought are profusely scattered on every hand, to stimulate the curiosity, the ambition and the taste of the meanest or the most gifted, there should be less profundity of intellectual power. But I am not wholly certain an intellectual surfeit is not far worse than intellectual starvation. \* In the city, one hears so much, sees so much, feels so much; such a variety of impressions seize hold of one, and in a moment are chased away by new ones, that while one's powers of apprehension are quickened to a marvellous degree, one's powers of reflection are proportionally weakened from want of exercise. The memory, too, suffers constantly from being overloaded with an ill-assorted burden it cannot carry. There is no time to classify or dispose of the miscellaneous treasure, and in the confusion, it all escapes together. The loss is not felt, any more than the stream runs dry, because all the water in it, at any fixed place and time, is passed away. A new supply of the ceaseless current fills the space before we are conscious of the loss. Thus the mind is ever busy, and serves as the dim reflex of the transient present.

See my friend there, sitting in his arm-chair after breakfast, smoking his segar. He is now upon his fourth newspaper. It is his constant habit, at an expense of four hours per day, to read six newspapers in the morning and six in the evening. He is a very clever man, as the word goes; very shrewd in business, very sage in advice, very well informed, very firm in his opinions. When he has finished his sixth morning paper, I ask him, 'What is the news?' Do you think he occupies two hours in telling me? Do you think he makes some profound observation, showing he has grappled with, classified, and generalized upon the myriad facts that have passed, like images before the wizard's glass, in review before his mind? You are much deceived if you do. His answer is always the same; short, pithy, and sincere: 'Nothing.' If he answered as a philosopher, I should perhaps blame his philosophy, censure him as a cynic, but praise his sagacity. But I can do neither. 'What! have you toiled two hours, and found nothing worthy of recollection? Have you not been apprised of the astounding discovery made in a remote city, that government and law are useless and expensive encumbrances upon the soaring spirit of a free people; and that an impromptu 'Vigilance Committee' do the work cheaper and better? Have you not, too, learned this, that, and another thing?' 'Well, yes,' he does recollect something of the kind; 'but really it had escaped his memory.' And thus it is each day; and in wisdom the man grows feebler every day.

'*Beware of the man who reads but one book!*' is the ore of an old proverb of the cloister, eliminated and refined from the dross of a mediæval Latin etymology, too barbarous to be intrusted abroad without an interpreter. A mint of wisdom lies imbedded in those profound old words; wisdom hard to learn; learned only after lapse of much time and melancholy experience; often learned too late, frequently not at all; humiliating to the pride of intellect, mortifying to ambition, even when learned in timely season. Two truths must sink deeply into the mind of

a man before he can begin to know any thing. He must be satisfied that it is impossible in one short life to *learn* every thing. He must be satisfied that it is possible for him to *know* only very little. A bitter conviction it is, when it overtakes the ambitious student, that he cannot know every thing worth knowing; that his life would be exhausted in the acquisition of a tithe of it, and no time would be left to use it. Diligence may enable him to extend his researches to very distant boundaries; untiring patience and persevering labor, coupled with good natural powers, will do wonders in the way of acquirement. But *knowledge* is neither research of distant boundaries, nor wonderful acquirement. They are merely the implements of knowledge. They are the source and materials. Learning supplies the mingled ingredients of the alembic of the mind; knowledge is the new form, after the process of distillation and crystallization is complete. Intellectual knowledge, like practical sagacity, is usually the acquisition of experience. The first is an ultimate growth of the mind's experience, dealing with the great recorded thoughts of men and events of the world, and nurtured amid the myriad vicissitudes that mark its own career, as the other is taught by the common events of every-day life. Knowledge is a secondary result, for which the mind is fitted to seek after and comprehend only when research and acquirement are accomplished. Until this is done, a man has neither the intellectual stores, nor the intellectual habits, nor the intellectual discipline, necessary to enable him to detect the discrepancies in seeming analogies; to discriminate between primary and secondary causes; finally, to distinguish betwixt truth and error.

Perhaps I may seem to labor the point unnecessarily. But I think not. This is a fearful mistake, this confounding acquirement with knowledge, and has occasioned the shipwreck of many a noble mind, proudly launched in an ocean of fact. All the *facts* in the world do not constitute the minutest infinitesimal of *truth*; and a man might possess his memory with all the facts in the world, and be not a whit the wiser with it *all*. Fact is the foundation of truth, but the superstructure scarcely betrays what sustains it. To go back to my metaphor: truth is a distillation from fact. The change is chemical, not mechanical. Fact is multiform — prismatic; truth is single and hueless. Truth is a centre from which fact radiates in endless and countless rays. Truth is fixed and immutable; fact revolves about it as a common centre, and often, like the kaleidoscope, changes with every revolution, and yet is the same thing first and last. What we know of truth is, that it is the clue of all the labyrinths of nature, time, and history, and that what we can possess of it, though positively much, is comparatively nothing. Human knowledge is fragmentary; here a manifest certainty, there a probability, and elsewhere a conjecture. Perfect knowledge is the highest attribute of *DEITY*. So far as we progress in the pursuit of pure knowledge of truth, so far we approach *DIVINITY*.

If a pre-requisite to the mastery of any subject were the perusal of every thing written upon it, well might the student despair. The recorded ideas of centuries upon the simplest topics would exhaust an ordinary life-time in the perusal. The old adage, '*Non multa sed multum*,' is in point, and is the true rule. Reading furnishes the oil to

the lamp of thought. The lamp must be lighted and burn, or there is no light. 'There are,' says Sheridan, 'on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas; their tracks may be traced by your own genius as well as by reading. A man of deep thought who shall have accustomed himself to support or attack all he has read, will soon find nothing new.' Much thinking, little reading, makes the sound reasoner. The proportion should be vastly in favor of the first, and the appetite for the latter, though stronger, will still demand and relish only substantial and nutritious food. Reading for amusement is like any other amusement, of little importance mentally, provided it amuses; the mind having an instinct in this respect, and seeking that amusement which is most beneficial as such. Reading for knowledge is hard work; it is a severe task, and inclination is not to be consulted. No rule can be laid down. One will read ten times as much as another, and each derive equal profit. It seems idle to read, except to furnish the mind food for thought, to keep it occupied; more than this not only is wasted, but overloads and incapacitates the mind for thinking. This begets inattention to facts, and inattention is followed by loss of memory, and then the very materials of thinking are gone.

Intellectual power is the offspring, result, and acquisition of close, connected, and protracted thought. Natural powers being equal, it will vary in men in proportion to this discipline of them. Thinking is the severest labor of man, yet it is the most compensating. If the mind is immortal, the laborer is working in a garden he shall always till. Labor is a 'curse;' but whosoever 'dares do all that does become a man,' will literally 'work out his own salvation.'

Few men, however, in cities can be led to believe themselves capable of any continuous, sustained mental effort; fewer still have the inclination to exercise the capacity; of those who feel themselves capable and inclined, few have the energy, and fewer still find the opportunity. Amid the toil, and bustle, and noise, and confusion, and multiplicity of facts and events, passions and purposes, each succeeding the other so rapidly that before the mind can grasp one, it is gone, and another fills its place, what chance for thought? what Herculean powers of mind can hold them? what Argus eyes can discriminate which is worthy of being picked from the miscellaneous heap?

The mind fares better in the country. There are fewer subjects of contemplation. God and nature are ever present. Every thing is suggestive of man's littleness and brevity of existence, of nature's permanence. The timid grass bristles stoutly on the very graves of our forefathers. It is only by connecting oneself with the great human family that the aching sense of insignificance is lulled. The thoughts move thus, if they move at all, in a larger compass. There is cheerful solitude, the nurse of thought. There are fewer books and fewer men to make opinions, and so comes self-reliance, the parent of thought. If this is doubted by any citizen who fancies himself a student and a thinker, let him spend a month in the country, and, my word for it, he returns a 'wiser and a sadder man;' 'wiser' for the hours consumed in reflecting upon what would have escaped his attention in the city; 'sadder,' that he was not my convert sooner.

Perhaps the chief advantages of education as a mere accomplishment

may be summed up in the two words, *consistency* and *toleration*, the two highest traits of a Christian and a gentleman; consistency in his own ideas and actions, and a wise toleration toward the ideas and actions of others. These I think may be better attained in the country than in the city. They are the result of a careful and assiduous cultivation, much silent, serious meditation, and a breadth of views only to be acquired by patient, protracted and uninterrupted thought.

Before I quit this subject, I cannot refrain from two quotations recalled by what has been written. There is one type of man that is not utterly frivolous, thus depicted by the great dramatist:

‘WHAT IS A MAN,  
If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To rust in us unused.’

And there is one view of this life that is not utterly insignificant, thus expressed by the greatest political thinker of the age:

‘As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amid this universe of worlds, the CREATOR has given us to inhabit, and to send them, with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same ETERNAL PARENT, to the contemplation of the myriads of beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; so neither is it false and vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present and the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.’

November, 1851.

#### T H E L A K E O F S C H R O O N .

Oh! it was a blessed morning  
In the lustrous month of June,  
That I wandered open-hearted  
By the silent Lake of Schroom!  
All its smooth, translucent harbors  
Trees reflected, flowers and arbors;  
Blossoms with the sands entwining,  
Many fathoms deep were shining;  
And the ripples, murmuring faint,  
Made a melancholy plaint,  
Like the prayer of holy saint.

Oh! it was a blessed morning,  
When the year was in its bloom,  
Wearied with this life's contention,  
That I wandered by Lake Schroom!  
Wandered 'neath the oaks and larches,  
Dreaming 'mid their broken arches,  
Dreaming on the hills of clover,  
Living all my life-time over,  
Till I saw the angels fair  
All around me in the air,  
And they smiled to see me there.

Oh! it was a blessed morning  
That I wandered, filled with joy,  
In that Eden of seclusion,  
Open-hearted as a boy!  
There the heartless swarms came never;  
There the air was pure for ever;  
There the forest, by God planted,  
Seemed alive, or else enchanted,  
As I lay, with half-closed eyes,  
Looking, through them, through the skies,  
In a kind of mute surprise!

For evermore that blessed morning  
Shall re-bless me with its bloom,  
Though the world has far removed me  
From the silent Lake of Schroom!  
Phantoms of the matted forest  
Now, as then, before me soarest,  
And I hear the murmuring rill  
In the city murmur still.  
There's a picture on the wall,  
With a lake and water-fall,  
And a blue sky over all.

a. n. s.

## A N G E L E V E .

I.

THERE was sadness with the angels,  
There was gladness with us here,  
When our little EVE came to us,  
In the spring-time of the year.

II.

Then before the heavenly FATHER  
Bowed the angels to the ground:  
'Oh! our FATHER,' asked they, mournful,  
'Where can angel EVE be found?

III.

'We have sought her, vainly sought her,  
All the fruits and flowers among;  
But we found her harp was hanging  
In her chosen bower, unstrung.'

IV.

Then out-spake the loving FATHER:  
'Seek her not in lands above -  
She has gone to regions earthly,  
On a mission of my love.'

V.

But we knew not that our darling  
Was a wandering angel-child;  
Though the thought was with us often,  
When she gazed on us, and smiled.

VI.

One sweet twilight in the autumn,  
When all around us was bright gold,  
And in the west the holy angels  
Their purple wings began to fold:

VII.

Our little EVE's smile beamed upon us,  
As it never beamed before,  
And she straightway left the earthly,  
For the distant Eden-shore.

VIII.

There was gladness with the angels,  
There was sadness with us here,  
When our darling EVE went from us,  
In the winter of the year.

IX.

Yet our thoughts, that once were clinging  
To the earth, now rest above;  
Thus is wrought the blessed mission  
Of our Holy FATHER's love.



## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF

THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

### INTRODUCTION.

'FIRST, my fear; then, my courtesy; last, my speech.'—DANCER'S EPILOGUE

I MUST confess that I feel diffident in entering upon the work which I have taken in hand. It is no light thing to meddle in family matters; on the contrary, persons of experience will bear me testimony that it is in nine cases out of ten a very serious business. If a promise were not already given, I should even now retire.

Very few know what it is to assume the position that I have taken; viz., to entertain the public with a record of the observations, fancies, history, and feelings of one's own family. Many people do this in a quiet way; but I am not aware that it has heretofore been undertaken in the unblushing manner which I propose to myself.

I shall expect misrepresentation and calumny. It will not surprise me to find some squeamish individual of the Fudge family denying my claim to membership, and roundly asserting that I am not the TONY FUDGE I profess to be. I am prepared for such denial.

I shall expect the Widow Fudge to refuse all sanction of my papers as veritable history, and to declare stoutly that the writer is an impostor; and that such incidents as I may set down, in my simplicity, are utterly without foundation, and entirely unknown to herself, as well as to every respectable member of the Fudge family. I shall expect the Miss Fudges to turn up their noses at many little expressions of moral doctrine which will come into my record, and to sneer publicly at my portraits of their habits and tastes. I shall, without doubt, be disputed by them on the score of age, clearness of complexion, fixings, accomplishments, and such other matters as may make good the pictures of my excellent second cousins, the Miss Fudges. For this, I am prepared.

I shall furthermore expect that Mrs. Phoebe Fudge will utterly deny my statements with respect to her weight. I doubt even if she will admit the truth of what I shall have to say regarding her public charities, and her interest in the Society for the Relief of Respectable Indigent Females. She will very possibly deny the truth of any comparisons I may draw between her expenses at Mrs. Lawson's and her droppings into the poor-box of Dr. Taylor's church. The chances are large in favor of her repudiation of all relationship with any man who calls himself TONY FUDGE; and of the additional assertion, that such individual can never have seen good society, and must therefore be thoroughly ignorant of whatever concerns herself. Indeed, I am prepared for it.

Mr. Solomon Fudge, her husband, who is another estimable member of the Fudge family, I shall expect to trouble himself very little about my remarks, so long as I confine myself to his wife's foibles, her virtues, or her boudoir; these are matters which concern him very little; but when I touch upon the gentleman's financial engagements, or upon some recent suspension, when moneyed rates 'ruled high,' (whereby some few small friends subsided into insolvency,) I shall anticipate a certain fidgety manner, and an abrupt refusal of all kinship with his very excellent nephew, TONY. I am prepared for this.

It would seem that I was undertaking a very odious employ, in thus provoking the wanton assaults of so many members of my own family. But I shall be consoled with the reflection, that I am doing no inconsiderable service to the public, as well as elevating the Fudge family into a certain historic dignity.

There are few people, after all, who will not risk a great deal of their modesty, and a very respectable fraction of their morals, for the sake of a prominent position in the public eye; and however much my dear cousins, and kin of all sorts, who come under the Fudge arms, may rail at my indiscretion, and my lack of breeding, they will, I venture to say, hug the *éclat* which my rambling record will give to their character and name.

With this much of preface, which I contend is more to the purpose than most of the prefaces of the day, I shall enter at once upon my design.

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CHAPTER FIRST.

BEING HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL.

'THE poor Americans are under blame,  
Like them of old that from *Tel-melah* came,  
Conjectured once to be of *Israel's* seed,  
But no record appeared to prove the deed;  
Thus, like *Habaj-A's* sons, they were put by  
For having lost their *genealogy*.'

REV. COTTON MATHER.

THE Fudge family is large. Where it originated, I cannot well say. Many lady-members of the family are of opinion that it is very old, and can be traced back to some of the braves, of those Norman knights who did battle against Harold. They have adopted the crest of some of those heroes in support of this belief, and wear the same upon their fingers. I can hardly conceive of a prettier argument, or one more prettily handled. Reverence for antiquity is a delightful trait of the female character. A romantic admiration for knights and men-at-arms is a charming characteristic of the sex.

It would be unwise to discredit openly a lady's statement in respect to her paternity, or to make light of any argument by which she supports the dignity of her family. My own opinion is, however, that it is much more probable that the Fudge family would find its true origin in the more humble antiquity dating with the Restoration. This limit would throw out at once all Puritanic taint, which I observe it is becoming quite fashionable to discard, and would furthermore be strengthened by a host of probabilities, in view of the great increase of family names.

which grew up under the pleasant auspices of Charles the Second and his court.

I would by no means impugn the motives of those members of the family who wish to go farther back, or question the taste of such crests as they have adopted. On the contrary, many of them are particularly ingenious, and do great credit to all concerned. They moreover give a certain spice of dignity to the family, which, under republican neglect, might otherwise never be laid hold upon.

The Miss Fudges, my excellent cousins, Bridget and Jemima by name, are particularly tenacious on this point; their tenacity, moreover, is well sustained by the use of signets, and a very creditable air of *hauteur*.

I am sorry to say that I cannot learn that our family was ever much distinguished; and I have been shocked to find the name of Fudge among the humblest purveyors for King Charles's camp, before the battle of Worcester. This, however, is proof of a strong royalist feeling, which still obtains to a very considerable degree among the lady members of the family, particularly one or two interesting spinsters, who divided a season, two years ago, between Homberg and Wiesbaden.

Upon the Newgate Calendar I find, on close inspection, only two entries of the name. I regard this as a very flattering circumstance.

The first is that of Johnny Fudge, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, was convicted of horse-stealing at a June term of the York Assizes, and was condemned (III. Ph. and M. c. 12) to the gallows. The second appears to have been a criminal of much more character and consideration. It appears that in the first half of the reign of George III., one Solomon Fudge was indicted for seditious and treasonable acts. What the precise nature of the acts were, does not appear upon the calendar; I cannot doubt that they were worthy of the reputation of the family. We learn, that after a royal reprieve, Solomon was a second time the victim of the law, and expiated his offences, in the year of grace 1760, upon Tower Hill.

Miss Bridget Fudge, indeed, who is of kin with the present Mr. Solomon Fudge, and who has latterly worked a very brilliant ancestral tree in pink and yellow *chenil*, on silk canvas, insists that the name of these culprits was spelt Foodge; and that they could not therefore have been connected, even remotely, with JACQUES DE FUDGE, *Baron de La Bien Aimée*, who lost a spur or two at the battle of Hastings. It certainly is an open question, well worthy of a doubt, if not of discussion, at the hands of the Historical Society.

For my own taste, I would much prefer to leave ancestral inquiries in the dark; and feel confident that if the same trepidation and fear of issues belonged to most of our ancestral inquirers about town, they would wear much safer names, and infinitely better repute. Hap-hazard will do very much more for the most of them, than Heraldry; and I have a strong suspicion that, in slighting the claims of Hap-hazard, they are slighting the claims of a veritable progenitor.

As for the history of the Fudges, since they have become a portion of the American stock, little can be said which would not apply with equal pertinency to nearly all the first families of the country. A stray scion has now and then, in a fit of love, demeaned himself by intermarriage

with the daughter of some plain person; or, in an equally unfortunate fit of policy, brought about by habits of extravagance, he has sought to supply the 'needful' by obtaining possession of some heiress of the town, who had little to recommend her, save a passable grace in the dance, and a moderately taking eye.

By these unfortunate casualties, it has happened that the purity of the original Fudge stock has become singularly impaired. It is even hinted, among the knowing gossips of the family, that the late Solomon Fudge, father to the present Solomon Fudge, made a sad slip in this way, and contracted an awkward-looking, left-handed marriage, very much to the exasperation of all the spinster connections of the family.

It appears that the old gentleman was rather frisky in his young days, and after a certain *affaire du cœur*, which threatened to create great scandal in the family, he was fain to marry his mother's waiting-maid. She, however, proved a most notable house-wife, and provoked all her married kin-folk with a swarm of the liveliest and ruddiest children that had been known in the Fudge family for several generations.

More attention, however, is now given to the race. I have already alluded to the ancestral tree worked in *chenil*, and to the crests. The spinster members of the family particularly, have shown great caution; they are waiting for 'blood.' Indeed, I may say, they have already waited for no inconsiderable time.

Although the stock may be made nobler under this regimen, I have my doubts whether it will be made any purer or stronger. I have therefore recommended to my cousin Bridget, who is not indisposed to change her condition—seeing that she is now verging upon her thirty-fifth year—a comely man in the retail line, who lives nearly opposite her house in the town, and who has shown repeated attentions through the medium of a small-sized ivory-mounted opera-glass.

I should hardly venture to urge the matter, unless I knew that the gentleman alluded to is about retiring upon a competency; and with a slight change of name, a suit of black in place of gaiters and plaids, to break up any old associations which might prove unpleasant, I really think that he would prove a most eligible partner for Miss Bridget. Of course, she affects, as most young ladies do, proper disdain for any one recommended by a gentleman-friend; but I understand that she is by no means careful to avoid his opera-glass observation. This is certainly a rather promising sign.

Miss Jemima, her sister, is prim and wiry, and takes to books. I shall have more to say of her as I get on. It is quite possible that I may relieve my papers with some short poems from her own hand. I do not, however, feel at liberty to promise this unconditionally.

As for myself, I have lived off and on, about the town, for some twenty-odd years. Naturally, I verge upon middle age. Very few, however, I flatter myself, would suspect as much. I am particular about my wig, waistcoat, and boots. My wig has a careless, easy effect; my waistcoat is never unbuttoned, never stained with my dinner; my boots always fit. I am thoroughly convinced that proper attention to these three points is essential. They diffuse the charm of youth and grace over the bodies of individuals otherwise mature.

I am married—only to the world, which I find to be an agreeable spouse, something fat, and with streaks of ill-temper; but, upon the whole, as good-natured and yielding as a moderate man ought to expect.

I think I might easily pass for a man of five-and-thirty; I have been mistaken for a younger man even than this. I profess to be a judge of chowders, sherries, and wines generally. Sometimes I dine at the club; sometimes with a friend; sometimes with my esteemed uncle, Solomon Fudge; and on odd afternoons, with the widow Fudge, Miss Jemima, and Miss Bridget Fudge.

I admire beauty, and have had, like most men, my tender passages.

At eighteen, I was in love with a widow of thirty-five—madly in love. My opinion is, that if she had not left the country unexpectedly, I should have died at her feet, or at her fire! At twenty-one, I was engaged to a blonde of three-and-twenty, with very blue eyes, and of a demure countenance, which I still remember with considerable sentiment. It was broken off with mutual good-will, and with some heart-burnings on both sides. She has now five children, lives in Thompson-street, and weighs, I should guess, near upon two hundred: her husband puts it at a figure or two less. I call her Mabel, and she calls me Tony.

At twenty-four, I was desperate. I am of opinion that no man was ever more so. Sir Charles Grandison, in comparison, was a tame lover. The scarlet waistcoat, that I wore at that particular epoch, seemed of a dingy ash color. I not unfrequently put it on, through absence, with the back-side in front. I lived entirely upon vegetables. I wrote a surprising number of sonnets. I think the number of lines in each was altogether unprecedented.

But, alas for human hopes!—as historians and romance-writers are in the habit of saying—she proved a coquette. I forgave her after two weeks, during which I suffered intensely, and forgot her in four. It is my opinion that she forgot me about the same time.

Now, however, she is a cheerful spinster. I sometimes take a dish of tea with her. I observe that she begins to use hair-dye.

Since that time, I have been variously enamored of married and single women; the latter generally quite young. The very last could hardly have been more than sixteen. My opinion is, that I am more attractive to individuals of that age, than to older girls. They are certainly more attractive to me.

The absurd fallacy that young men are more successful lovers than the middle-aged, is now quite clear to me. I begin to appreciate the good judgment of the sex. Ladies are by no means so silly as young men take them to be. I am quite confident that my power of fascination was never so great as since I entered upon my fortieth year. I do not affirm that the same could be said of all bachelors of similar age.

I have undertaken to be personal in this chapter, and shall not therefore spare my modesty. It is not my way to halve things: if my story is to be told at all, it shall be fully told.

As for my more immediate family history, however, I do not propose to enter into particulars. Like most men about town, I am at present my own master, and trust that nothing will interrupt this private mastership for some time to come. I rely very little upon any Fudge counsel,



and am not much in the habit of boasting of my Fudge ancestry. My habit of living will appear as I push on toward the end of my papers. It would be bad policy to make any special exhibition at this early period.

My opinion is, that in this country a man must stand upon his own feet, and not upon the decayed feet of any family ancestors. It is pleasant to be a member of one of the first families, such as the Fudges undoubtedly are, and, if assertion can retain the place, will unquestionably continue to be.

Individuality seems to me the best stamp and seal that a man can carry : if he cannot carry that, it will take a great deal to carry him. If a man's own heart and energy are not equal to the making of his fortune, he will find, I think, a very poor resort in what Sir Tommy Overbury calls 'the potato-fields of his ancestors,' meaning, by that cheerful figure, that all there is good about the matter is below ground.

I shall stand then simply upon my merits and my name : and if my cousins Bridget and Jemima question my hardihood, my only reply will be—Fudge!

If outside casuists are disposed to dispute my character and ridicule my connections, I shall still invariably meet them imperturbably, with a simple—Fudge!

In case the reply should not prove satisfactory, and the hungry critics should belabor me, after their usual fashion, as a man of no calibre and of but little dignity, I shall still sustain my first-mentioned position, and meet all their cavils with a single reply ; and that reply will be—FUDGE!

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CHAPTER SECOND.

MY UNCLE SOLOMON.

'STATIO in Dignitatibus, res lubrica est.'—VERCLAM : SERM. FID. XI.

MR. SOLOMON FUDGE is not a man to be sneered at. His friends all know it ; and he knows it better than his friends. I have referred to him already. At present I mean to draw his portrait. He will be flattered, doubtless ; this is natural in nephews, and in artists.

He will feel flattered also ; yet I have no doubt that he will meet me in a very indignant manner, and say to me, with a great show of dignity—perhaps adjusting his shirt-collar meantime—'Tony, you should have known better than this ; you should have considered, Sir, our family position. Mrs. Fudge, Sir, your aunt, (before referred to as a stout woman,) is a lady of delicacy ; great delicacy, I may say.'

I expect this, and am prepared for it. I shall reply :

'Uncle Solomon, you know you are glad to be noticed : you know that you possess a cheerful fondness for distinction. You are not to be blamed. No man is : you are worthy of it.'

Whereupon my uncle Solomon will take off his gold spectacles, pass them from one hand to the other, in an eccentric yet methodical manner, which is a way he has of collecting his thoughts.

'Tony,' he will continue, 'I beg you will be discreet. Ridicule, Sir, I shall not bear, even from a Fudge.'

To which I shall reply, in a kind way :

‘Uncle Solomon — FUDGE!’

I now proceed with my portrait.

Mr. Solomon Fudge is a stout man, with white hair. He usually wears a white cravat; a clean one every morning, as he has himself told me, and an extra one when he invites a friend to dine with him. He is a merchant, and lives in the Avenue; he has also a country-seat at Astoria. If he were to die—I hope he will not—he would be mentioned by the Wall-street journals (for the first time) as an eminent merchant, liberal, distinguished, and leaving a large family, inconsolable.

He began life as errand-boy in a large jobbing establishment: he swept out the store at sun-rise; he has often told me of it; not very often, however, of late years. I am of the opinion that it is only latterly that he has begun to form proper notions about family dignity.

At the time of his being alderman for the first time, he seemed proud of his rise in the world. He is now above being alderman. He looks upon aldermen generally as moderate men. He has once been mayor; he now regards even mayors as mere city contingencies. Still, however, he often refers to the year when he was in authority; a remarkable year, he thinks it was, for clean streets and good order. Most retired mayors, I observe, hold the same opinion in regard to the period of their mayorship. It is very natural; and in some particular instances, I dare say it may be justifiable.

Mr. Solomon Fudge is a bank-officer in Wall-street. You may see him on discount-days, luxuriating in a stuffed chair and easy posture. One arm will very likely be stretched out upon the table; the other will fall carelessly upon the elbow of his chair. He appears to enjoy the sunshine. His gold-bowed spectacles will be raised upon the upper part of his forehead, and rest with great apparent security over that portion of the brain where phrenologists usually locate the bump of benevolence. As I remarked, the bump does not interfere with my uncle’s spectacles.

His words are slow and measured, as becomes a man of his grave aspect and undoubted family. He is cautious in his expression of opinion; and only ventures upon decided approval of ‘accommodation paper’ when he is very sure of his man, or when the applicant’s wife has been in a position to show favors to Mr. Solomon Fudge’s wife. Uneasy and anxious-looking men, full of business, and in need of loans, he regards with a very proper degree of distaste.

Few visitors can call my Uncle Solomon from his chair, or—what is a still stronger mark of deference—occasion the withdrawal of the gold-bowed spectacles from the secure position already hinted at. If I were to except any, it would be a certain dashing broker, of whom Mr. Fudge has a trifling fear, or some gray-headed curmudgeon who is a federal officer, or some visiting English merchant; or, yet again, some old lawyer of reputation.

The newspapers he reads with a kindly and patronizing interest, having little respect, however, for any thing smaller than the huge folios of Wall-street. All young men and new men in the province of journalism, are very properly treated with contempt. He makes an exception in favor of one of the small morning newspapers, which is distinguished for its advocacy of the tariff. He hopes it may ‘eventuate’ (that

is his style of language) in something practical. The truth is, my uncle Solomon has no inconsiderable interest in a manufacturing establishment in the country, which is just now running at half-time, and with very small show of profits. If he could sell at a fair figure, I think he would subscribe, without solicitude, to the tenets of the *Journal of Commerce*.

He is usually a cautious man, and rarely makes a false step. Just now, indeed, he is feeling a little sore in respect of a large purchase of the Dauphin stock. The affair, however, came so well recommended, with such distinguished patronage, and the sample-coal burned with such a cheerful flame, that he thought it little worth his while to examine into the nature of the veins, or the probability of very frequent and surprising 'faults.' The consequence is, he is down for some fifteen thousand present valuation, which I greatly fear may stand him in some two-score.

My uncle Solomon is a vestry-man; and though not a church member, he has a most respectable opinion of the whole scheme of religion: he believes it ought to be supported; he means to do it. He pays a high price for his pew; he invites the clergyman to dine with him; he foregoes his extra bottle of wine on such days; he feels a better man for it; he humors his wife in a fat subscription to the indigent orphan asylum; he subscribes for the 'Churchman'; he sometimes reads it. He is the proprietor of one of the most magnificent Bibles upon the Avenue, to say nothing of a set of prayer-books, with solid gold clasps, guaranteed as such by Mr. Appleton the senior, and corroborated by actual inspection of Ball, Tompkins and Black.

His charities, notwithstanding what I have hinted about the spectacles and the organ of benevolence, are upon that large scale which is such a favorite with the established gentlemen of the town. By established gentlemen, I refer to such as have a great reputation for respectability, wealth, white cravats, dignity, composure, and good taste in wives and wines. By the large scale of charities, I refer to those mission societies which publish yearly lists of distinguished donors to public dinners, aid to political enterprises, Union committees, and purchase of ten per cent. bonds of western railways, (secured by mortgage on timber lands,) which are represented to be in a needy condition, and worthy objects of eastern charity.

Indigent men about town—I do not here refer to myself—and poor cousins, do not stir to any considerable degree Mr. Solomon Fudge's benevolence. He has good reason to show why. He thinks every man should take care of himself. What is true of men is true of women. He thinks there is great reason to apprehend imposture. He has known repeated instances of the grossest imposture. He fears that the poor do not go to church. He thinks men should be cautious. He is cautious, saving the Dauphin speculation.

Upon the whole, Mr. Solomon Fudge is what people call an estimable man. Jemima and Bridget both regard him with considerable awe. Street-folk generally look up to him. There is not a man in the whole city—and on this point I challenge investigation—who is treated with more deference by his coachman and his grocer.

I have myself considerable esteem for my uncle. He is a portly man, calculated to impress. He does not dress shabbily, saving rather too much dandruff on his coat-collar. I have recommended a wash: he

slighted it. His wines are good, with the exception of the last lot, purchased 'at a bargain' from the Messrs. Leeds. He has a few boxes left of some mild old Havannas, the gift of a tenant, who begged a month's deferment of quarter-day, and ran off in the interval. Mr. Solomon Fudge has a small opinion of the cigars: *I* insist that they are good.

Mrs. Fudge, the wife of my uncle Solomon, and naturally my aunt — by marriage — I entertain a cheerful regard for. I am of opinion that she entertains much the same feeling for me. Neither her person nor character can be digested hastily. She will fill a chapter.

I shall therefore devote my next chapter to an exhibition and discussion of my uncle's wife, MRS. SOLOMON FUDGE.

#### A T R I B U T E .

'SCOTIA, LAND OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.'

Of Lomond's wave and Katrine's tide,  
Of Lomond's peak and Benvenue,  
The Grampians' stern and heath-clad pride,  
The pass where gallant GRAHAM\* died,  
The towers where lorn Queen MARY sighed,  
The haunts of RODERICK, bold and true,  
The Trosach glen, ARGYLE'S Loch Fine,  
Of all of these, the poet's line,  
Or great romancer's wondrous story,  
Have told the beauty, fame and glory.

And who may tune a later lay,  
Where Doon's fair river glideth slow;  
Or chant to Auld Kirk Alloway  
In honor of its gables gray,  
And walls that hide no witches' play,  
Unfit for 'AULD Nick's' roundelay!  
Who sings within that cottage low,  
Where first *he* saw the light,  
Whom all as Scotia's minstrel know?  
And who may touch that garland bright  
Laid on the proud turf that inurns  
Whatever died of ROBERT BURNS?

Who strikes the harp where sullen Tweed  
Near Dryburgh's cloistered ruin sweeps?  
Its solemn voice a dirge indeed,  
For there the mighty 'Wizard' sleeps!  
Or who, when glorious old Melrose,  
Half silvered o'er by 'pale moonlight,'  
Again with 'MICHAEL'S' magic glows,  
As once to DELORAINÉ's rapt sight;  
The 'scrolls that teach to live and die,'  
The wild, unearthly heraldry,  
The whole enchantment of the spot  
Need seek to tell — once told by SCOTT?

\* GRAHAM of Claverhouse, who fell, in the moment of victory, at the battle of the Pass of Killcrankie.

I sing less classic ground, perchance,  
The waves I hail no bard hath known;  
But none more bright in sunlight dance,  
And that land's birth-right is mine own!

When billows huge round Ailsa rise,  
And startled sea-birds o'er it sweep,  
The fisher's fragile boatie flies  
To thee, safe heaven, from the deep!  
Dear to my heart, fair to mine eyes,  
May HEAVEN its smiles upon thee keep,  
Loch Ryan, with thy headlands twain,  
Like giants watching o'er the main.  
No foliage waves along thy shore,  
We mark thy silvery sheen the more;  
So sweet at rest, in storm so grand—  
Accept this tribute at my hand!

When last I saw thy cherished wave,  
The seaward breezes freshly blew;  
My fond adieus I sadly gave,  
As swift away our vessel flew,  
And past Kirkcolm and Ballantrae,  
Homeward the wanderer took his way.  
The peaceful kirk-yard, sloping west,  
My lingering feet had lately trod,  
Its turf in richest verdure drest,—  
Beneath whose daisy-sprinkled sod  
My kindred mingle with the clay;  
Ancestral names the marbles bear,  
A line entire hath passed away!  
No fulsome words their deeds declare,  
But they with whom they lived could say  
What sorrow marked their dying day,  
And how was mourned the reverend head  
That last lay down among the dead!

To thee, whose welcome was the first,  
Whose care my frame in sickness nursed;  
To thee, last remnant of my blood  
Beyond Atlantic's swelling flood,  
'Twas hard to give the parting hand,  
As rang the cry, 'Unmoor from land!'  
Borne out upon the tide's full swell,  
I signed my distant, mute farewell;  
Night's sombre shadows swiftly fell,  
As outward-bound on deck I stood,  
And vainly yearned my heart to tell  
Its love, devotion, gratitude!

Far, far away!—my simple song,  
Loch Ryan—erst 'of many isles,'\*  
Long lost—the memories may prolong,  
That soothe me with their pleasant wiles:  
While Hope re-trims her gleeful sail,  
And waiteth watchful for the gale,  
Whose favoring breath will bid her steer  
Her prow toward thy waters clear!

Boston, Mass., October, 1851.

WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND.

\* RYAN, it is said, signifies *islands*, or *many islets*: none now exist in the loch.



## Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

FERRARA: VENICE.

‘FERRARA! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
There seems, as ’t were, a curse upon the seats  
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
Of Este.’

CHILDEN HAROLD, CANTO IV., XXXV.

I SAY it, not because Byron said it before me, but out of my own bitter experience, that the city of Ferrara is the most intensely dull place ever inhabited.

Dullness in other localities is merely apathetic, negatively bad; but in Ferrara the blue devils assail you with a spite, a virulence, a malignity which *might* perhaps be appreciated by those who have suffered solitary durance-vile on a rainy Sabbath, but which certainly has not its parallel in the ordinary course of human events.

I pity the man who, in any other city, cannot drum up agreeable companions, pretty faces, or something to pass time on. But Ferrara!

My excellent friend, as I now write alone, and as the recollection of the sickening solitude of that town comes over me, I feel half disposed to rush out and join the first human being I meet. Ah, thank Heaven, there is somebody walking by!

It strikes me, that according to my own and others' experience, it would be absolutely profane, improper, incorrect, a sin, in fact, against the genius of the place, (if there be one,) to even attempt to be merry in such a God-and-man-forsaken hole.

What do you think, reader, of such jolly, comfortable, soul-inspiring sentiments as the following, taken from a journal dated April the first, on which day my friend C——, the author of said diary, had most appropriately entered Ferrara?

‘FERRARA is a silent, mournful city. An inhabited solitude sounds strangely,\* but such it is. Sad and desolate, the stranger feels as if he had, by some mistake, been thrown out of time. How I long for the busy, bustling world! How gladly would I welcome *any* face that I have ever seen before! But no, here I am alone. A—a—a—h me! how forlorn and dull!

‘As I sit in my room this evening, at dusk, I feel as wretchedly alone as human being can. I am in the first hotel of the town, and the only soul in it, except the landlord and servants. Oh, dreariness!

“Ah me! I am weary, weary,  
I would I were abed!”

Reader, I will give you one or two of my own observations in Ferrara. I was tramping along one morning through the town, with a villanous

\* Not at all, friend C——. ‘Enter the KING *solus*, with two fiddlers,’ is an old precedent.

NOTE BY THE MEISTER.

old valet-de-place for a guide, when my attention was arrested by seeing an important-looking personage in uniform, blowing a trumpet. On concluding his music, he cried, in a loud voice, a sentence, the only word of which I could catch was, 'IL GONFALONIERE.'

I asked the *valet-de-place* what the trumpeter had said; but the old rascal, despite his dishonesty, was intensely proud of his native city, and evaded the question. Being closely pressed, he at length gave it: '*I summon you all, in the name of the Gonfaloniere, to come forth and weed the streets!*' It is well known that many of the streets of Ferrara are overgrown with grass. This has become such a reproach (or inconvenience) to the inhabitants, that means have been taken to remove it. Accordingly, as we went along, I saw numbers of old women and children come forth with baskets and knives for that purpose.

Those curious in such items may refer to John Murray for a description of Ariosto's house and ink-stand, or his manuscripts, with those of Tasso, in the library. But one souvenir of the past touched my soul on the raw. The *custode*, who showed me the ancient Palace d'Este, finally found his way to a room, which he called *Parisina's*.

'Very good; nothing more likely!' thought I, with an expression of intense gratification, looking round, meanwhile, at the walls with that vividly curious air with which we generally regard the masonry of any place where a remarkably interesting event has occurred. But I was right in this instance; for, on second thoughts, I took a squint at the CEILING!

'And HERE,' continued the guide, pointing to a very common, tawdry-looking, gilt, Chinese secretary, full of looking-glasses; '*here is Parisina's secretary; and,*' sinking his voice to an awful whisper, while glancing darkly and mysteriously around, '*and here, in these very secret drawers, her correspondence with Ugo was concealed!*'

Shade of Byron!

With which, I resume my young friend C——'s diary:

'APRIL 3: Retired early; rose ditto; got my coffee; paid a scandalously exorbitant bill; and found my way to the *diligence*.

'Company consisted of a lively Italian lady, rather *passée*, whose entire information on the subject of America was contained in a knowledge of the fact that FANNY ELLSLER (or Lesler, as they call her here in Italy) had been there. She had with her a remarkably stupid husband. Before long we reached the Po, and, while crossing it in a ferry-boat, our passports were examined. In walking about, I soon became aware that I was an object of great curiosity. All my movements were scanned with that 'I-wonder-what-he'll-do-next' sort of air, which was to me quite incomprehensible. To dissipate any nervous perplexities which might arise, I took out my pipe. Immediately the eyes of all present were fixed upon it, as though the calumet of the great Nantucket fog-giant himself had appeared. I wanted a light: immediately half a dozen matches were tendered me, by as many men. My choice made, I could at once observe that the fortunate individual thus honored at once became himself a lion, of lesser magnitude, and had a knot collected round him, to whom he seemed to be confidentially narrating something, ever and anon mysteriously exhibiting his match-case, which was turned over and examined by all with intense interest.

'When I walked along the boat, every one respectfully made way for me, and kept silence until I had passed. But what it all meant I could not guess. When I approached the horse, (for it was a wheel-boat, worked by a one-horse power,) the engineer (I mean the man who fed and whipped the animal) looked as if he would have given all he knew to have me speak a word to him. Only one man on board seemed to put on a *nil-admirari* air, and affect to care nothing for the stranger. For this man I at once, naturally, conceived a deep antipathy, which immediately subsided into intense contempt. I had no doubt, that if he would only uncover his head, instead of a bump of veneration, I should behold a cavity in which a hen might hide herself. Soon a keen-eyed, gentlemanly, man-of-the-world-looking officer in mufti came up, and, addressing me in French, said:

'Excuse me; but you may not be aware that you are quite a lion at present?'

'Indeed!' quoth I, innocently, and attempting to come the air generally assigned on the stage to emperors in disguise; 'indeed! and why?'

'Because they have found out, by the passport, that you are an American; and one may well believe, that *they* all see an American now for the first time.'

'My new friend did not belie his appearance. In five minutes we had slidden into an intimacy, the good effects of which were manifested immediately after at the office of the '*Dogana*,' on the other side, where, amid all the searching of trunks and boxes, he imperatively laid his hand on my baggage, and signified to the officials that they need not trouble me.

'But,' said I, 'my pockets are loaded with tobacco; what if they should take a look at them?'

'*Parbleu!*' quoth he, laughing, 'so are mine!'

'With these words, he took out a bag full of the article, and shook it laughingly at the *douanier*, who grinned wistfully at the prohibited commodity.

'We breakfasted at Rovigo, and arrived in Padua that afternoon. My officer went directly on to Venice in the rail-road cars, while I, who, owing to the joint lies of the head-waiter and landlord, had unwittingly taken a *diligence* ticket *through*, had to wait an hour for the vehicle which was to convey me, which hour I spent in the *Caf  Pedrocchi*.

'THE CAF  PEDROCCHI,' says the Guide Book, 'is really a species of national monument, from its splendor. The exterior is of marble; the style, Italian-Gothic, and remarkably good. It is curious to see the pattern of an ancient palazzo revived for such a purpose. While the building was in progress, Pedrocchi was present every evening, and paid all the workmen ready money, and always in old Venetian gold. He had been left in poor circumstances, and lived in a ruinous little old house upon the site of his present Fairy Palace, which, falling into decay, he was compelled to pull down. Suddenly he abounded in riches—as many stories are now afloat concerning hidden treasures, and yet more awful things, as would furnish materials for a legend—and thus was the present magnificent structure raised. During the building, portions of an ancient Roman

edifice were discovered, and the marbles so found have been employed in the slabs and pavements of the salone.'

'At last the diligence started, with me for the only passenger; and such a glorious, stout, silent, gruff old Hungarian for *conducteur*! Wishing to enjoy the scenery, I sat with him on the box outside. He smoked his straw cigar for some time, and then came out with:

'*Kommen sie von weitem her?*' (Do you come from a distance?)

'*Ja*,' quoth I, 'from America.'

'And America is in England, is it not?' he asked, in a tone indicating some little complacency at the extent of his own information.

'*Nein*,' I replied; 'three thousand miles distant.'

'This was a poser for the old fellow, and he smoked over it at least ten minutes.

'And of what religion are the people in your country?'

'I was (*mea culpa*) strongly tempted to reply, 'Oh, heathens, of course!' but contented myself with explaining that we had a great variety.

'We had crossed the *Po* and the *Adige* that morning, and now rode along 'the banks of the Brenta,' stopping at Dolo.

'At last I went inside. How glorious! A diligence all to myself! Why, it was a high-pressure luxury! No fat old gentleman punching his elbows into you; nobody opposite to cross legs with, or beg pardon of for treading on his corns. No lady to keep you from smoking.\* Oh lordly! I lay out, *à la American*, so as to take up as much room as possible; shut the windows, lighted my meerschaum, and smoked till the interior was like an opal or cairngorun. I amused myself by imagining the vehicle full of English travelers, of the most tobacco-hating description conceivable. Then I opened the window; puff went the smoke!

'Night came, and at last our diligence stopped. I paid the postilions, and was conducted to a long boat, covered over. The Hungarian, who had constituted himself my guide, guardian, uncle and protector for the time being, saw to every thing for me; packed me away comfortably on a seat, with one of his big shaggy coats; scolded me, got me a cigar, jumped in himself, and we started.

'On, on, on, for an hour, and not a sight save the twinkling of many lights far in the distance, and few sounds save the plashing of our oars. I could understand nothing of what the boatmen said; it was a new dialect, *Venetian*; nor my Hungarian, who conversed earnestly for a long time with another *conducteur* in the same *patois*. He seemed, as far as I could make out, to be angry at having had the charge of '*ma'tratti i forestieri*'—*id est*, abusing foreigners—put forward as an accusation against him. We stopped at the *dogana*, where I gave up my passport, and then rowed on.

'And now we are entering the city,' said the Hungarian.

'I looked out. Yes; there it was. Star-ray and moon-beam shone over spire and palace, over bridge and gondola. City of mystery and beauty, for which my soul had longed since early childhood, thou wert before me! ay, even as I had seen thee in my dreams. Yes, it was a reality *now*; the dreams were fulfilled; I saw *thee*, Queen of the Adriatic,

\* G'n'n, you swine!—NOTE BY THE MEISTER.

fair city of the waters. With what a throbbing earnestness I drew within myself, and said, 'Now thou art really in Venice; this can no one take from thee, that thou hast seen thy dream-city!' And the Hungarian still growled on in his *patois*; the boatmen sang loudly and merrily; our boat darted like a swallow into the Grand Canal, and with a glad heart I entered that great city, though no friend or acquaintance awaited my arrival, and no soul save the hotel-keepers cared for my coming.

'*Itzt kommé mer zur Rialto Brücke,*' quoth the Hungarian. I looked out. There it was, right before me! the *Rialto*! '*Du Lieber Gott!*' quoth I. The boat darted on; another second, and the bridge was arching darkly over our heads. Shade of Shylock, it was a fact! And Shakspeare must be true, every word!

'And on, on, on! This was Venice. Palace and spire faded by, one after the other. We stopped at the Post.

'Will you take a *gondola* to go to your hotel?' said the Hungarian.

'Wox't I?' quoth I. '*Only try me!*'

'The Hungarian smiled grimly. He had been young *once*, and stepping out, ordered a two-oared *gondola*, at two *zwanzigers*.

'*There* it floated in all its glory, filling the air around with beauty; a real black *gondola*; jet-black, ink-black, lamp-black, looking for all the world like a hearse afloat. So in I tumbled. 'Sink or swim, live or die,' thought I, 'I will at least have one glide.' 'Look you, Sir traveller, wear strange suits, or people will scarcely think that you have swum in a *gondola*.' 'That doesn't apply to me *now*,' thought I, solemnly; 'I've been and done it.'

'*Oh pescator dell' onda — Fidin.*

*Oh pescator dell' onda — Fidin.*

*Vieni pescar in qua —*

*— Colla bella sua Carcha,*

*Colla barcha se ne va — Fidin!*'

'*Auf allen meiner Reisen*

*Fidibus!*

*Thät sich der spruch bewelsen,*

*Fidibus!*

*Verschwunden ist das Geld,*

*Aus 'm Reutel — ach wie eitel,*

*Ist doch alles in der Welt.*

*Fidibuschen! Fidibus!*'

'In all my weary journeys,

*Omnibus!*

'Mongst bandits or attorneys,

*Omnibus!*

One thing I've always found;

If you know it, how to get it,

Then you'll never run aground,

*Omnibus! Omnibus!*'

#### VENICE.

'*VIDERAT Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in Undis*

*Stare urbem et toto ponere jura mari:*

*Nunc mihi Tarpelias quantumvis Jupiter arceis*

*Objice, et illa tui moenia Martis, ait:*

*Si pelago Tybrim praeferas, urbem aspice utrumque,*

*Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.'*

JAC SANNAZAR. EPIGR. LIB. I.

'*Venus and Venice are of like degree,*

*Venus is Queen of Love — Venice of policie.'*

HOWELL'S LETTERS.

WHETHER all our party experienced the same rapturous emotions as my young friend C., in first beholding Venice, swimming in gondolas or *flanéeing* about St. Mark's and the Rialto, I know not; nor whether they were equally delighted with myself in reaching a land of good cigars, prime coffee, superb *Kirschwasser*, and an admirable opera. But to judge from appearances, I should say that they were fully disposed to do average justice to all such items, particularly the last two.



Venice is not a city to live and die by; though one can pass weeks or even months in it, without experiencing *ennui* or dissatisfaction, I could never yet rid myself of the feeling which is said to have haunted an old sea-captain while there; *id est*, an irrepressible longing to go on shore. True, there is a vague report or theory that every house in the city may be approached by land; but we all soon experienced such difficulty in our attempts at practical solutions of portions of this puzzle, that we generally, at the first perplexity, cut the Gordian by ordering the best gondola within hail. This perpetual intermixture and interference of aquatic with the ordinary interests of life, naturally produces on new-comers a singular effect. Miss —— was almost afraid to go from one apartment to another, for fear of stepping into the Grand Canal; and opened every door with as much caution as if she expected, like the sorceress in the Arabian Nights, to behold a river flowing across the room. Nearly all our party declared that their dreams turned upon flowing water, plashing wavelets, and walks with iron rings, ever wet by the restless flood. The Wolf inquired of the company one day at dessert, whether a Venetian had, as things exist, more than half a right to boast of his Father-land, while a fat old gentleman in the corner (a stranger to us) suggested as postscript that he could imagine nothing of which a regular native could have a *firmer terror* than *terra firma*. Which outrageous *squawk* at once brought down on his head the wrath of the entire assembly, who unanimously declared that the perpetrator of such villany deserved to be thrown at once into the canal. To which the old gentleman, becoming very red about the gills, declared in great wrath that 'he'd like to see them try it.' To which young C. retorted, in an under-tone, that he would do it directly, were he not afraid of spoiling the fish. At which the venerable man cried, '*Hold!*' acknowledged the corn, and begged leave to stand half a dozen of Montebello.

'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
With MURRAY's red-bound guide-book in my hand;  
When lo! an Englishman before me, cries,  
'That 'ere's the Bridge of Sighs!'

Well, reader, I know not whether it be as strictly forbidden at present to go upon the Bridge of Sighs as it was when I was there, but if such *should* be the case, I would advise you to present an Austrian officer, as I did with a *zwanziger*, which will obtain for you instant admission; i. e., if you care to go; which I certainly should have neglected to do, had not a gentleman, invested with some little diplomatic authority, assured me that as *he* had never been able to effect an entrance, *ergo*, I need not try. Great is the folly of this world! nor was mine the least.

From the Bridge of Sighs we pass naturally to the Galleries of the Doge's Palace. And there, near what was once a 'Lion's mouth,' (the lion is gone, and only the aperture remains,) the traveler may observe fixed in the wall several tablets, bearing inscriptions. It was usual, in ancient Venice, when a state-officer had been guilty of any great offence against the commonwealth, to expose to public view a short statement of his crime, for the edification of other functionaries, and the particular gratification, we may presume, of his family and friends. Of

such a nature are these tablets. The reader may observe that the two following commemorate the *faux pas* of a couple of 'defaulters':

· M D C C X V I I I .

'GIO. GIACOMO CAPRA FU CONTADOR NELLA CASA GRANDE DEL MAGISTRATO ALLE CHIAVE CANDITO DALL' ECCO: CONS: DII XCC: LII: 6: SETTEMBRE COME MINISTRO INFEDELE E REO DI GRAVE INTACCO FATTO NELLA CASSA MEDEMA.

'VETTUNA MAFETTI DEI BRAZZO QU' GIACOMO GIA' NODARO IN QUESTO MAGISTRATO DELLE CHIAVE FU' CAPITA LAMENTE CANDITO A' XXX' MAGGIO MDCCXXX MI DALL' ECCCELSSO CONSIGLIO DI DIECI PER ENORME INTACCO DI PEGNI ASCENDENTE A RIGUARDE VOLE SUMMA DI DENARO A' GRAVE PREGUDIZIO DELLE PUBBLICA CASSA.'

But of all rich inscriptions, gentle reader, the one posted up in the Chamber of the Council of the Ten was probably the richest. Whether it was placed there as an intensely spicy joke by some Pantagruelistic statesman, I could never learn. But that it was fearfully inappropriate, considering the general course of Venetian diplomacy, no one will deny:

'PRIMUM SEMPER ANTE OMNIA DILIGENTE INQUIRE: UT CUM JUSTITIA ET CHARITATE DIFFIN-  
IATIS: NEMINEM CONDEMNETIS ANTE VERUM ET JUSTUM JUDICIUM; NULLUM JUDICETIS SUSPITIONIS  
ARBITRIO SED PRIMUM PROBATE ET POSTEA CHARITATIVAM SENTENTIAM PROFERTE ET QUOD VOBIS  
NO VULTIS FIERI ALTERI FACERE NOLITE.'

'BEFORE all things, search diligently into every matter, that ye may discern justly and charitably; that ye may condemn none except by a true and righteous judgment; that ye may judge none by arbitrary suspicion; but first thoroughly examine, and then render a charitable opinion, and what you would not do to yourself, be unwilling to do to another.'

I originally intended that this chapter should be something better than a mere collection of odds and ends, snippings and snappings, slippings and sloppings, chippings and choppings. But he is a fortunate man who knows how his wife will turn out; or rather she is a doubly fortunate woman who finds in her husband all that she expected; and three or four times blessed is that writer who can form an accurate idea as to the manner in which a chapter must inevitably conclude. But since I am fairly in for the desultory, here goes for a few more items, pepper-boxically distributed.

In Venice, as in other European cities, every shop has its peculiar name, like the hotels and restaurants in our own country. And this is indicated either by a picture or an inscription. Among the latter I observed a cheese-monger's establishment, whose sign was '*Alla Divina Provvidenza*,' TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE; a brandy-shop dedicated to the MOST HOLY TRINITY, a café to the HOLY REDEEMER, and a tallow-chandler's simply to the REDEEMER, without an adjective.

There are in Venice large gondolas, termed Omnibuses, which take up and let down passengers at any points on the Grand Canal which they may designate, for a trifling fare. I took a ride in Number XIII., and found it infinitely the best '*bus*' (in a vehicular sense) that I ever tried. VEHICULAR!—even yet I may be misunderstood; for are we not *transported* by busses, be they of what description they may?

The CA' D' ORO, or Golden House, though not the largest, is undoubtedly, to a romantic taste, by far the most striking and beautiful among the Venetian palaces. It had begun to decay, but has been purchased, I am told, and completely restored by Taglioni, *la Danseuse*. A more

appropriate tenant for such a building would be difficult to conceive. For who, I ask, *ought* to live in palaces, if not great artists, the teachers of the beautiful? And I pity that man who confounds the bright particular stars of the *ballet* with chorus-dancers, and performers in *Les Poses Plastiques*, as much as I do the spiteful ignoramus who condemned the painter for his impiety in painting CHRIST and Judas with pigments 'all out of the same pot.' Those who affect to condemn the ballet, yet pretend to appreciate the beautiful in art and nature, will do well to look at the compliment paid by the grave Professor Thiersch, in his *Aesthetik*, to the talent of Ellsler and Taglioni.

Italian wit, or even *insolence*, is sometimes over-matched. An Austrian having business with some Venetian officials, and being unacquainted with their language, addressed the principal in his native tongue: '*I am not a wild ass, to bray in German*,' politely replied, in French, the individual addressed. 'Strange,' answered the Austrian, looking contemptuously round at the assembly, 'that the *slaves* have not yet learned the language which their master speaks.' An interpreter was at once offered.

I have not unfrequently remarked in Venice small placards on the walls, bearing the name of one or the other clergyman, accompanied by a highly commendatory sentence, the formula being as follows: '*In segno d' esultazione pel nostro Vicario Sebastian Valier*.' 'In sign of exultation for our vicar Sebastian Valier.' Of the nature of the services rendered by the worthy gentleman which entitled him to this extraordinary eulogium, I am not informed.

I WAS sailing along the Grand Canal one fine morning in a gondola with a New-York friend, when we espied, for the first time, the black porter of the Leone Bianco Hotel, basking in the sun. Uprose my friend and cried out, '*I say, Buck, how did you get there?*' Great was the darkey's joy, as he replied, on the broad grin, 'Lord bless me, Mas', *is* you American?' 'Well, I am,' was the reply; 'what do *you* do here?' With a still intenser grin, shutting up both eyes and chuckling, Ebony replied, 'Dey puts me out here in front for a bait to 'trap' de Americans wid!'

I HAVE always been an admirer of 'flying leaves,' popular songs, and ha'penny literature generally. Nor do the 'last dying speeches and confessions' of England; the 'Marseillaise,' 'Bon roi Dagobert,' and 'Chant du Départ' of France, or the *Volksbücher* of Germany, afford a more certain indication of the respective national temperaments and tendencies of the people of those countries than the corresponding class of compositions in Italy of that which interests its own multitude. In Rome and Naples, with the exception of many popular songs, (for which vide the *Agrumi* of Von Kopisch,)\* the vulgar literature is exclusively religious. With that of Florence I am not acquainted. In Venice, a new element develops itself, at least one half of such leaves or pamphlets consisting of accounts of noted criminals, or historical, supernatural, or humorous sketches and legends. In Bologna and Milan, a coarse, vulgar humor pre-

\* ALSO, MIGLIORATO's collection of '*Canzoni popolari Nap. e Sic.*'

dominates. The titles of my own bundles would form a chapter interesting enough to the D'Israelis of literature.

I design these remarks as an introduction to the translation of a little pamphlet of six pages, which I bought in the Piazzia di San Marco. And I sincerely trust that no one will understand me as designing or desiring by its publication to cast the slightest ridicule on religion or on faith, in however humble a form it may manifest itself.

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F A I R Y - L A N D .

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BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLASIER, ESQ

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LOVE! those were wondrous days of old,  
 When fairies revelled on the earth,  
 Now dancing in the moonbeams cold,  
 Now hovering o'er the cottage hearth,  
 Now cradled in the perfumed beds  
 To which moss-roses oft would woo them,  
 Now, where the tall pines nod their heads,  
 Floating, like strains of music, through them.

Deep, deep within the forest dells,  
 Where foot of man had never trod,  
 Where old oaks stood like sentinels  
 Around the smoothly-shaven sod,  
 Their merry bands would come and sport  
 Throughout the live-long summer day;  
 And there would OBERON hold his court,  
 Surrounded by each sprite and fay.

Beneath their feet would fountains spring,  
 That cast above them silver showers,  
 Wherein they laved each weary wing,  
 As delicate as leaves of flowers.  
 The trees that bourgeoned at their side  
 Were hung all o'er with rarest fruit;  
 The breeze that waned wild and wide,  
 Made music like the softest lute.

Above this strange, sweet place, the sky  
 Hung tinged with glorious, golden hues  
 Or if a storm-cloud floated by,  
 It melted into fragrant dews.  
 Oh, for one glance at this bright spot,  
 One moment on its soil to stand!  
 But mortal eyes might view it not,  
 Nor mortal tread on FAIRY-LAND.

They all have fled, those gentle sprites,  
 Within those haunted dells no more  
 TITANIA with her train alights:  
 The fairy revels all are o'er.

But there are spots my feet have pressed,  
When summer suns were sinking low,  
That seemed to me so calm, so blest,  
That fairies well the haunt might know.

Sit closer to me, sweet: the blush  
Is mantling rarely on thy cheek;  
I know full well that gentle flush  
Betokens what thou may'st not speak;  
For memory summons to thy brain  
The eve when, with a happy band,  
We crossed the fields and reached the plain  
That thy dear lips named 'FAIRY-LAND.'

Through slumberous woods the pathway steals  
That leadeth to this quiet scene,  
And suddenly its close reveals  
The hidden landscape, smooth, serene.  
On either side, a gentle hill,  
To meet the plain, comes greenly down,  
And there, embosomed, hushed and still,  
It lies, a gem in Nature's crown.

Upon that eve, the burning thought  
That in my bosom long had lain,  
Rose up, and for expression sought,  
And yet I hushed it down again:  
For thou wert coy, and shunned my side;  
Dearest, thou wilt not shun it now!  
And Love, o'ermastered, quelled by Pride,  
In vain had flushed my cheek and brow.

We left that lovely spot: my heart  
Throbb'd high with passion, mixed with fear;  
And oh! I felt the tear-drop start,  
To think that thou wert still so dear:  
Yet ere the moon began to wane,  
That shone that evening in the grove,  
I looked into thine eyes again,  
And in those eyes read naught but love!

Thou lovest me: my heart has found  
The rest that it hath sought so long:  
Through grief and pain its pathway wound,  
To happiness untold in song:  
And with thy dear form close to me,  
Thus clasped in mine thy timid hand,  
Oh, loved one! canst thou doubt that we  
Have found the spirit's FAIRY-LAND?

Above us spreads the sky of Hope,  
Beneath us flowerets wave and move,  
Sweet flowers, whose dewy petals ope  
To catch the welcome breath of Love:  
Our footsteps tread on magic ground,  
Our brows by fragrant winds are fanned;  
Yes, yes! at last our hearts have found  
The soil, the breeze of FAIRY-LAND!



## A N N E L I O T .

It was a peculiar blessing of the Reverend JOHN ELIOT, styled in the early history of New-England, the 'Apostle of the Indians,' to have had, during the self-denial and hardship of his lot, for so many years, the solace of a most careful, loving, and pious wife, who found in her home duties her highest happiness.

ANN MOUNTFORT, born in England in 1604, was the cherished object of his young affections. They were affianced ere he left his native land, in 1631, at the age of twenty-seven, to bear the message of the gospel to what was then called the 'western wilderness.' It was deemed prudent by their relatives that the marriage should not take place until he had gone over, and decided on some permanent abode, and made such preparation for her arrival as circumstances might allow.

The blasts of November were bleak and searching, when, after long tossing upon the deep, he landed, with his small band of colonists, upon the shores of Massachusetts. After officiating a short time in Boston, he decided on a settlement in Roxbury, and sent to hasten his betrothed to his home and to his heart. Under the care of friends, who were to emigrate to that region, Ann Mountfort bade a life's farewell to the scenes of her infancy and those who had nurtured it, and committed herself to a boisterous ocean. The comforts that modern science has invented for the traveller on the trackless deep were then unknown. No noble steamer, with its lofty deck and luxurious state-rooms, appeared with the promise of speed and safety, and with a power to make winds and waves subservient to its will.

Only a frail, rocking bark was there, which the billows seemed to mock. Wearisome days and nights, and many of them, were appointed to those who adventured their lives in such a craft. But the affianced bride shrank not. Often, amid storms, 'mounting up to the heavens, and going down to the depths,' and long, by the dreary prospect of seas and skies, and by the loathing heart-sickness which neither pen nor tongue hath described, was the complexion of her love and the fabric of her faith tested; and both triumphed.

At length, the New World stretched as a thin cloud to their view. More tardy than ever seemed the movements of the way-worn vessel. Hovering upon the coast, the autumnal brilliance of American forests and thickets, the crimson, the orange, and the umbered brown, blending, receding, and contrasting, beneath the bright rays of an October sun, struck the daughter of the dimmer skies of England as a gorgeous dream of Fairy-land.

The joy of the patriarch, who, going forth to 'meditate at the eventide,' saw the arching necks of the camels that bore to his mother's tent the daughter of Bethuel, surpassed not his, who, after long watching, and vainly questioning the sullen billows, at length descried the white sail that heralded his lone heart's treasure. And the maiden remembered no more the sorrow of the sea, in the welcome of the lover, who was all the world to her.

John Eliot and Ann Mountfort were married immediately after her arrival, and commenced their housekeeping in what was then called Roxborough, about a mile from Boston. Simple, almost to rudeness, were the best accommodations that the pastor had it in his power to offer; but the young wife was satisfied, for the home that her presence illumined was a paradise to her husband.

Scarcely more than ten years had elapsed since the colonists at Plymouth first set foot upon the snow-clad rocks, tenanted only by wild beasts and savages. Though visible progress had been made during that period in the accession of household comforts, yet many of those luxuries which we are accustomed to count as necessities were unattainable. Carpets, sofas, the sheltering curtains, and the burnished grates of the mother-land, with their never-dying coal fires, were unknown. Yet the unadorned apartment and homely board were beautiful to them; for love was there, a love whose entireness was perfected and made permanent by having its root in the love of a SAVIOUR.

In the autumn of the following year, 1633, their first-born, a fair daughter, smiled upon them, waking a fountain of unimagined joy, and making their hearts more at home in the stranger-land. The cradle of rude boards rocked on a still ruder floor. But the lullaby of the young mother gushed out with as rich melody as in any baronial hall; and doubly sweet in the wilderness were the hallowed, half-inspired words of Watts:

‘Hear, my dear! lie still and slumber!  
Holy angels guard thy bed.’

In addition to this new treasure, the next twelve years gathered around Ann Eliot five little sons. Her watchful tenderness for the physical and spiritual welfare of her intrusted flock, never slumbered. Nothing was neglected that maternal zeal or diligence could devise or perform. She was careful to nourish them on plain and wholesome food, believing that the indulgence of luxurious or inordinate appetites lay a foundation not only for bodily ills, but moral infirmity. Obedience, the key-stone of education in primitive times, was so early taught as to mingle with the first developments of character; and industrious employment, suited to difference of age, judiciously mingled with the sports of childhood. Their young minds clinging around her, their teacher, with a loving tenacity, as they put forth new tendrils, or leaves like those of the lilac, fragrant ere they unfolded, gave accessions to her happiness, for which she daily praised God.

Sometimes, the wintry winds, swaying the branches of the naked trees, swept them against their lowly roof with a melancholy sound. The apostle might be absent among his Indian flock, at Natick, fifteen miles distant, for the elements stayed him not. Then nearer and nearer to herself she gathered her nurslings, ‘a nest of five brothers, with a sister in it,’ teaching and cheering them. In the hushes of her loved voice, or in the pauses of the storm, they listened for the father’s footstep, and piled higher the fire of logs with blazing brush-wood, that, as the evening deepened, his own window might gleam out to him as a blessed star.

Ever solicitous, like the mother, for their instruction in the things that accompany salvation, he studied to render the morning and evening

family devotion not a monotonous task to them, but a season of interested attention. Order and quietness were, of course, established among them, and then, from the portion of Scripture that preceded the prayer, each child was permitted to select such passage or expression as most pleased or impressed its mind; no matter whether it were but a line, or even a single word. They were encouraged to make a remark upon it, to ask a question about it, to speak of it throughout the day. It was their own 'goodly pearl' that they had found by the still waters. It was their own little seed of knowledge that they had chosen for themselves. In the heart of the parent was a prayer that God would suffer it to grow and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. No matter how broken or infantine the phrase in which the young thought, thus born of the Inspired Book, might clothe itself, no fear obstructed its utterance, for there was no critic to frown. There was the revered father, bending his ear to listen; the earnest eye of the mother, ready to beam approval. Under this regimen, it was wonderful how soon the youngest bud lifted up its tiny dew-drop.

Mrs. Eliot, amidst her devotedness to the care and nurture of her six children, found time for those many duties that devolved on a New-England house-keeper of the olden time, when it was difficult and almost impossible to command the constant aid of domestics. To provide fitting apparel and food for her family, and to make this care justly comport with a small income, a free hospitality, and a large charity, required both efficiency and wisdom. This she accomplished without hurry of spirit, fretfulness, or misgiving. But she had in view more than this: so to perform her own part, as to leave the mind of her husband free for the cares of his sacred profession. This she also performed. Her understanding of the science of domestic comfort, and her prudence, the fruit of a correct judgment, so increased by daily experience, that she needed not to lay her burdens upon him, or to drain the strength with which he would fain serve at the altar. 'The heart of her husband did safely trust in her,' and his tender appreciation of her policy and its details was her sweet reward.

It was graceful and generous in the good wife thus to guard, as far as in her lay, his time and thoughts from interruptions. For, in addition to his pastoral labors, in which he never spared himself, were his mission-tasks among the heathen. His poor, red-browed people counted him their father. He strove to uplift them from the habitudes of savage life. Groping amid their dark wigwams, he kneeled by the bed of skins where the dying lay, and pointed the dim eye to the star of Bethlehem. They wept in very love for him, and grasped his skirts as one who was to lead them to heaven. The meekness of his MASTER dwelt with him, and day after day he was a student of their uncouth articulations, until he could talk with the half-clad Indian child, and see its eye brighten. Then he had no rest until the whole of the Book of God, that 'light to lighten the Gentiles,' was transfused into their language. It is a well-known fact, that the first volume which ever proceeded from the New-England press was the Aboriginal Bible of the Apostle Eliot. All its pages were written with a single pen, consecrated by prayer to that peculiar work. Sacred pen! Ought it not to have been preserved, like 'Aaron's rod that budded, with the tables of the covenant.'

No wonder that Ann Eliot should have deemed it a service of piety to shield such a husband from the perplexity and lowering tendency of secular cares. Not only did she succeed in rendering a small salary equivalent to all the needs, proprieties, and charities of their position, but also managed to lay aside something for a future day, when sickness or age should quell the energies of action. Singularly regardless was the apostolic man of all such worldly wisdom. The bread of to-morrow never occupied his thoughts. Perhaps even that of the passing day might not have entered there, save that it formed a petition of the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples. He said that the sons of Levi should not seek their heritage below, and that the 'earth was no fit place on which to lay Aaron's holy mitre.'

An historian of these times, in describing how little his peaceful mind occupied itself with the science of accumulation, says, 'Once, when there stood several of his own kine before his door, his wife, to try him, asked, 'Whose kine are these?' and she found he knew nothing about them.'

Among the multitude of employments which a systematic division of time enabled her to discharge, without omission or confusion, was a practical knowledge of medicine, which made her the guardian of the health of her young family. The difficulty of commanding the attendance of well-educated physicians, by the sparse population of an infant colony, rendered it desirable, and almost indispensable, that a mother should be neither unskilled nor fearful amid the foes that so thickly beset the first years of life. The success of Mrs. Eliot in the rearing and treatment of her own children, caused her experience to be coveted by others. In her cheerful gift of advice and aid, she perceived a field of usefulness opening around her, especially among the poor, to whom, with a large charity, she dispensed safe and salutary medicines. But her philanthropy was not to be thus limited to the children of penury. Friends and strangers sought her in their sicknesses, and she earnestly availed herself of the best medical works that she could obtain, to increase her knowledge, and her confidence in its application. To her well-balanced mind and large benevolence, it seemed both proper and pleasant, that while the beloved companion of her life devoted his energies and prayers to the welfare of the soul, she should labor for the health of the body. Often they found themselves side by side at the couch of suffering, and a double blessing from those ready to perish came upon them.

To the pastor himself, this sphere of benevolence, where his wife so willingly wrought, was a source of intense satisfaction, and he tenderly encouraged her both in the study and exercise of the healing art. He exulted in her success, as far as his heaven-wrapt spirit could exult in any thing of earth. Deeply delighted and grateful was he when, on one prominent occasion, her skilful and ready service enabled them effectually to discharge the difficult Christian duty of rendering good for evil. Notwithstanding the meekness and self-denial of his course, he was not always exempt from the shafts of calumny. A man of a proud and lawless temper took offense at a sermon of his, and repaid his 'simplicity and godly sincerity' with hatred and persecution. His passionate abuse extended to both tongue and pen. After a considerable period of time, he sustained a dangerous accident, and Mrs. Eliot, whose fortitude did not

shrink from surgical cases, undertook the dressing of his wounds. Her services were gladly accepted, and eventually successful. After his recovery, he called to render thanks in person. The forgiving pastor took him by the hand, and, as it was meal-time, led him to his table. In the grace that preceded the repast, he gave thanks that the sick was restored. She, who had so faithfully labored for his healing, was in her seat at the table, to dispense her free hospitality with the smile of welcome. No allusion was made to the past; but were there not writhings of remorse in the heart of the traducer? The warmth of these coals from the Christian altar melted enmity into love, and the man who had been so openly injurious ever afterward took pains to prove that he 'to whom much is forgiven, loveth much.'

It might naturally have been expected that a woman so high-principled as Mrs. Eliot, so firm in duty, so fervent in holy trust, would be also exemplary in the endurance of affliction. Though she considered her lot as a favored one, never having accounted toil or privation as evils, she had her share in that cup which HE who drank it to the dregs usually appoints his disciples to taste.

Her six carefully-nurtured children all attained a vigorous maturity, save the youngest but one. He was a fine boy of twelve, earnest both in books and sports, and pressing with joyful expectation on the verge of active life. Suddenly, at its threshold, he faltered and fell. 'God touched him, and he slept.'

Four other sons remained. Each in succession received the benefits of a collegiate education, and all cheered the hearts of their parents by decidedly and seriously choosing the work of the ministry.

Samuel, who was two years older than his brother whom the tomb had so early claimed, was lovely both in person and in mind. He was a graduate of Harvard at nineteen, and eminent in his youthful bloom, both for learning and goodness. In love with knowledge, he lingered a while as a fellow of the university, ere he should assume the crook of the sacred shepherd, and lead souls beside living waters. The wing of the dark angel overshadowed him, as he mused among the pages of wisdom, and communed with the spirits of other times. His bright eye grew dim to earth. He went to read in the Book of Heaven.

The first-born son bore the name of the father, and inherited his gentle temperament. He was refined by a love of classic lore and the attainment of many accomplishments. The warmth and force of his pulpit eloquence were proudly appreciated by the people at Newton, among whom he was settled; and his zealous piety moved him to give instruction to the roving natives, having mustered the aboriginal language. His parsonage was made pleasant by the young bride whom he had brought there, and mingling with the song of birds was a new music; the voice of a babe, stirring the parents' hearts with strange gladness. But a few months had passed over the head of the boy, the third John Eliot, ere the father lay in his coffin. In the strength and fulness of his prime, having scarcely numbered his thirty-second year, he was removed from a loving flock and cherished home.

'He grew so fast,' says the author of the '*Magnalia Christi Americana*,' 'that he was soon ripe for heaven, and upon his death-bed uttered such



penetrating things as could proceed only from one on the borders and confines of eternal glory.'

One of the latest of his precious counsels which is recorded was to 'his dear friends, to get an interest in the blessed LORD JESUS CHRIST.'

Of this diminished family two sons remained, bearing the names of the children of Rachel—Joseph and Benjamin. The destroying angel stayed his hand, and the lenient influences of time, and the balm of God's Holy Spirit, healed the wounds that he had made.

Joseph Eliot had assumed the charge of a church in Guilford, Conn. The difficulties of change of place, and the obstructions presented to travelers in those days, rendered his removal to a different State a grave circumstance in his native home. Letters were welcomed as now they might be from a distant land, and a visit was an achievement; for there were dark forests, and rough roads, and scarcely fordable streams to be surmounted. But the parents knew that he had an attached people, and a faithful wife and little ones, like the olive plants, around his table. They were already advanced and somewhat wearied in the vale of years. Yet he was to go to rest before them. They saw him laid low with their buried treasures, and bowed themselves mournfully, though uncomplainingly, over the dead.

The youngest, Benjamin, the mother's darling, and the one who, perhaps, most resembled herself in person and in heart, was still spared.

Still she sat peacefully and lovingly by the side of her heavenly-hearted husband. More than fourscore years had passed over them. Their minds were unimpaired and their charities in action. Life to them was pleasant with hallowed memories and hopes that never die. The scenes of by-gone days gleamed before them as through the soft, dreamy haze of an Indian summer, the woes divested of their sting, and the joys sublimated. They spoke to each other of all that they had borne with the same humble gratitude. This love of their old age seemed like that of angelic natures.

Yet not useless were they, nor forgotten. No one was weary of them. The tender attentions of their daughter—herself a woman in the wane of years, but cheerful and vigorous—were unwearied and beautiful. It was supposed that she had overruled, in the prime of life, allurements to form a home for herself, that she might devote her life to her parents, and comfort them for the children they had lost. Doubtless her filial piety brought its own high reward.

Sometimes the venerable pastor ascended the pulpit, and in a voice enfeebled, though still sweet, besought his flock to love one another. Still to the arm-chair of his aged wife, where by the bright wood-fire and the clean hearth she sat, came those who suffered, and she gave medicine for the sick and food to the hungry.

Thither also came the poor forest children, no longer lords of the soil. Humbled in heart and sad, they found Christian welcome. They were told of a country where is no sorrow or crying, and urged to make the KING of that country their soul's friend. They loved him who had toiled to give them the Bible, and had baptized their children, and laid their dead in the grave with prayer. They loved her who had smiled so kindly upon and pitied their sick babes, as though they were her own. Their

dark brows were furrowed with sorrow as they marked the increasing infirmities of their white father and mother; for they said, 'When these go to the land of souls, who will remember us poor Indians?'

It was the great grief of Eliot, then approaching his eighty-fourth year, to see his heart's companion fading away from his aged arms. For more than half a century she had clung to him, or hovered around him, like a ministering angel. In the words of the prophet, he might have said, 'I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness to a land not sown.'

He would fain have hidden from himself her visible decline. Yet, day after day, he saw the light from heaven's windows beam more and more strongly upon her brow, and felt that she was to reach home before him. He who had borne all other trials firmly had not strength to take a full prospect of this. He could not willingly unclasp his hand from hers and lay it in the cold grasp of the King of Terrors. His prayer was that, if it were possible, they might go together down through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and up to the great white throne, and Him who sitteth thereon.

But her hour had come, and in that, as well as in all the duties of life, she was enabled to glorify God. Serenely she resigned the burden of this failing flesh, and entered a world of spirits. The desolate mourner-husband, it would seem, had never before fathomed the depths of grief. She who had been not only his help-meet but his crown, whom he had so long prized and cherished, rejoicing in her good works and in the honors she received, had gone and left him alone.

'God,' says a contemporary writer, 'made her a rich blessing, not only to her family, but to the neighborhood; and when at last she died, I heard and saw her aged husband, who very rarely wept, yet now with many tears over her coffin, before the good people, a vast confluence of whom were come to her funeral, say, *'Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife. I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'* And so he followed her to the grave, with lamentations beyond those with which Abraham deplored his aged Sarah.'

Touching and eloquent eulogium! and justly deserved. Equally so are a few lines from the pen of the apostle himself; which, though only intended as the simple record of a date and a fact, are embalmed with the tears of the heart:

'In this year, 1687, died mine ancient and most dearly beloved wife. I was sick unto death, but the Lord was pleased to delay me, and retain my service, which is but poor and weak.'

The sympathy of his flock was freely accorded to the smitten shepherd; for each one felt that the loss which bowed him down was their own. The popular affection was signified in a beautiful and somewhat unique form—a vote to erect a ministerial tomb; and a unanimous and quaintly expressed resolution, 'That Mrs. Eliot, for the great service she hath done this town, shall be honored with a burial there.'

Sincere tribute from honest hearts, more to be coveted than the plumed hearse and all the splendid mockery of woe. So, to the keeping of that tomb 'wherein man was never yet laid,' were intrusted the mortal remains of that saintly woman, whose consistent example of every duty

appertaining to her sex and sphere will be remembered through future generations. Scarcely had three more winters cast their snows upon the earth, ere the companion of her days was laid by her side, of whom it might have been said, as of a blessed man of old, 'that eighty-and-six years he had served his LORD and SAVIOUR, who did not forsake him at his last need.'

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A B O U T   T H E   S E X .

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BY AN EX-LOVER.

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I.

WE think of WOMAN with a kind of shame—  
 We seem to understand her but in part;  
 And we may fetter, but we cannot tame,  
 The wild and wayward instincts of her heart.

II.

Wild in its friendship, whose capricious kindness  
 Is hard to earn, and easy to offend;  
 Wild in its love, whose persevering blindness  
 Is a caprice we may not comprehend.

III.

We worship in her what we cannot know;  
 The innocence, so quick to take alarm,  
 That seems to shrink and palpitate, as though  
 The shadow of impurity were harm.

IV.

She is so delicate, so weak and pliant,  
 Yet her soft hand, with its electric thrill,  
 Though laid upon the shoulder of a giant,  
 Would leave him only strength to do her will.

V.

Her witchery has brought the wise and great  
 To open shame; her glance has kindled war;  
 And many a pilot at the helm of state  
 Has steered to ruin by that wandering star.

VI.

We must for ever trust her—ever doubt her;  
 And, while our being has so brief a span,  
 Must find existence, with her or without her,  
 A choice of lives too difficult for man.

## A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

Τίς δ' ὄδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθαίνειν,  
τὸ καρθαίνειν δὲ ζῆν.

Who knows but life is death, and death is life?

Doß im Erstarren such' ich nicht mein Heil,  
Das Schauern ist der Menschheit bestes Theil.

Yet not in firmness does our safety lie;  
Trembling's the best part of humanity.

'Do you know,' said Josephine, in a subdued tone, as we walked slowly across the meadow, 'that to me Nature and Time seem at an eternal warfare; Time effacing and destroying, Nature producing and making new? How many evidences of the contest do we behold around us!'

'Of what were you thinking?'

'Of the mouldering chapel and the crumbling stone which guard the remains of those once active,

'But silent now, and sunk away:'

and of the scene about us; the verdure, the foliage, the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, the river, the valley, the everlasting hills, the round earth itself, which even now seems breathing at our feet. Thousand-voiced, do not all these hail the great PRODUCER and SUSTAINER?'

'And our hearts?'

'There, Nature preserves her freshness perpetual, if we are but true to her; if we are not, our hearts grow old and earthly, and so Time, the destroyer, does his work, even in them.'

'You are a philosopher.'

'I am not. I can find no philosophy which pleases me; and unless we are pleased, how can you expect us to be satisfied?' continued my companion, suddenly changing her tone to a gay one. 'Nay, philosopher I am none.'

'A proper test. An abstraction will hardly pleasure your sex, I know, and you are very frank to admit it.'

'And why should I not be frank?'

'Surely; why not?'

'Only *your* sex dare not avow so honestly, fearing you may make yourselves ridiculous.'

'We have not that privilege.'

'No, indeed; it is your province to be very wise, very profound, and very unmeaning.'

'And yours?'

'To be none of these.'

'And are you then so easily understood? I'——

'Hallo, there! which way are you walking? Do you not see that in

that direction you will never reach your calèche?' cried a stentorian voice from a distance.

We both turned, and beheld Dr. Lindhorst standing in the road near our carriage, and perceived that we were indebted to him for the friendly caution. We immediately changed our course, and were presently close upon him.

'Ah! I have made you hear me at last,' cried Dr. Paul, as we came up. 'It is strange that the sound did not reach you; it went precisely in the direction with the wind;' and the Doctor saluted my companion affectionately, while he gave me a cordial greeting. 'It is you, then, my little Josephine, who are pointing out objects of interest to our English friend. I suppose you have been across the meadow to view the situation of the strata in the hill which slopes so suddenly down. It is remarkably curious; full of different species of chamites, ostracites, globosites, selenites, strombites, and other similar petrifications. I am glad, Josephine, you remembered my direction, or you would scarcely have found them. I assure you the locality affords the best specimens this side of Berne. The stream, which rises farther up, and pours through the cleft of the rock yonder, is a curious spectacle. Do you know there are persons so foolish as to contend that the cleft was produced by the continual trituration of the water? Now, I admit that water, or indeed any liquid, may, by continual *dropping*, wear away stone — *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo* — but *running* water is quite a different affair. It is very ridiculous to suppose it produces any such wonders. The clefts and the valleys are caused by great commotions in nature, and the streams, seeking their level, flow through these, wearing gradually a larger course and a wider channel. By-the-bye, were you not intending to return to your carriage? You were going quite out of the way when I called you.'

'By accident, we deviated from the path,' said I.

'Which is a thing,' returned Dr. Paul, 'I sometimes do myself, when *solus*; but I can hardly understand how two should happen at the same time to make the same mistake: it is a coincidence, a singular coincidence. Now I think of it,' continued the Doctor, 'where are your specimens?'

'To tell you the truth,' said Josephine, 'we did not' —

'Exactly; you thought best to make sure first of the locality. But this is always dangerous. You often lose an invaluable specimen by some person's stepping in before your next visit. Did I not discover, in the hill which rises above Musingen, the celebrated ostracite, which weighs nearly twenty pounds, and which now adorns the cabinet of my friend Dr. Wyttenbach, at Berne? but thinking it would be safe for the next eight-and-forty hours, I clambered over the mountain. When I came back — it pains me to think of it, although it was thirty years ago — that magnificent fossil was gone. My friend happened to be out the same day, took a similar route with myself, stumbled on my ostracite, and, being a more sensible man than I, secured the prize. I never made a second mistake of that kind; and let me impress it on both of you, always to take possession of what you find.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your friend should have given up the ostracite to you, by virtue of first discovery.'

'There you wing him and me,' replied Dr. Paul. 'Wyttenbach learned



how matters stood, from Christoph Schuppach, to whom I mentioned my loss before I knew who had occasioned it, and forthwith sent to my cabinet, with many apologies, the famous specimen; which I, as an honest man should, returned instantan to the owner. Let this—I repeat it—be a warning to you both.’

We had continued standing precisely in the same position during this conversation, and Dr. Paul showed no signs of quitting his post. I ventured, therefore, to ask him if he was going from or returning to Thun.

‘Scarcely one or the other, my friend,’ replied the Doctor. ‘I was told that a bed of slate had been discovered at the foot of yonder hill, like that found in the lower part of the Niess; which, by the way, is the last mountain of that high calcareous chain of which the Stockhorn, the Neunerren and the Ganterish are the principal, and which joins close upon the Alps. Now, although I *knew* it was not so, yet, old fool that I am, I must needs throw away half a day in making sure of what I was positive about. You see I have answered your question, and I shall now consider my time happily redeemed by coming back to the subject of the tertiary deposits of your country, which was so abruptly broken off when we first met. You are fresh from the spot, and have doubtless made new and important discoveries. I wonder if any further remains of the anaplothenium have been found in the Isle of Wight. It is singular I should have found a tooth, and been unable to light upon any other trace. But as to the tertiary deposits; is there no possibility of connecting them with those of the continent?’

Here Josephine Fluellen kindly came to my aid. ‘My dear Doctor,’ she cried, advancing to the naturalist, and laying her hand gracefully on his shoulder, ‘I fear the subject must once more be interrupted. Herr Saint Leger is engaged’——

‘Quite right; entirely right; absolutely right,’ interrupted the worthy man. ‘I understand you without your saying another syllable: you have other localities to visit, and I have already too long detained you. When you pay me a visit, which I hope will be very shortly, we will go over the whole ground. Now you must lose no more time. As for myself, since I am here, I will just go once more and examine the *molasse* at a little distance yonder, which contains *glossopetræ*, though I admit they are but rarely to be found in it. Josephine, commend me to your excellent father. And, now I think of it, when is Annette coming home? Lina mourns her absence. She must come back; say to her, she must come back, the dear child, and comfort us all again.’

I fancied I could see a moisture in the eyes of that abstracted man; the thought of Annette seemed connected with some deeper feeling. ‘And so,’ I said to myself, ‘there is no armor *quite* proof against human manifestations. Like the invulnerable panoply of Achilles, some little point is left for the archer, and the arrow is sure to find it.’

We got into our *calèche*, and leaving Dr. Lindhorst to make his visits in search of the *glossopetræ*, we drove along pleasantly toward home. I could not but comment on the character of the worthy Doctor, and made several inquiries about him of my companion; then I recalled her promise to give me an account of Annette, who had interested me so much, and to whom Macklorne was so devoted. Josephine smiled; professed to

be amused at my curiosity; was half inclined to withhold her story, that, (as I insisted,) she might be more strongly importuned to tell it; then, with a smile and a look which sent a glow over my frame and a thrill through my soul, she proceeded:

'Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and, after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically devoted to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy; and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them; which he did without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed, he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science: with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifications—in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, but he bore the appearance of a person at least forty years old——'

'But the cause of this strange metamorphose?'

'No one pretends to tell,' continued Josephine. 'There is a report (and, my father, who, I am quite sure, knows all, does not contradict it) that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time, and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct from the dearest object of his heart with composure, neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story: the girl, half in revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover, married him; soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such,' continued Josephine Fluellen, 'is the story which I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him, he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign

lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before?

‘But the child?’

‘I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of ‘The Army of Italy’ were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and reëchoing as the columns defiled around the brow of a mountain which shut them from his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, her hair streaming in the wind, and thinly clad, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming, in a tone of agony and terror, ‘Wait for me, mamma!’ ‘Here I am, mamma!’ ‘Do not leave me, mamma!’ ‘Do wait for me, mamma!’ Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and, taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child’s mother.

‘Bless me!’ said one of the women, ‘if there is not poor little Annette!’

‘We can’t take her; that’s positive,’ cried another.

‘How did she get here?’ exclaimed a third.

‘Something must be done,’ said a wounded soldier, in a compassionate tone. ‘Give her to me; I will carry her in my arms;’ and taking little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

‘The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child’s mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it, and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier’s arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear, to give up the child into the hands of strangers—*her* child. Old

scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. It was of course difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Macklorn. I must not show you too much favor at one time; besides, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late.'

We were now driving into Thun. At the door of Dr. Paul, we were met by the maiden herself, a sprightly, good-natured, and very pretty young girl, who insisted that we should descend and partake of some refreshments, and see her new garden. Accordingly, we alighted, and were detained so long and so agreeably, that our ride home was by moonlight.

A drive by moonlight, and Josephine Fluellen my companion!

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THE ANGEL IN A MAIDEN'S EYES.

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BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

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ONCE methought I saw an angel  
Smiling in a maiden's eyes,  
And my heart was captive taken,  
Like a city by surprise.

Then it seemed another angel  
Springing upward from my heart,  
From mine eyes looked on the other,  
And beheld its counterpart.

At the moment of the greeting,  
From her lips no whisper fell,  
And before her I was silent,  
Rapt in a delicious spell.

Love, awaiting in my bosom,  
Love, of pure impulses born,  
Lighted up my happy pathway  
Like a sun of summer morn.

Marked for mine the gentle maiden  
With the angel in her eyes;  
Years ago we linked our fortunes  
By indissoluble ties.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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DREAM-LIFE: A FABLE OF THE SEASONS. By IK MARVEL. In one volume: pp. 286. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

HERE we have, in very beautiful guise, the charming volume of which we presented an *avant-courier* in 'The Country-Church,' published in our last number. We could well wish that our available space might enable us to pay such a tribute to the excellence of the book, with examples of the same, as its character deserves. As it is, however, we can only desire the reader to test for himself the justice of our commendation. Let any one—we care not how hypercritical, however much a 'man of the world,' or howsoever soured by it, he may be—read the different divisions, under the head of 'Dreams of Boyhood' and 'Dreams of Youth,' and note the deep, natural feeling; the gradual growth of the mind and of the soul; the quiet pictures of nature, and the 'still-life' of the heart; let any one do this, and he will agree with us, that few modern writers excel our author in an *authentically* winning a way to the reader's confidence and affection. Nor in naming these two divisions of the work do we wish to indicate a preference for them over the 'Dreams of Manhood' and 'Dreams of Age,' save that in the latter the scenes of pathos are too painfully touching to be perused with dry eyes. Throughout the entire work we encounter those little felicities of expression, those rare touches of the pencil, which effect so much in the completeness of a picture, and which always indicate the true master. The work is inscribed, in a brief and well-written dedication, to WASHINGTON IRVING; in the course of which 'Introductory Letter' Mr. MITCHELL observes: 'If I have attained to any facility in the use of language, or have gained any fitness of expression in which to dress my thoughts, I know not to what writer of the English language I am more indebted than to yourself. And if I have shown, as I have tried to show, a truthfulness of feeling that is not lighted by any counterfeit of passion, but rather by a close watchfulness of nature, and a cordial sympathy with human suffering, I know not to what man's heart that truthfulness will come home sooner than to yours.' This is well said: and in good truth, although their *verbal* styles are entirely different, there is nevertheless much in common between the two authors. We are glad to have been made the medium of bringing two such writers for the first time into each other's presence. We must add a word in favor of the good taste of Mr. MITCHELL's publisher; for he seems well to understand that there is as much in the physiognomy of a book as in that of a gentleman.



**PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF A RESIDENCE OF THIRTY YEARS WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIERS:** with brief Notices of Passing Events, Facts, and Opinions, A. D. 1812 to A. D. 1842. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. In one volume: pp. 703. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

WE present the subjoined notice of a work which we have not had the pleasure to receive from its publishers, with the confidence that it does not exaggerate the merits which it sets forth and commends. The critic is an old and favorite contributor to the *KNICKERBOCKER*, whose own literary works give value and force to his literary opinions:

'THIS book is inscribed to A. B. JOHNSON, Esq., of Utica, with whom, in 1810, the author made his first excursion to the West, preparatory to the manufacture of window-glass by a hundred-thousand-dollar corporation, just created by the New-York Legislature. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT alone possessed any knowledge of glass-making, and to him, with a salary of a thousand dollars a year, was confided the planning of all necessary buildings, contracting for their erection, originating the furnaces, procuring raw materials, governing the artisans, disbursing the expenditures, manufacturing the glass, and preparing it for market. But few manufactories of window-glass existed in the United States, and their absence was painfully apparent in new settlements, by window-ashes disfigured with rude substitutes for glass. This state of the country caused the stock of the corporation to be owned by patriotic citizens; and among the most active and influential of the corporators was the Hon. JOHN GREIG, who resided in Canandaigua, and who is still there, the foremost citizen in all that is praiseworthy; illustrating strikingly, by his eminent social position, the scriptural promise, that 'He who watereth shall be watered again.'

'The bank of Seneca Lake, a mile from Geneva, was selected for the new establishment. Forest timber covered the site; but in about three months glass was manufactured for market, and a small village had been erected for the workmen. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT was only seventeen years old; and this reveals his early character as unmistakably as the agricultural productions of a country reveal its climate. He was precocious generally, being an expert draftsman, mature penman, with a respectable knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy, while ethically he was exempt from the irregularities which ordinarily accompany youth. We happened to know him intimately at this period, and these remarks result from that intimacy, not from the book, in which his residence at Geneva, and its important incidents, are modestly referred to in a dozen words.

'The author's early expectations, and the pervading tendency of his feelings, were toward a devotion of his life to a sedentary cultivation of literature and science. But 'PROVIDENCE shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may;' and SCHOOLCRAFT compares more with LEDYARD for activity, than with any other American whose records have interested the world. During thirty years he was an active explorer of the unsettled portions of our territory, when the great lakes and rivers of the west were traversed only by canoes. In one of these excursions he traced the Mississippi to its source, the source being previously deemed problematical; PIKE, in 1806, having placed it at Leech Lake, and CASS, in 1820, at Red Cedar Lake. He was efficiently instrumental in directing public enterprise to the copper regions of Missouri, and in disclosing the general topography of the Mississippi valley, and the regions of the lakes. In no other book is the wonderful progress of our country, in population and industry, so strikingly apparent. We find the author conjecturing the business capabilities of places which, in less than twenty years thereafter, are populous cities; and in the year 1830, he makes one 'of perhaps the first party of pure pleasure, having no objects of business of any kind, who ever went from the upper lakes to visit Niagara Falls.'

'But the principal interest of the memoirs consists in what pertains to the Indians, among whom the author, during much of the thirty years, acted as agent of the United States. Official station, and his having married a highly educated half-breed grand-daughter of an Indian chief of the vicinity, yielded him unsurpassed advantages for ascertaining the habits of the Indians, their traditions, customs, knowledge, language, superstitions, and opinions generally. The whole information passes into the possession of the reader incidentally, rather than doctrinally; the memoirs constituting a journal of what the author saw and heard, whereby the mass glides before the reader like the contents of a diorama which is being gradually unfolded, every incident introducing naturally its successor. The author avoids the common error of narrating only his intellectual reflections; he gives you the raw, sensible materials, wherefrom every reader can make his own reflections. The raw material is also of a kind which is daily becoming more difficult to collect; the unsophisticated Indian and his antiquities, language, customs, and traditions, being already defaced by time, and fading fast from existence. Nothing could have been more providential than the

residence among the Indians for thirty years of such a person as SCHOOLCRAFT, and at such an epoch. Before his day, men have passed their lives among the Indians, but not like him have they, for thirty years, devoted a vigorous intellect and discriminating judgment in collecting useful information, with no hope of reward but to instruct contemporaries, and to be kindly remembered by posterity. We may well say, with HAMLET, 'You cannot feed capons so;' nor can you feed men so, except the occasional self-denying literary enthusiast.

The memoirs are, however, only a highly-condensed summary of a thirty years' daily collection of facts; not a detail of items. Many of the items have already been published, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT being one of our most voluminous authors, as well as one most widely known in Europe and at home. What has not been thus published, he is preparing for publication, as a great national work, under direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, by virtue of an act of Congress, passed in March 1847. One large luxurious volume, in folio form, and elegantly illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Captain in the U. S. Navy, has just issued from the press, entitled 'Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Philosophy of the Indian Tribes of the United States.' The human intellect acquires details most readily, by first acquiring a knowledge of them in gross: hence the present memoirs, though published after many volumes of detail, ought to be read first; just as the journal of our late State Convention is an advantageous precursor to a study of the constitution which the convention formed.

We cannot close our too brief notice of these interesting memoirs, the chart of a laborious life, without saying that, although we have known the writer favorably for more than forty years, our respect for him is greatly increased by the perusal of this book. He has consorted early and long with public officers, not greatly his official superiors originally, but now high in authority, and prospectively to become still higher—perhaps the highest. For the sake of science, for the sake of literary industry and good example, we trust that the eminent citizens to whom we have alluded will, as a privilege of their exaltation, crown Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT's latter days with some station at Washington, in the line to which he has devoted his life, and where his knowledge may be made available to the country in the highest station to which it is congenial. We know not that his feelings will respond acceptably to this suggestion, and it may shock his delicacy; but we are sure that 'righteousness exalteth a nation,' and that nothing is more righteous than to reward unobtrusive merit.

THE INDICATIONS OF THE CREATOR: or the Natural Evidences of the Final Cause. By GEORGE TAYLOR. In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

ALTHOUGH a belief founded on knowledge and investigation may not be more meritorious, in a theological point of view, than the faith of humble ignorance, yet has the first this higher duty and prerogative: it is the natural protector and defender of the faith of the uninstructed from the assaults of the enemies of morality and religion. Mr. TAYLOR, in the attractive volume before us, has aimed to popularize the additional proofs of the divine creation and government of the universe with which the discoveries of modern physical science has armed the believers in the existence of the DEITY. Proceeding upon the idea of CICERO, in his '*de Natura Deorum*,' that the belief in a Deity is the basis on which all the virtues, all justice, piety, and religion must repose, he has in the present work adduced, in a summary way, all the lights of the present advanced state of science, to guide the sincere investigator, and to strike the modern skeptic with 'judicial blindness;' to leave him no excuse for his atheism but that hardness of heart which resists all the weapons of conviction.

The first great step of modern, as well as ancient, infidelity toward demoralizing the nations, has been to debauch their faith in the existence of a Supreme, Omniscient, and Omnipotent BEING, governing all things visible and invisible. The professors of this school of modern philosophy have alternately taught its disciples the atheistical tenets of blind fatalism, or the more dangerous, because more seductive and insidious, but really identical, dogmas of 'pantheism.' In this latter shape, they do but revive the exploded and most unphilosophical doc-

trines of EPICURUS, with this slight difference in favor of the ancient school over the modern, that, while EPICURUS did not expressly deny the existence of the gods, but merely held them indifferent to all human affairs, the pantheists make gods of every collection of organic and inorganic matter that ever existed, or ever will exist. This is the main foundation of the ingenious, metaphysical absurdities of SRINOLA, and of his modern, though, in many instances, unconscious followers. But in whatever form these irreligious theories may present themselves, it is not permitted to those who can give a reason for the enlightened and steadfast faith which is in them of the existence of the DEITY, to fold their arms, and leave the field as if the battle were won. It is a fight which has lasted more than forty centuries, in every successive generation of humanity. It is a contest 'never ending, still beginning:' new combatants present themselves continually, and with the same facts on either side. These facts are but the weapons. Knowledge, reason, induction, these are the life and breath and strength which must decide the issue. Happily for mankind, the spirit of persecution which sought to spread religion by fire, fagots and torture, has long ago discovered its error. The calm investigation of science, stamped with the seal of Christian charity, is found to be the best of all swords and of all shields. It is this spirit which sheds a serenity over the work of Mr. TAYLOR, and is not the least of its numerous recommendations. Not a word of denunciation, not a syllable of bigotry, disfigures his pages. It is truly refreshing to find a work, controversial in its aim and object, so entirely free from that almost inevitable concomitant of polemical philosophy, and sometimes of purely theological exegesis.

It is most curious to observe, however, that some of those philosophical writers who have furnished the strongest ramparts of natural religion in their works, have most offended the ignorant and besotted bigotry of their times. DES CARTES and PASCAL were each of them denounced as enemies of the true Church by unlettered bigots in the Church itself! Yet what magazine has supplied more weapons to combat infidelity than the works of PASCAL? Through all the works of DES CARTES, and particularly in his intimate scientific correspondence with his enthusiastic scholar and admirer, the Princess PALATINE, there breathes a spirit of true religion, on which Dr. YOUNG's well-known line may have been founded:

‘An undevout astronomer is mad.’

It is true, that upon some minds the transition from the darkness of ignorance to the wondrous light of science has operated to blind their vision; chiefly by causing them to forget that God has only enabled mortals to comprehend secondary causes. But where one such instance has occurred, thousands have derived from scientific researches a firmer faith and a purer devotion. They have searched the great book of nature in the same spirit as the Christian is enjoined to search the Scriptures—the spirit of truth. Those who thus pursue her, must be content to arrive slowly, and to remain at that great portal of the temple of human knowledge, where is inscribed its final doom in this world: ‘Tis but to know how little can be known;’ yet are we not, therefore, to remit our endeavors within that limit. Modern science has accomplished more than even half a century ago was dreamed of. But it sees its labors of HERCULES are only beginning. ‘Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;’ and as its new treasures accumulate, we may hope that some skilful hand shall still group all its new discoveries in one picture, with the same beneficent intention which has dictated the composition of the volume before us.

In this volume Mr. TAYLOR has undertaken to present a *resumé* of the chief discoveries which have from time to time furnished those grand explanations of the phenomena of nature that have shed such lustre on the savants of the nineteenth century: with that aim he has reviewed, in a summary way, the triumphs of science in various branches; all of which tend to establish the great proposition which lies at the foundation of natural religion. He gives us a *coup d'œil*, first, of the discoveries in regard to the Nebular Hypotheses; second, Astronomy; third, Geology; fourth, Comparative Physiology; fifth, Physical Geography: a large, a boundless field of investigation is each of them, truly. But it is not to attempt new theories or discoveries in them that Mr. TAYLOR proposes to himself or his readers. It is to count up what we have gained already, to set down and reckon up the victories won in the cause of science, and to apply them to the service of a yet higher and holier cause.

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 301. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THIS is the most elaborately dramatic, if we may judge from perhaps a somewhat too cursory perusal, of all of Professor LONGFELLOW's writings. The frequent change and variety of scene, and the contrasts of character, are remarkable and striking. The language, generally highly poetical, sometimes rises to the extreme of imaginative, rhythmical eloquence, and sometimes, again, sinks to the mere platitudes of babbling juvenility. The measure is singularly irregular and various. The work, indeed, is a sort of museum of poetical styles; and yet in each the reader will be struck with gems that he would scarcely desire to encounter in any different setting. Designing again to advert to the 'Legend,' we content ourselves for the present with two extracts; the first an episode on a scene at Strasburg, in which we have this 'picture in little' of the great cathedral:

'Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the cathedral rise,  
Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
As from behind the moon, ascending,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!  
The wind is rising; but the boughs  
Rise not and fall not with the wind  
That through their foliage sobs and sighs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,  
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged  
A seeming motion undefined.  
Below on the square, an armed knight,  
Still as a statue and as white,  
Sits on his steed, and the moon-beams quiver  
Upon the points of his armor bright,  
As on the ripples of a river.

Our second extract, and all, save one, we are sorry to say, for which we can find room, represents a night-scene from a terrace overlooking the sea at Genoa:

'It is the sea, it is the sea,  
In all its vague immensity,  
Fading and darkening in the distance!  
Silent, majestic, and slow,  
The white ships haunt it to and fro,  
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
As phantoms from another world  
Haunt the dim confines of existence!  
But ah! how few can comprehend  
Their signals, or to what good end  
From land to land they come and go!  
Upon a sea more vast and dark  
The spirits of the dead embark,  
All voyaging to unknown coasts.  
We wave our farewells from the shore,

And they depart, and come no more,  
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

'Above the darksome sea of death  
Looms the great life that is to be,  
A land of cloud and mystery,  
A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.  
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath  
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
Leaving us in perplexity,  
And doubtful whether it has been  
A vision of the world unseen,  
Or a bright image of our own  
Against the sky in vapors thrown.'

How forcibly is the spiritual deduction from this outward scene of nature presented in this precious extract! We select one more passage from a graphic scene, 'A farm in the Odenwald:'

'Ose morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk FELLIX. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,  
Filling the summer air;  
And within the woodlands as he trod,  
The twilight was like the Truce of God  
With worldly woe and care;  
Under him lay the golden moss;  
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees  
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites:

And from the ground  
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

'These he heeded not, but pondered  
On the volume in his hand,  
A volume of SAINT AGUSTINE,  
Wherein he read of the unseen  
Splendors of God's great town  
In the unknown land,  
And, with his eyes cast down  
In humility, he said:  
'I believe, O God,  
What herein I have read,  
But alas! I do not understand!'

But we must draw our notice, brief and inadequate as it is, to a close; commending to general perusal, however, in the mean time, the excellent but unequal dramatic poem upon which it is based.

THE LAND OF BONDAGE: ITS Ancient Monuments and Present Condition: being the Journal of a Tour in Egypt. By J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS superbly executed and illustrated volume will attract a large share of the admiration and patronage of book-buyers, in the holidays which are now nearly upon us. The title of the work, in the first place, strikes us as felicitous. 'We cannot look,' says the author, in explanation of its choice, 'upon the colossal works which remain to fix our attention and excite our wonder, without the painful remembrance that they are to Egypt mighty land-marks of her ancient servitude. The very greatness of the pyramids is a speaking proof of the despotic power of an iron will, brought to bear with a crushing and irresistible force upon a population of bond-slaves. How futile would prove the attempt to raise, in a free land, structures so vast, and of such comparative inutility! Thus the very wonders that attract the footsteps of the pilgrim, and seem to be the glory of Egypt, distinguishing her from all other lands, cannot be contemplated without a reminiscence of her ancient degradation.' The starting-point of our author was Rome; and all the details of his journey to and through Egypt, although minute, are replete with interest. Indeed, we are not sure that the agreeable manner in which he records little things does not very materially help to make up the charm of his book. The little *desagrémens* of travel are given with perfect simplicity; as witness, among other instances, the reverend doctor imparting his first practical lesson in washing, starching, and ironing, to a stupid servant on board the boat, going down the Nile; a scene which will win many a smile from his readers. The engravings, of which there are twenty-eight, embrace all the principal scenes and objects to be met with in Egyptian journeying or voyaging, and are executed with spirit and elegance; while the printing and paper of the work are the very luxury of typography. Again we commend the volume to the liberal acceptance of the public. Although many kindred works have appeared, there are none which we have encountered that will better reward perusal.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A HUMANE AND BENEVOLENT PROPOSITION. — Our friend and correspondent, the quaint and felicitous 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' has sent us the following essay upon '*Societies for Ameliorating the Condition of the Rich.*' Our welcome guest came at too late an hour to take his seat among his compeers who had preceded us, so that we make room for him at our little end-table. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. RICHARD HAYWARDE. With your kind permission, he will now address a few words to the assembled company. —

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.'

SHAKESPEARE.

It has long been a matter of surprise to me, that amidst a multitude of benevolent institutions we have none for ameliorating the condition of the rich. A large class is certainly left out of the sphere of popular charity, which, from a careful examination of the smallest camels in various menageries, and a personal inspection of JOHN HEMMING AND SON'S best drilled-eyed cambric needles, seems to stand more in need of our sympathies than any people under the sun. We may also observe, when one of these highly-respected citizens is on his way to the other world, he is generally followed by an unusual concourse of clergymen; and this, like a consultation of physicians, would appear to indicate that the person was in more than ordinary peril, and therefore needed greater care and skill than one within the reach of customary medicines.

I am impelled to make this suggestion more particularly now, from the fact that this class is growing upon us: the evil is spreading, and to a greater extent than many good people imagine. I have been surprised lately to find many persons whom I did not imagine worth a copper, freely acknowledging themselves to be wealthy; and others, of whose poverty I had not a doubt, confessing, with some little tribulation and blushing, there was no truth in that report; that money was with them, yea, abundantly. Such being the case, a common sense of humanity should induce us to relieve our opulent brethren from a portion of their distress, in order to prevent extension of the mischief. '*Homo sum; nihil humani à me alienum puto.*' We, who belong to the ancient and honorable order of poverty, must not be neglectful of such claims upon us. Yet we should do it tenderly and affectionately; not haughtily, and with an air of superiority, but with a grace.

'Poverty,' saith AUSTIN, 'is the way to heaven, the mistress of philosophy, the mother of religion, virtue, sobriety, sister of innocence and an upright mind.' True; I dispute not the words of the Father: but need we therefore exult and vain-gloriously condemn those who have the misfortune to be rich? Should we not rather take them by the hand, and show them the way to be better, wiser, happier? Should we not teach them that riches are only relative blessings; poverty a positive one? Should we let them struggle on for years and years in a wrong path, without endeavoring to pluck them 'as brands from the burning!'

Riches are relative: our little domestic flashes of wealth pale their ineffectual fires before the dazzling opulence of the India House; nay, show like poverty itself, compared with that treasury of empires, which seems to realize

—— 'the royal state which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.'

And yet *Tempus edax rerum*: its ingots and tissues, its barbaric pearl and gold, will be scattered; oblivion will set its seal upon it; obscurity, with dust and ashes—— Stay——

The India House has a name connected with it—an humble and unpretending name—whose influence will draw pilgrims thither while one crumbling stone rests upon another; and when the very ground where it now stands shall be forgotten, when its illustrious line of nameless nabobs lie neglected with the common multitude, upon that ancient edifice will rest, like a sunset glory, the fame of CHARLES LAMB.

If the above should seem to bear rather hard upon our wealthy brethren, I trust it will be forgiven me. I know that many are jealous of position, and derive no little self-respect from what they call their '*circumstances*;' yet the suggestion came so pat, the comparisons followed so naturally, that I felt it a duty to proceed, and show how mutable is pecuniary fame; although I confess the idea I have broached, of 'wealth being only *relative*,' will make many of them show like paupers beside those eastern magnificats. Still, it is not in my nature to cast reflections. I could scarcely forgive the spiteful allusion of H—— the other day to a certain Gothic building, which he called 'the ecclesiastical rattle for grown-up children;' an epithet unworthy of a poor man glorying in the power of his literary affluence. No, far be it from me to countenance uncharitable reflections: let us remember we are all human, and, *humanus est errare*, many cannot help being rich; and souls vibrating between the opera-house and such places as the one above alluded to, *drifting* as it were upon tides of harmony any whither, are objects, not of our derision, but of our pity.

My intention had been to refer to the *miseries of the rich* in this paper, but a mere allusion to so fruitful a subject will doubtless suggest enough to awaken the sympathies of the benevolent. Avarice—mere avarice, in itself—is bad enough; a powerful astringent, it produces constipation of the mind, from whence comes ignorance, the mother of mischief. But AVARUS dies and endows benevolent institutions, and thereby the world is bettered. It is the tinsel show of real or affected wealth; its currents of folly, its ebbs and flows, tides, eddies and whirlpools; its generations, rising up in young misses who have not left off the rocking motion acquired in the cradle; its squab-dandies, stilting along on legs you might thrust in your double-barrel gun; its elders, with a reversion in Greenwood for the benefit of their heirs; it is this show, this pageant, to the philanthropist pitiable beyond the mimic efforts of the stage, the fictions of

imagination, or the supplications of the professional pauper who begs, with God knows how much content in his heart. I fear I also may be amenable to the charge of

—— ‘boasting poverty, with too much pride,’

as PRIOR hath it, and therefore will turn to the main part and body, or rather head, of my subject.

I propose to the benevolent, to establish societies for ameliorating the condition of the rich. I would suggest that a board of directors be appointed, with visiting committees, to inquire into the condition of the more opulent families, to call upon them personally, and give such advice and assistance as their several cases seem to require.

To the board of visitors, I would refer the motto above quoted:

‘THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: *it is twice blessed;*  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that *takes.*’

Therefore take what you can, and be merciful.

I would recommend an asylum to be provided for those whose opulence is excessive, and whose mental incapacity prevents them taking proper care of themselves

I would suggest the purchase of substantial woollen garments for those who need them; gymnasiums for youth; and that a proper care be had for the moral culture of both sexes.

But, above all, I suggest the immediate organization of the society. The miseries of the rich afford so copious a field for the exercise of true benevolence, that I leave the matter to those more experienced and better able to advise than the humble writer of this paper.

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CARLYLE ON COLERIDGE. — We recollect being greatly ‘taken to task’ and be-rated, several years ago, for venturing to intimate in these pages, on the best authority, that COLERIDGE, whose ‘utterances,’ as they were called, were just then the ‘present rage,’ was after all (and great intellect as he was) a good deal of a bore, what time he was wont to ‘set in with his steady stream of talk.’ Now hear what CARLYLE, his friend and admirer, says on this very ‘sum’ject:’

‘I STILL recollect his ‘object’ and ‘subject,’ terms of continual recurrence in the KANTIAN province; and how he sung and snuffled them into ‘om-m-mject’ and ‘sum-m-mject,’ with a kind of solemn shake or quiver as he rolled along.

‘To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening land-marks of thought, and drown the world and you. I have heard COLERIDGE talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and *communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers*; certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming-groups of their own. He began any where; you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out toward answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehicular gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way; but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses, and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.’

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE JAMES MONTGOMERY. — We derive the ensuing reminiscences of the late JAMES MONTGOMERY from Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, a correspondent who, on a former occasion, contributed several well-written poetical articles to this Magazine, and whose 'Pencilings,' some years ago, in a Boston daily journal of high repute, attracted much attention in this country. Mr. Dix returned to England some five years ago, whence he but recently arrived in the metropolis, to fulfil an engagement upon a popular morning gazette, now rejoicing in a 'full tide of success.' His sketch of the 'Christian Poet' will be perused with interest.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

ANOTHER star has shot from its mortal sphere; another poet has departed. Not long since, the tidings of WORDSWORTH's death saddened thoughtful hearts; SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE are scarcely cold in their honored graves; MOORE lives, but his once brilliant fancy is dimmed by insanity; WILSON is trembling on the verge of death; and lo! the 'Christian Poet,' the COWPER of his time, has passed to that world of which he loved to sing.

It was my happiness to know JAMES MONTGOMERY; and now that the intelligence of his death is reminding many of his 'Pelican Island,' or of his 'Prayer,' a few memories of him may not be uninteresting.

Some twelve years ago, the venerable bard of Sheffield delivered a course of lectures on Poetry at the Philosophical Institution of my native city, Bristol, England. I had frequently, of course, read his works, therefore I was not a little pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the man. So one pleasant summer evening I dropped into the lecture-room, which was crowded, the majority of the audience consisting of ladies. The reader may be quite sure that Quaker bonnets and Moravian muslins were conspicuous.

MONTGOMERY was a tall, thin man, with a sad countenance. His hair was in the transition state from sandy to gray: full, expressive eyes, lighted up an otherwise expressionless countenance. His nose was large and long, and his mouth had what KEATS would call 'a downward drag austere.' He was dressed in sober black, a thick white cravat encircled his throat, and altogether he looked parsonic.

It happened somewhat strangely that Mr. MONTGOMERY chose for his subject, on the evening to which I am particularly referring, the poems of THOMAS CHATTERTON, the immortal author of the Rowley Poems. Now, I had just written a biography of the 'sleepless soul which perished in his pride,' and of course felt deeply interested in aught that related to the wondrous boy of Bristol. I was prepared to hear an eulogium on his genius, but I did not expect that MONTGOMERY would couple my insignificant name with CHATTERTON's. As I sat listening — not very well pleased, by the way — to the bard of Sheffield's criticisms on the bard of Bristol, I was somewhat startled by hearing my own name mentioned as the biographer of the latter: I could have crept into a nutshell. The worst of it was, that some good-natured friends of mine let my neighbors know that I was the scribbler. JOSEPH COTTLE, who, it will be remembered, was the publisher of SOUTHEY's and WORDSWORTH's first works, was the first to shake me by the hand, and, of course, this fixed curious eyes on me.

The lecture ended, Mr. COTTLE introduced me to JAMES MONTGOMERY; and I had the happiness of spending an evening with him at his friend, Mr. BISTILL's, on Kingsdown. It was one of those calm, quiet times which memory loves to dwell upon; not exactly a CHARLES LAMB-ish evening, for there was offered only the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates,' and dear CHARLES preferred the pewter. It was a calm evening, and if no flashes of fun illuminated the parlor, there was 'something of an angel light' to gladden the place.

In conversation, JAMES MONTGOMERY did not shine; he was too pensive; too, I was almost about to say, too morose. Of contemporary literature he spoke little. SHELLEY was his abomination; of KEATS he had a high opinion; BYRON did not suit him; SOUTHEY he spoke of in the highest terms; and between these poets there was much in common; both were highly moral, greatly industrious, and neither of them, I think, ever wrote 'one line which, dying, they would wish to blot.'

In a letter of JAMES MONTGOMERY's, which lies before me as I write, occurs the following passage. It is dated March 13th, 1851.

'I feel that my course is nearly ended; but I am willing to 'depart and be with CHRIST, which is far better.' My life has not been cloudless, but the bright and morning star has always shone on

my pathway. My dear Sir, let me earnestly entreat you to devote your energies to His service 'whose service is 'perfect freedom.''

I frequently met Mr. MONTGOMERY after my first introduction to him. Once, and once only, I saw his temper ruffled. A gentleman unluckily asked him when the next edition of his 'Satan' would come out. The author of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland' blazed up. 'That fop!' he exclaimed, 'that fop of Bath has pillaged my name: my name is MONTGOMERY; his is, no one knows what. I should be ashamed of myself if I had written such trash as the 'Omnipresence of the DEITY.''

As a proof of MONTGOMERY's kindness, let me relate the following incident:

Some three hundred years ago, an old church in South Wales was destroyed by a flood. A new edifice was, in 1842, erected on its site, and to aid the funds, the Marquis of Bute allowed his grounds at Cardiff Castle to be converted into a bazaar. I was then editing the county paper, and so was a small lion. It occurred to some of us that if four poems by popular authors were written on the subject of the lost church, and well 'got up,' some addition to the funds might be made. I wrote to WORDSWORTH; he sent a sonnet, not a good one though, to SOUTHEY, and received a letter from his wife, (CAROLINE BOWLES,) stating that he had long ceased to use his pen. I applied to JAMES MONTGOMERY, and he forwarded a beautiful poem, which, in my 'Pen and Ink Sketches,' I have published.

Well, the Christian poet has gone to receive his crown, and well does he deserve it. Here he served his MASTER who is in heaven, and there he waves his triumphant palm. How magnificent the idea of MONTGOMERY meeting COWPER, and JOHN BUNYAN, and MILTON, and ISAAC WATTS, and the rest of those 'worthies' who have gone before! In heaven they will recognize each other, for I earnestly believe that we shall know in heaven even as we are known. And how blissful must be that meeting, when

'Sisters and brothers form the ring again,  
And parted lovers bind the broken chain;  
Fathers amid their gathered children rest,  
And tender mothers bless them and be blest.'

With these reminiscences of the poet will doubtless come to the minds of many of our readers his own beautiful lines upon 'The Grave.' He has himself at last found that

— 'calm for those who weep,  
The rest for weary pilgrims found,  
Who softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

'The storm that wrecks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs his deep repose  
Than summer-evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.

'He lived — and deeply cherished still  
The sweet remembrance of the past:  
Relied on HEAVEN'S unchanging will  
For peace at last.

'Sought the true treasure, seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly balm!'

MONTGOMERY conducted for many years the '*Sheffield Iris*' weekly journal with taste, ability and moderation. Of his longer poetical works, probably his 'Greenland' was the most popular. 'The subject,' says Dr. GRISWOLD, in his '*Poets and Poetry of England*,' 'was more in unison with his devotional cast of thought: the poem is full of graphic descriptions and rich and varied imagery. The patient and earnest labors of the Moravian missionaries are described in it with a sympathetic and genuine enthusiasm. The minor poems of MONTGOMERY, however, his little songs and cabinet-pieces, will be the most frequently read, and the most generally admired. They have the antique simplicity of pious GEORGE WITHERS; a natural, unaffected earnestness, joined to a pure poetic diction, which will secure to them a permanent place in English literature. The character of his genius is essentially lyrical. His shorter pieces are full of devotion to the CREATOR, sympathy with the suffering, and a cheerful, hopeful philosophy.' It may not be generally known to our readers that Mr. MONTGOMERY was the eldest son of a Moravian clergyman, and was born at Irvine, in Scotland, on the fourth of November, 1771; so that he must have been at the ripe age of four-score and upward when he died. He was at one time intended by his parents for the Moravian ministry, but his tendency was not in that direction.



GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The pen alone of the illustrious editor of the *'Bunkum Flag-Staff'* could do justice to an incident which has just been related to us. Sitting at the sanctum-table, silent and alone, we heard him 'rap,' although he was far away at the moment; and this is his 'spiritual knocking: ' 'We dono when our feelinks was so hurt. Yet it was 1 of those things in which no body was to be blamed like steam-boat accidents. It could n't be helped. It took place at the wrong time it did, and we was sorry for it. We would ha' rather it should n't have occurred, although at any other time it might have been very pleasant; but just then out of place, we was so solemn. If any one was to blame it was a blame Yankee; yet he warn't present; he was dead himself, and into his grave twenty years. How then could he be guilty of disturbin' the funeral? Ef the dead won't have sympathy for the dead, who will? However, he did it. He sot all the peopel a-laughin' at a funeral twenty years arter his own funeral; arter his tomb-stone had been carved and his epitaph wrote. Ef he could have seen it, he would have snickered in the sleeves of his shroud. He could n't really have helped it. The minister of the parish was cut short, lost all dignity, all solemnity, all propriety. He got the folks up to the cryin' p'int, and then he laughed right out. All the risibles in the room excited, and even the mourners looked queer. They did n't know what to do. They put the cambric hankerchiefs which they brought for their eyes up to their months, rammed them in till they pretty nigh choked. This was all owing to the confounded Yankee, of whom nothink on earth but his skeleton remained. He was a manooacturer, but the kind of fabric which he made usually makes a man feel solemn, brings up religious thoughts, and, least of all, would make one laugh at a funeral. He was a clock-maker, and a very good one. His clocks kep excellent time. Set 'em by the sun, and they'd go by the sun, only whe' the sun run down they kep on ticking and striking; and this clock was wound up once-t a-week. But this was a more ingenious Yankee than most Yankees, and if he had only been content with making that clock go, and making it go right, no mischief done. It was at Mrs. TOWNSEND's funeral, who died of the epoplectic, and the company was all present, and the minister was in the middle of his discourse, a most s'archin' one, remiudin' his hearers that in time they were to prepare for eternity, and to take warning by the example of humanity now 'before' them. She was gone from our midst, it was true, like a shock of wheat fully ripe. Just then, as if to add solemnity to the sentiment, the clock struck, and he told them by the very striking of that clock to take warning of the flight of time. Every time that the clock struck it told of another hour glided from time into the ocean of eternity. Every time it ticked, another second of our life was gone. The clock struck twelve, and if that was all, no harm done; but immediately a hissing sound ensued, and by the ingenuity of that dead Yankee, it immediately played, with all the glibness of a hand-organ, or a musical snuff-box — YANKEE DOODLE, WITH VARIATIONS! It was most surprisin'! - - - We see going the rounds of the country newspaper-press the story, written several years ago for this department of the KNICKBOCKER, by its EDITOR, touching the serenade of a young Quaker-lady with 'Home, sweet Home,' and the inquiry of the father, at the door, 'Why does n't thee go to thy home?' etc. Some 'editor of an exchange paper' (for such is now the vague credit) has stolen the story bodily, made it personal to *himself*, and published it as original! He must feel

'high-priced' about this time! The anecdote was told to us by a friend, long since deceased, and had never before been published. - - - THERE is a vast deal of true '*Tom-and-Jerry*'-ism in this picture of a maudlin London cockney, who has climbed up a lamp-post, being 'on a lark,' seated himself on the projecting ladder-rest, opened the door of the lamp, and commenced the popular air of

'We won't go home till morning,  
Till day-light doth appear.'

and his two companions, seeing a policeman coming, slink away into an alley, and close the door after them, leaving their friend alone on his 'bad eminence.'

'Now just come down from that!' exclaimed the policeman from below. The nocturnal vocalist stopped as if he had been shot. Mr. RAFF from his post and saw the policeman. He hesitated for a moment, and then boldly exclaimed:

'I shan't! Come up and take me down yourself, and when I'm down you can 'take me up!'

'This speech evidently puzzled the policeman, who for the space of half a minute was perfectly silent, ruminating how he should proceed. At length, assuming an air of double importance, he cried out:

'I order you in the QUEEN's name to come down!'

'Oh nonsense, man!' returned Mr. RAFF, chidingly: 'you must n't take the QUEEN's name in that way—you *should* n't, really. I'm sure ALBERT would n't like it, if he heard you. He's remarkably particular upon those points.'

'Come down, Sir!' roared the policeman, getting very angry.

'Hush!—now don't you!' replied Mr. RAFF. 'We can't have the harmony of the street disturbed in this way. I'm certain your inspector would not approve of your kicking up a row like this in the middle of the night.'

'Wait a minute!' said the policeman, moving off in extremest wrath toward the centre of the street.

'I should think so, *ra-a-ther*,' said Mr. RAFF, taking an observation of his retreating form: 'of course, I shall stay till you return! Oh, certainly!'

'Turning off the gas from the jet of the lamp, which threw the dimly-lighted locality into complete darkness, Mr. RAFF twisted himself off from his perch and slid down the post. His friends, who had been on the watch the whole time, slipped from their covert, drew him in, and closed the door.'

The reader can easily fancy theire of the policemen when they returned and found the bird had flown. Their mutterings and grumbings were not loud, but are said to have been *very* deep, and to have been heard growing fainter and fainter as they retraced their steps along the silent street. - - - 'Your admirable correspondent, Judge CHARLTON's, sketch of the poetical clergyman, 'Reverend LANCELOT LANGLEY LING,' writes a friend, 'reminds me of the pseudo-sentimental London cockney, whose address to a benevolent listener was in much the same vein:

'THEIR brilliant hue, alas! has faded,  
For envious time has o'er them thrown  
The gloom by which they now are shaded,  
A gloom that was not once their own.  
That I should gaze on them delighted,  
As once I did, their fate forbids;  
Their day is past—their beauty blighted;  
(I'm speaking of my faded kids.)

'Alas! how lapse of years can sever  
Things that were firmly, closely knit;  
And unions that would last forever,  
Are in one fatal moment split:  
But how does man, himself deluding,  
Indulge in wild and happy dreams?  
All things must part: (I'm now alluding  
To my old coat, that's burst its seams!')

A REPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the interior of this State, meeting a brother member from Virginia, immediately after his arrival in the Federal city, a day or two before the meeting of the present Congress, in answer to an inquiry from the gentleman from the 'Old Dominion,' the former remarked that he had celebrated Thanksgiving-Day with some friends in this metropolis. 'We have no Thanksgiving in our State!' responded the Virginian, with something of a chuckle. 'I suppose,' retorted the New-Yorker, 'that that is owing to the fact

that you have nothing to be *thankful* for.' 'No, Sir, you are out *there*,' rejoined the party of the second part, 'ardent as a Southern sun could make him;' 'The reason, Sir, that we have no Thanksgiving in Virginia is, that there is no provision made for it in the Constitution of the State, and it is no where recognized in the Resolutions of '98!' Right! That is *our* doctrine. 'Hurra for the 'Principles of Ninety-Eight!'—'and long may they wave!' - - - We beg leave to inform 'O. A. P.,' of K——, that the '*Lines to an Oyster*,' which he sends us as from 'an unknown contributor,' were *originally* written for, and published in, the KNICKERBOCKER. Such a contributor as 'O. A. P.' had better remain 'unknown.' - - - THAT young and talented artist, Professor P. P. DUGGAN, of the New-York Free Academy, we are glad to learn, is now in London, with greatly improved health. He went abroad for the purpose of obtaining copies of the finest marbles of the British Museum and other European depositories of art; and he has been so far successful, that many very valuable casts, shipped on board the 'American Congress,' are daily expected to arrive at this port. While travelling in Germany, Professor DUGGAN was seized with a hæmorrhage of the lungs, which compelled him to return to London, where his health is comparatively restored. Avoiding a winter-passage across the Atlantic, he awaits, with the return of spring, his *own* return, and the immediate assumption of his professional duties in the Free Academy; where his class, comprising, as we are informed, several hundred students, had made remarkable progress in the arts of design under his capable supervision. - - - 'M. R. P.'s' '*Rhapsody over a Glass of Punch*' is something too bacchanalian for these pages. Not that a glass of punch, such as the tasteful 'JOHN WATERS' once celebrated in the KNICKERBOCKER, is not a thing to be cherished; but that our correspondent seems to have written under the influence of the fluid which overcame a man in history. 'His name was written in water,' mixed with a 'thrifle of the crater.' But we'll not keep it in the dark:

'His name 'tis proper you should hear;  
'Twas TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGIN;  
And whenever he finished his tumbler of punch,  
He always wanted it *full* again!'

'*Lake Schroon*,' on the forty-sixth page preceding, evinces a commendable love and appreciation of nature; but the fifth and sixth lines of the last verse embrace a grammatical error which should n't be classed among 'poetical licenses,' any more than 'cats eats mice,' or 'shads is come.' The writer will oblige us by parsing these lines, if he does n't want to knock old PRISCIAN's brains out. - - - A HALF-WITTED rustic at the West, being brought to trial for having, with malice prepense, destroyed several pigs belonging to a neighbor, offered as his defence, that they had been rooting up his garden for a week, and he had used all possible means to drive them out, but the 'blasted critters' had such big knots in their tails, they could n't get through the fence-cracks: otherwise 'every pig would have gone through the devil as if the fence was a'ter him!' - - - We mentioned to that versatile and very clever artist, EMILE MASSON, one evening in the sanctum, the story of one of the Gothamite 'B'hoys,' who, in reply to the inquiring remark of a gentleman, 'I wish, Sir, to go to Brooklyn,' said: 'Well, why the d—l don't you *go-o-o* to Brooklyn?' The next day he sent us the subjoined sketch of the scene, which really 'tells the whole story' at a glance. 'Do us the favor to observe' the *perfect* nonchalance of the 'b'hoy,' the angles of his feet with the terminations of his pantaloons, and the inimitable indifference

expressed by his cigar-fed mouth! It strikes us that the lady's anxiety to draw her polite companion away is perfectly natural, under the circumstances:



The courteous reply of the independent 'b'hoy' on this occasion reminds us of a remark made by the elder MATTHEWS to a near neighbor, at a supper-table one evening, on board a Boston steamer: 'Will you allow me to trouble you for the salt, Sir?' he asked, pointing to the salt-cellar near him. 'There's salt by you,' gruffly responded the other. 'Oh, ay,' said MATTHEWS; 'thank you; I didn't see it.' 'Who said you *did* see it?—you see it *now* though, don't ye?' was the amiable rejoinder. But old MATHEWS was sometimes not a little sour himself, and when so, his manners were in a 'concatenation accordingly.' Such unusual discourtesy, we cannot avoid thinking, must have had some distinct cause; although it must be admitted that a crowded steam-boat supper-table is not ordinarily enriched with a great number of CHESTERFIELDS. - - - Our prominent metropolitan artists are very busy at their easels. LEUTZE, whose 'WASHINGTON Crossing the Delaware' has been attended by admiring crowds ever since it was opened for exhibition, is engaged upon a single figure of the PATER PATRIE, which is said to be a noble work of art. Nature-loving DURAND is elaborating some of his beautiful conceptions and summer-studies into pictures such as he only can paint; KENSITT, a keen observer and faithful limner of natural scenery, is steadily working out the honorable fame which is not only with but before him; GRAY, whose 'reputation is made,' is yet engaged in enhancing it; CHURCH's fine picture in the Art-Union speaks *his* progress; HICKS, who has essayed landscape, historical composition, and portraiture with equal success, is as 'busy as

a bee in a tar-barrel; busy, not in a fussy but in an effectual way; and last, but far from least, ELLIOTT, who is never without orders, has lately been painting some of his most effective male and female heads. He is about sending to the British Royal Academy, for exhibition, the head of the aged Mr. HAMMERLEY, which was in the National Academy last year. Time, as is the *intention* of Mr. ELLIOTT, in all his pictures, has softened and harmonized the tones of this portrait; until, in our judgment, it stands at this moment the best portrait ever painted in this metropolis. - - - An Irish girl hereabout in Gotham, who plumed herself upon being employed in a 'genteel family,' was asked a definition of the term. 'Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears!' was the highly satisfactory reply. - - - We transfer from the '*Tribune*' daily journal the following letter from Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, in refutation of a charge to which no one who knew that gentleman would have given either credence or currency. The letter has reference to a passage from a recent work by our old friend and correspondent, Mr. HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, (to whom it is addressed,) which had been copied into the '*Literary World*' weekly gazette:

'Sunnyside, November 10, 1851.

'DEAR SIR: In your 'Personal Memoirs,' recently published, you give a conversation with the late ALBERT GALLATIN, Esq., in the course of which he made to you the following statement:

'Several years ago JOHN JACOB ASTOR put into my hands the journal of his traders on the Columbia, desiring me to use it. I put it into the hands of MALTE BRUN, at Paris, who employed the geographical facts in his work, but paid but little respect to Mr. ASTOR, whom he regarded merely as a merchant seeking his own profit, and not a discoverer. He had not even sent a man to observe the facts in the natural history. ASTOR did not like it. He was restive several years, and then gave WASHINGTON IRVING five thousand dollars to take up the *mes*. This is the History of Astoria.'

'Now, Sir, I beg leave to inform you, that this is *not* the History of Astoria. Mr. GALLATIN was misinformed as to the part he has assigned me in it. The work was undertaken by me through a real relish of the subject. In the course of visits in early life to Canada, I had seen much of the magnates of the North West Company, and of the hardy trappers and fur-traders in their employ, and had been excited by their stories of adventurous expeditions into the 'Indian country.' I was sure, therefore, that a narrative treating of them and their doings could not fail to be full of stirring interest, and to lay open regions and races of our country as yet but little known. I never asked nor received of Mr. ASTOR a farthing on account of the work. He paid my nephew, who was then absent practising law in Illinois, for coming on, examining and collating manuscript journals, accounts and other documents, and preparing what lawyers would call a brief, for me. Mr. FITZ GREENE HALLACK, who was with Mr. ASTOR at the time, determined what the compensation of my nephew ought to be. When the brief was finished, I paid my nephew an additional consideration, on my own account and out of my own purse. It was the compensation paid by Mr. ASTOR to my nephew which Mr. GALLATIN may have heard of, and supposed it was paid to myself; but even in that case, the amount, as reported to him, was greatly exaggerated.

'Mr. ASTOR signified a wish to have the work brought out in a superior style, supposing that it was to be done at his expense. I replied that it must be produced in the style of my other works, and at my expense and risk; and that whatever profit I was to derive from it, must be from its sale and my bargain with the publishers. This is the history of 'Astoria,' as far as I was concerned in it.

'During my long intimacy with Mr. ASTOR, commencing when I was a young man, and ending only with his death, I never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. At a time of public pressure, when, having invested a part of my very moderate means in wild lands, I was straitened and obliged to seek accommodations from moneyed institutions, he repeatedly urged me to accept loans from him, but I always declined. He was too proverbially rich a man for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse.

'The only moneyed transaction between us was my purchase of a share in a town he was founding at Green Bay; for that I paid cash, though he wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land fell in value, and some years afterwards, when I was in Spain, Mr. ASTOR, of his own free will, took back the share from my agent, and repaid the original purchase money. This, I repeat, was the only moneyed transaction that ever took place between us; and by this I lost four or five years' interest of my investment.

'My intimacy with Mr. ASTOR was perfectly independent and disinterested. It was sought originally on his part, and grew up, on mine, out of the friendship he spontaneously manifested for me, and the confidence he seemed to repose in me. It was drawn closer when, in the prosecution of my literary task, I became acquainted, from his papers and his confidential conversations, with the scope and power of his mind, and the grandeur of his enterprises. His noble project of the ASTOR LIBRARY, conceived about the same time, and which I was solicitous he should carry into execution during his life-time, was a still stronger link of intimacy between us.

'He was altogether one of the most remarkable men I have ever known: of penetrating sagacity, massive intellect, and possessing elements of greatness of which the busy world around him was little aware: who, like MALTE BRUN, regarded him 'merely as a merchant seeking his own profit.'

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING."



We had long known the facts here stated, on the best authority; but never deemed it necessary to attempt the refutation of a statement which, in regard to such a man as Mr. IRVING, implied a sacrifice of literature to a transient pecuniary interest. - - - The pains-taking 'Mr. JOHN BELLENDEN KERR' was engaged in a great enterprise, when he wrote, some twenty years ago, his *Essay on the Archaeology of Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes*, 'we don't think!' Of what immense importance it is, to trace back those deep thoughts, which one first heard in the nursery, to their original source in the old Saxon! Let us present a specimen or two:

'Goosy goosy gander!  
Where shall I wander?  
Up stairs and down stairs,  
In my lady's chamber:  
There I met an old man  
That would n't say his prayers;  
I took him by the left leg,  
And threw him down stairs.'

'Guise guise gae 'n daer!  
Wear' schell-Hey waene daer?  
Op stuyrs aen doen stuyrs;  
End in mēyld is schein baer.  
Dere eil met een owel man!  
D'net woed n'aol sie eo is Par-heers.  
Hye tuck heim by die left leggh,  
End seer ruwe heim doe aen stieyrs.'

How grand a thing it is to read these immortal lines in their original Saxon, when *sound*, according to Mr. KERR, was 'a truer test of the import of words than any letters!' But here is another rich specimen:

'TOM THUMB, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away did run;  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
Till he ran crying down the street!'

'DOM SIE om de Pye perse aen,  
Stool er picke, end er wee dijd er hūn;  
Die picke, wo aes hiet, end DOM wo aes biede  
Tille hie rund; keere e' in; doe aen die strijd!'

This is very fine and striking, we think not; but it is to the memorable song of 'Cock-Robin' that we turn with the deepest interest. How sonorous and rich, 'in the good 'Old Saxon' tongue,' sound these introductory stanzas to that world-renowned 'poem!' 'Listen, that you may hear.' It is hardly necessary to quote the original:

'Woe Keye hilde, Ka oock'r hobb'in?  
Eie! sie Heyd de spær-roē;  
Wijse meē boē aen Haere rouw,  
End Eil! Keye hilde, Ka oock'r hobb'in.

'Woe saē hemme d' Hye?  
Ei! sie Heyd de fēi Haeye;  
Wijse meē lij t' Hēl-Haeye,  
End Eil! saē hemme d' Hye!

'Woe Koerd is bloot  
Ei! sie Heyd de vitsch,  
Wijse meē lijd! hel die hische!  
End Eil! Koerd is bloot!'

The most amusing thing of the whole is, that this learned archaeologist labors to prove that all these nursery-songs were 'a series of rude and angry pasquinades, from the mouths of the then heathen Saxon, against the intruding, greedy grasping missionaries of the Church of Rome! Good gracious! 'Hicory dickory dock,' 'Who killed Cock-Robin,' etc., have been insidiously introducing polemics into the nursery for more than a thousand years! Is it too late to stay the great flood of evil which has thus been produced? - - - Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, the accomplished artist, has commenced the publication, with Messrs. DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, publishers, Boston, of his *'Illustrations of the Forest Wilds and Uncultivated Wastes of our Country.'* We cordially commend this well-executed work to the favor of all American communities. It will contain

an outline of our social progress, political development, and material resources, embraced in an epitome of a part of eight lectures which the artist had the honor of delivering before the members of the Royal Institute of Great Britain in 1849, and subsequently before many other literary societies of England and Scotland, under the title of 'Discovery, Resources, and Progress of North-America north of Virginia.' The number of pictorial views will be upward of sixty, and they will be executed in the first style of art. Mr. HARVEY has labored indefatigably upon this enterprise. He has not been discouraged by disappointment; and although he has lately suffered the loss by fire of many of his best pictures, (including his noble view from the Catskill Mountain-House,) he is not cast down, but 'keeps due on' to the accomplishment of his praiseworthy purpose. Mr. HARVEY has rooms at the Union Place Hotel, that justly-popular and admirably-kept house, where he will show his visitors some very fine paintings from his pencil of the 'Homes of the English Poets,' with two or three portraits, very sweet and harmonious in color. - - - 'EARLY habits of thought and expression,' writes 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' in a recent note to the Editor, 'are seldom totally eradicated. A young lady who had a favorite brother, a seaman, left her native home in Little Compton, Rhode-Island, and resided for many years with a rich aunt in Boston; the said relative being a maiden lady of great delicacy and refinement, as maiden ladies are wont to be. Of course the niece was brought up all accomplished, and due regard was paid to refining her manners. In course of time, she was engaged to be married, and Madame —, the most fashionable dress-maker in Boston, put in requisition. The bridal-dress should have been finished the day before the wedding, to allow ample time for alteration, if needful. It did not come at the time appointed. Noon arrived — no dress; evening — another disappointment; morning! and the morning of the wedding; nine o'clock — ten! Messengers were dispatched to and fro. LITTLE COMPTON was in despair. At last eleven chimed from the 'Old South,' and the dress came home. Only a few minutes to spare: the bride-maids, with trembling fingers, robed the blushing expectant. She walked before the sumptuous mirror. 'How does it look?' they asked. 'Look!' said LITTLE COMPTON, with tears in her eyes: 'why, d—n my sister's cat's tail, if she has n't clewed up my fore-topsail so that a Dutch lugger is a beauty beside me!' - - - WHAT, we should like to know, means this 'dead set' at our gastrics? 'Marry, come up!' Are we to be 'thrown off our balance' by savory pictures of the 'flesh-pots' of the 'ked'ntry?' Not so! Here 'comes us a fellow,' with great personal gusto, who wishes to awaken undue longings in the epicurean regions of our readers, saying: 'I have 'sunk the shop' for the day. I have taken a comfortable corner-seat, by a good heaped-up old-time log-fire. I have fished out from a mysterious corner of the cellar a long-necked, red-headed, dusty bottle of comfortable wine, with the memories and cobwebs of eight seasons upon it, and which I *know* has n't any whiskey or logwood in it. My good wife is basting before the above-mentioned fire as fine a thanksgiving-martyr as ever grew in seven months; and he is now revolving, *per se*, on an old-fashioned spit, in a dilapidated tin oven; and with the flavor of the wine upon my palate, and the savory smell of the 'done-brown' martyr in my nostrils, I feel in the mood to come at the matter of sending you some manuscript.' All right — manuscript and all; except the poetry-portion, which lacks melody and rhythm. The rest is 'booked.' Scarcely had we slipped this note under our iron grey-hound, than we were assailed by another epistle, setting forth the raptures of 'killing-time

among the porcine genus in the interior, and the accessories thereof. The writer lays before us, by the magic of his farmer-pen, a graphic picture of the departed treasures of his pig-pen. The savory odor of the brown-roasted spare-rib of a juvenile porker ascends the nostril as we read, and eke the smell of sweet, herb-tinctured country-'sassengers,' breaking open in the pan; and brown 'souse, with slices of tart apples!' Shade of TANTALUS! why are we 'put upon' in this way, and all our country memories of thanks-giving and 'killing-time' aroused at once! 'Speaking of pigs,' says our correspondent, 'some physiologists have asserted that 'they 'don't know nothin';' but *mine* knew they were going to be killed, the moment the big kettle of water was brought out and hung, and a fire made under it; for, hang *me*, if they did n't run at once into one corner of the pen, and thrust their snouts into the extreme angle, as if they were cogitating how to get out of the scrape; that 'scrape,' I mean, which always follows the dipping of the animal into the boiling water. By-the-by,' adds our correspondent, 'are you conchologist enough to know why the hair is always scraped off from swine with a clam-shell?' (*It isn't*: a maple or a beech chip, from tolerably well down in the 'calf' of the log, is as good as any thing.) 'Has it any thing to do with 'quohogs,' the Massachusetts name for clams? Or is 'quohog' an Indian name, Narragansett, or other?' 'To which thus' the present gossip: 'Not knowing, can't say.' - - - READER, the OLD YEAR, as we write, here in the solitude of the sanetum, is fading out, like the light of a candle flickering in its socket. One feels it as he would feel the twilight creeping upon his paper, writing at the dying close of a summer day. Yet it is but a *point* of time; a year between any *other* two points of time is the same: but *here* is the 'parting of the ways:' here we remember all the past; memories 'mournful but pleasant to the soul:' and with an aspiration as fervent as it is irresistible, we say with a true poet:

'Come back! ye friendships long departed!  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun!  
Come back! ye friends whose lives are ended!  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away!

'Alas! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place;  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain;  
The rest we cannot reinstate:  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony!

'A ducat to a beggarly denier' that the work thus announced in the 'London Athenæum' is by that cleverest of modern humorous satirists, THACKERAY:

'On the first of November, 1851, will be published, Part I., to be continued monthly, price one shilling each: *The Shabby Fammerly*; or, How the Stuck-ups who was 'Nobody' struggled to be 'Somebody.' Exposed by EMMERLY TIDDIVATE, late 'Fam de Sham' to the Fammerly, though really and truly I were nothink but a common house-maid and worked off my legs. Miss E. TIDDIVATE in making this her first *debut* before a generous British publick hopes the cautious reader will look upon her autography with an indulgent I, as E. T. is entirely self-learnt and was never brought up to wheeled a pen; but really I feel it my dooty to propergate all the mean artiffuges and paltry subterfices my late missuses (who archully wanted to be mistook for some of the *ore tong*) was guilty of as I pursessed the entire confidence of both the young ladies and their mar into the bargain likewise, which I told them they'd suffer for when they refuged to pay me my month as was my doo, so I mean to hold them up to publick reficulle once a month, which I've nothink but a rights to in this land of liberties, and with that intentions I have kept a dairly every day of the nasty mean golings-on of the whole of the shabby fammerly, who was always hunting after their bargains and their *tray bong marshes* as they called 'em—no matter who suffered so long as they got the things cheap. Oh I can't a-bear such mean ways! Miss E. T. begs to throw herself on a human British publick as she is satisfied it will not stand quietly by and see a poor helpless female put upon as I have been when her subscribers reads all she has gone through.'

Nobody but 'YELLOWPLUSH' could have brought about such a union of tenses as will be seen in the foregoing. - - - We scarcely know when we have read any thing more truly revolting than the following. It is an extract from a letter written in this city to a journal in the country: 'THE wife of a man of means, and the daughter of a wealthy citizen of this city, people too fond of show, recently died. She had been called beautiful before a family of children had gathered round her, and she had not renounced her claim to that title. She died, and a large concourse was invited to the funeral. The coffin was made of rosewood, inlaid with silver, lined with plaited satin. The whole top was removed, and the deceased lay in state in her narrow home. She was dressed in a white merino robe, made like a morning-gown, faced with white satin, profusely quilted and ornamented. The sleeves were open, similarly lined, and a wrought stomacher of the richest embroidery covered the breast, whence all life had for ever fled. The head was covered by a cap of choice lace, and a wreath of fresh flowers arranged around. The hands were closed upon the breast, with the fingers covered with expensive jewellery, which seemed to sparkle as if in glad pride that the eye was dim for ever. Thus bedizened, poor food for worms, she went down to the grave;' trusting to carry with her to her narrow house the regard which wealth elicits on earth; forgetting that in that cold and silent mansion are

— 'all metals forbid,  
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid!'

'FLORENCE'S *Song of the Mermaids*' is weird, shadowy, and mystical, and differs very materially from a piece bearing the same title which appeared in a recent number of the KNICKERBOCKER:

Down, down, down—  
Deeply and darkly down,  
By the tangled sea-weeds' mossy curl,  
By the eddies' deep yet silent whirl,  
Our dwellings be:  
Close, close in our caves of pearly shell,  
With the sea-foam and the 'ocean-bell,  
Where the dark-blue billows heave and swell,  
There nestle we.

Cold, cold, cold—  
Icily, sternly cold,  
With the flowing of the chilly waves  
O'er bones unburied, and unknown graves,  
Our bosoms are:  
Ask of the storms, so wild to bind,  
Where are our loves and feelings kind,  
They will breathe through the gauze of the rain and wind,  
'Where, oh, where?'

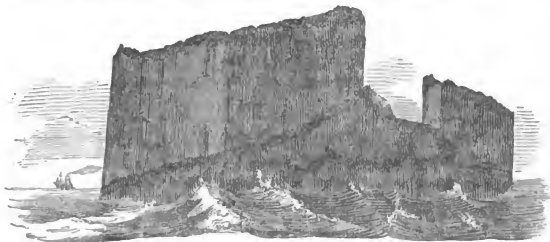
Dim, dim, dim—  
Faintly and calmly dim,  
In the darkly-rolling, shadowy stream,  
The bones and the faces of sleepers gleam  
Through coral trees:  
Afar, afar, with a wavy motion,  
Wreathing soft hair with the swell of the ocean,  
Reckless of winds or waves' commotion,  
Their forms we see.

Come, come, come!  
Mortals, silently come!  
By the cold, wan-light of the soaring moon,  
Close your eyes dreamingly; sink ye down  
In the still sea:  
Girdled by arins ice-cold and white,  
Lighted by stars serenely bright,  
Bathed in a mystic, slumberous light,  
Your homes shall be.

THE 'ruling passion strong in death' is forcibly exemplified in a single passage of Mr. ROBERT KELLY's excellent address upon the life and character of EDWARD C. ROSS, LL.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the New-York Free Academy: 'There is a touching incident connected with his last sickness, which I hope I am not wrong in communicating, illustrative of the strength of this ruling passion. It was observed, that while fever was raging in his rapidly-weakened system, his mind began to wander, and his hands were seen to be busy with the checkered counterpane, as though picturing diagrams upon it. Subsequently, when reason returned, on being asked of what he had been thinking, he replied, with a gentle smile, that he had been intensely occupied with mathematical problems. With his permission, the covering was removed, lest its figures should again awaken the same trains of thought.' - - - That was rather a singular 'fix' that a young gentleman got himself into, at a certain small town in the west, 'once upon a time.' He happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S—, one autumnal evening, and put up at its only inn; and as he entered, he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above, and he asked him to go up with him, to be introduced to, and join, the revellers. This he declined, on the ground that he was not properly dressed for such an occasion, and especially, that his linen was too much soiled. 'Never mind that,' said the big, burly landlord, 'I can give you a shirt;' and he stepped into the next room and brought forth a garment which would have been a large pattern for DANIEL LAMBERT, and holding it up, said, 'There, now, is a comfortable, roomy shirt for you!' 'Oh, that would never do,' said the guest; 'I should lose myself in it utterly!' On second thoughts, the landlord could 'do better' for him. One of the girls was ironing some shirts in the kitchen for one of the boarders, and he would 'get him one that *would* fit, any how.' So he disappeared, and presently came in with a nice clean 'sark,' into which his guest soon thrust himself, and having made a hasty toilet, ascended to the ball-room. Being a young man from a much larger place, and rather good-looking withal, he found no difficulty in obtaining 'partners,' and these happened to be a judicious selection from the most beautiful girls in the room. The other beaux began at length to regard him with no little jealousy, and one of them went so far as to say, that 'he'd cut the comb of the conceited cock, if he did n't mind his eye!' And all this while, the subject of this belligerent remark was regarding himself with the utmost complacency, being the 'observed of all observers.' Meanwhile, there was the 'toot! toot! toot!' of a stage-horn sounding in the distance; presently the coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail, and the lines to an attendant ostler, and hastened into the bar-room, having no farther care nor labor upon his hands until next day. He was also invited by the landlord to 'go up stairs and join the dancers,' a proposition which he at once accepted. Those were days when a stage-driver was among the most 'popular' men in every little community; for he had travelled, and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes; and nothing further was seen or heard of him until he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall. The music stopped; and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the question, 'Is Mr. SAMUEL JENKINS, of S—, here?' 'I am Mr. SAMUEL JENKINS,' said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attention was to be bestowed upon him. 'Oh, *you* are Mr. JENKINS, be you?' 'Yes; and what may your business



be with me?' 'Nothin', only, when you get through with that *shirt* of mine that you've got on your back, and are struttin' in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the bar!' A loud laugh followed this exposure. The 'cock's comb' *was* 'cut;' his feathers drooped, and amidst much 'cackling' he vanished from the 'gay and festive scene.' - - - We give below a perfect representation of one among many ice-bergs which were seen in the vicinity of the 'Great Banks,' by the passengers of the United States mail-steamer 'BALTIC,' on her voyage to England in May last. It was seen from the weather-bow and quarter of the ship, and was drawn from actual view at the time, by the accomplished surgeon of the vessel, Dr. W. H. A. CARY. We are indebted to our friend and correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' for the drawings from which the engravings are made:



The second engraving shows another view of the same berg, and exhibits the manner in which it is being eaten away in the centre, by a warmer medium and the incessant action of the waves:



The ice-berg here represented was believed to be some two hundred and fifty feet out of the water; and when the sun shone on its splintered peaks, its appearance was grand and beautiful in the extreme. It was doubtless coming in contact with such a mass of 'thick-ribbed ice' as this, that sent 'poor Power' and his fellow-passengers in 'The President' to their last account. Apropos of ice-bergs, is a highly graphic sketch, recently published by one of the officers of the GRINNELL Arctic Expedition, of sailing under an arch in one as high as the 'Natural Bridge' in Virginia; and while looking up through the blue-green mass, seeing it severed by an awful fissure, parting and closing by the motion of the sea. What a position! The venturesome spirits 'backed out' of the ice-arch at the 'meetest' vantage of the time.' - - - **HERE** is a very pleasant extract

from '*Pierpont's Centennial Celebration Poem*,' delivered at Litchfield, (Conn.,) not many weeks since. It brings up in long review all the 'BARLOW' and 'jack-knives' we ever possessed, and all the kites, wind-ships, water-wheels, wind-mills, bass-wood-whistles, and 'pop' and 'squirt'-guns we ever made with them:

'THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,  
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,  
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye  
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;  
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,  
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;  
And, in the education of the lad,  
No little part that implement hath had.  
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings  
A growing knowledge of material things,  
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,  
His chesnut whistle, and his shingle dart,  
His elder pop-gun, with its hickory rod,  
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,  
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone  
That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,  
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed  
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,  
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,  
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;  
Or if his father lives upon the shore,  
You'll see his ship, 'beam-ends upon the floor,'  
Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers staunch,  
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.  
Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,  
E'er long he'll solve you any problem given;  
Make any gim-crack, musical or mute,  
A plough, a coach, an organ, or a flute;  
Make you a locomotive or a clock,  
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,  
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;  
Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,  
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.  
Make it, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,  
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.  
And, when the thing is made, whether it be  
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,  
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,  
Or, upon land, to roll, revolve, or slide;  
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,  
Whether it be a piston or a spring,  
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,  
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;  
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know  
That there's *go* in it, and he'll make it go.'

A FRIEND mentioned to us the other evening a striking instance of 'literal rendering' on the part of an Irish servant. His child was taken with convulsions in the night; his wife, in jumping suddenly from the bed, to aid the little sufferer, sprained her ankle, and could not walk: the servant-girl was aroused, and told to go and put water on the fire at once, as the child was in convulsions. Off she went; and by and by, the father, who had his mustard, etc., ready for the hot water, becoming tired of the delay, descended to the kitchen, which he found full of steam, looming through which, in one corner, stood the Irish servant-girl. She had put the fire entirely out, by following the simple direction: 'Put some water on the fire.' Fortunately the ridiculous blunder had no serious consequences. - - - THERE is a latent bit of fun in this scrap of hybrid latinity: 'THEODORO HOOKO, una die, cum amico ambulante, hominem viderunt potu oneratum. 'Ecce!' exclamat amicus, 'illic vide hominem inebriatum quem cognosco, et qui se tectotallerum appellat!' 'Haud miror,' respondi HOOKUS, 'nam scis, quod ipse cum T (tea) tipsy sit.' - - - WELL, we *did* hear something just now that was *about* as 'verdant' as any thing we have encountered

for a long time: 'What does that picture mean, in Broadway, of two jack-asses with their heads together?' asked an acquaintance of us; 'and what is the joke of the words underside, 'When shall we *three* meet again?' They ain't but two on 'em!' We ventured a hint to the querist that *he* made the third; and the thought at once penetrated to his entire thimble-full of brains. - - - This beautiful stanza is 'conserved' for posterity, from a poem in the 'Waverley Magazine:'

'THE sweet name 'LUCY' was engraved  
Upon that marble white;  
I think that I have never seen  
A more interesting sight!'

CORRESPONDENTS will be pleased to bear particularly in mind, that all communications intended for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER, all *inquiries* in relation to such communications, whether already sent or *to be* sent, must, to receive requisite attention, be addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Number 139, Nassau-street, New-York. *Business* communications should be addressed to the publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, at the same address. - - - 'JOSEPH WATKINS,' writes a south-western correspondent, 'although not a man we've 'read of,' was yet years ago the most regular 'soaker' we ever saw. He could drink more 'bald-face' than any man 'on the hill.' He was reckless and 'extravagant;' that is, he spent all his money for 'hardware.' He was kind and indulgent to his pale, withered-looking wife and tow-headed children, and yet a bruising bully at all musters and elections. Old Jor had been 'kicking up ahind and afo'e' till he had got somewhat advanced in years; and as he had passed through numberless camp-meetings unscathed, he was given over to hardness of heart by many of the 'brethring.' It happened, however, that 'Mister WATKINS' was convicted under the preaching of a Baptist divine, and after having given satisfactory evidence to the 'proper authorities' of his conversion, was taken to the 'branch' to be baptized. The minister and the candidate waded 'down into the water.' The parson arranged Joe's hands, and had given him some whispered directions how to act; and was just upon the point of completing the ceremony, when our hero, who should have been oblivious to all 'foes without and fears within,' after casting a searching glance around him, as he was about to be immersed, yelled out, 'Look here, Brother SMITH, it is too d——d *snaky* here!' - - - We have received from Messrs. LEE AND WALKER, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, some twenty pieces of music, consisting of songs, etc., which, for beauty of paper and printing, we have never seen surpassed. As to the music, much of it we know to be very beautiful. Of the rest we shall speak more fully when we hear them played by two young misses who are 'far away' at school. They do not hesitate to say that 'all are very pretty, and such as any one can learn who will only take the pains.' - - - We have received from the editor of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*' the following extract from his 'Extra Issoo, of the last date.' We are assured in a private note from the respected proprietor of that journal, that adequate arrangements have been made to 'place it onto a basis of the firmest footing,' in the 'course of perhaps not a very long time, at least.' The 'Extra Issoo' bears the startling words 'AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!' on its front, which calamity it proceeds to describe as follows:

'FROM the caption at our mask-head, it will be seen that our town has become the theatre of another of those sublime but heart-rending, heart-sickening exhibition of the elemental of fire, which we should set it down at the round aggregate and sum total of not less than ten thousand

dollars, which has ever been our lot to record in these columns, including three stores, a bowling-saloon, and a couple of stables, a colt and three horses, one a mayor, which resolutely, with the most blind-hearted infatuation, refused to come out of the blaze, whose awful cries with the hissing of flames and pumping of 'Fire-Engine No. 3' grate upon our ears while we pen this article. We have just come from the burning ashes of this terrible waste of human property; and when we see a beautiful pen-and-ink and other things of great value mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, we could hardly find heart to write what we feel. Not a dollar of insurance! The whole is a sum total loss, except a valuable milch-cow whose calf has got away. Three dollars reward: see our advertising column. (No charge: they've suffered enough.) Only to think of so many years labor: it all good in one night, and not a wreck behind. What a lesson of the uncertainty of human affairs!

'But who we ask is to be found guilty of this crime? Who arson'd this town clandestinely, unbeknownst to any one before hand? Where was our spirited public authorities, when the property of our fellow-citizens was put in jeopardy? Who is to blame? Oh 'no body,' we presume; of course, nobody. We will tell you. Let the keepers of that bowling-saloon answer it to their MAKER as they will have to do when this question is finally brought to the test at the last day. Let them who licensed the bowling-saloon answer with the conflagration still staring them into the face! That there is guilt somewhere we presume that no sensible individual disposed to have any reasonable manner of doubt. If so, who? *Whoo?* We will tell you. It is those young gentlemen who may be seen coming out of a certain grocery with their eyes red with dram-drinking on a Sunday morning. Is there not a certain deacon, we ask, who is sometimes seen sneaking around that corner? We mention no names. Will our girls marry such young men who frequent such places? If it was not for the bowling-saloon no doubt at this moment the stores standing, the horses and mayor safe, the calf found, and the piano good for any number of tunes ahead—where now a melancholy waste, and the owners out of pocket; while the authorities who licensed the bowling-saloon still at large and probably will do till the judgment day. Ladies, don't look at 'em! They are the authors of this dispensation of PROVIDENCE, without shadow of doubt, if they have any consciences, which they probably have not got any. Let the owner of the calf look to them for disbursement.

✍ 'We stop the press to announce that the calf has been found, and we are glad of it. We say again emphatically that the bowling-saloon is the root of the whole matter. These things must be tracked somewhere, and where you goin' to track 'em if not to the bowling-saloon? It has led astray more young men than any institution in this village since our streets was paved. And when we heard the fire-bell's first ring, we was not at all surprised that the mischief was from that 'ere bowling-saloon. It is a burning, blistering shame that such stupendous things should be tolerated in an accomodating Christian community—where there are three churches and public schools. What's the use of Sabbath, if our young men must frequent corner groceries and a bowling-saloon? If that 'ere bowling-saloon had not been where it was, no doubt many who are now in their graves would have been alive and their widows provided for every comfortabel; and there are many respectable youths whose parents no doubt think that they are at a prayer-meethin', little dreaming that they are into a bowling-saloon. When we think of how many good books are published, and how many excellent religious tracts are now for sale at our counter, it is a matter of marvel that any can be found to frequent a bowling-saloon or such like places of that description which are on the high road to hell. We never remember but once—in our lives of having frequented a bowling-saloon and that to bring away our devil, who from the moment he went there began to drink beer till we discharged him. If bowling-saloons must be tolerated in a community like this, then the quicker we pack up and be off with our types the better. Our property is not safe. Ten thousand dollars all burnt to the ground in one hour, and that by the influence of a bowling-saloon! Would we let our son THOMAS go to such places? We'd see him in his grave first. The church yard is literally filled with people who have attended a bowling-saloon! 'O, Temporal! O MOSES!'

RUMINATING leisurely homeward to-night, the damp wind playing like an Æolian-harp upon the telegraph-wires, which, bedecked with the flaunting remnants of city-boys' kites, were stretching through the misty metropolis into the great inland, we could n't help soliloquising for a moment upon that mighty invention: 'There go the iron lines, along the broad river's side, past its shadowy sails and bright-lighted steamers; by wastes of heath and swamp; by pine-covered mountains, whose shaggy tops are fretted by the winds of heaven; by the shores of vast lakes, lifting up 'all their great multitude of waves;' amidst all varieties

of atmosphere; here a 'sudden cold,' there the heat-lightning 'playing i' the plighted cloud!' Yes, there sweep the wires! — bearing the hopes and fears, the ambitions and the defeats, the avarice and cupidity of man!' Here we were interrupted in our thoughts by the welcoming shout of 'Young KNICK,' who was skating with one skate, on a scanty strip of half-frozen Croton, before the sanctum. Our 'wire-drawn' reverie was ended. - - - Now that the season of holiday presents is at hand, we shall be doing our metropolitan readers good service by reminding them, that aside from such eminent depositories as TIFFANY, YOUNG AND ELLIS'S, WILLIAMS AND STEVENS'S, etc., there may be found, at the capacious wholesale house of Messrs. JEROLIMAN, MOTLEY AND COMPANY, on the site of the old Park-Theatre, the finest collection of rare ornamental goods, in their kind, to be found in America. Their collection of papier-maché desks, ladies' dressing-cases, work-boxes, cabinets, etc., of all sizes and prices, exceed in elegance and beauty any similar goods we have ever encountered. Their articles in leather are scarcely less desirable. Ladies and gentlemen's dressing-cases, port-folios, reticules, albums, backgammon-boards, port-monnaies, etc., are in this department in an almost infinite variety of patterns and prices. In every thing implied by ornamental stationery, there is not such a collection in America; papers, in all varieties, ivory-work, fine cutlery, and the like. In short, the establishment is itself a curiosity, both as to extent and variety. - - - The inhabitants of a small town not a hundred miles from Gotham, considering that they had as much right to bore Kossuth with a speech as their neighbors, appointed a committee to wait upon him at 'the IRVING,' and welcome him to our shores, etc. As none of them were in possession of more knowledge than the law allows, but being of the 'mute inglorious MILTON' order, they determined to cast lots for a speaker. It chanced to fall upon a son of the Emerald isle, who was not much addicted to newspaper-reading. He had heard that Kossuth was an exile, and as the words exile and Ireland were associated together in his mind, he thought of course that Kossuth must be a Milesian. So, stepping up to him, after the ceremony of introducing the deputation was over, he addressed him thus: 'Illustrious MCGUIRE!' In spelling the word 'Magyar,' 'from the ear,' he had divided it thus: 'Mag-y-ar!' - - - The *Fourth Annual Benefit of the American Dramatic Fund Association* took place at NIBLO's on Wednesday, the third of December. We are glad to learn that the fund is in a most prosperous condition, having an invested capital of over ten thousand dollars, and an annual income of twelve hundred dollars a year. Much credit is due to the officers of the institution for the manner in which they have managed it, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but pursuing one straight course. They may well feel proud of the success of their labors. - - - ONE gets accustomed to reading certain advertisements, in the daily journals, now that writing them has become an art, with as much gusto as the daily news. We enjoy some of them, of a morning, as much as we do our murders. Our friend, MR. LUCIUS HART, Number 6, Burling-slip, is *facile-princeps* in this kind. He reads, evidently, and thinks, and appreciates, if he is busily engaged in handing over his counter the numerous varieties of his tasteful and elegant fabrications. Here is his last:

'OLD WINTER has returned: the forest leaves have taken leave: the boughs bow to the rude blasts: the fruit-trees with bare limbs bear nothing: and Hoon's Autumn song,

Boons are daily rifed  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Beck of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.'

is postponed.



'The mention of Britannia Ice Pitchers giveth a chill and causeth them to be filled with hot lemonade. Britannia Molasses-Cups, well filled, stand near the smoking buck-wheat cakes; bright Britannia Lamps and Candle-sticks are placed upon the evening table, where shine the beautiful Tea-Sets, Urn and Swing Kettles; and thus peaceful evening is welcomed in.'

THE articles entitled 'The Voyageur' and 'ANN ELIOT,' two separate sketches from two separate works now in the press of Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, were prepared for, and sent in advance to, the KNICKERBOCKER, by their gifted authors. The volume by Mrs. SIGOURNEY will appear in the course of the ensuing month; that by Mr. McCONNELL, we understand, will not appear until spring. Both works will eminently commend themselves to the public attention and admiration. - - - Our friend FULLER, of the popular '*Evening Mirror*' daily journal, took us into an upper chamber of his office, the other day, to show us multitudinous cases of new types, which were shining in their cells, as bright as silver. We shall see their reflections anon in the lively and various columns of 'The Mirror.' - - - WE received at a late hour, from Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, two large, well-printed, and elegantly and profusely illustrated volumes, by our friend and correspondent, E. G. SQUIER, '*Es-quier*,' entitled '*Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Interoceanic Canal.*' We shall give a review in detail of this work in our next; and in the mean time would call the especial attention of our readers to one of the freshest and most interesting works of the season. We would also invite an examination of the following '*Holiday Books*,' issued by the same publishers, in addition to those mentioned more at large in our last and in the present number. They are all admirably calculated for the present gift-giving season: 'A Book of the Passions,' by G. P. R. JAMES; 'Lyrics of the Heart,' by ALARIC A. WATTS; 'Legends of the Flowers,' by SUSAN PINDAR; 'Beauties of the Court of CHARLES the Second,' etc. - - - For reasons elsewhere mentioned, many things which we should have been pleased to place before our readers are deferred. Among the prominent, if not the most prominent, of these, are the *Aztec Children*. It needs only to see them. They are at the Society-Library, corner of Leonard-street and Broadway. Once to see them, is to assure the observer that they are the offspring of an individual and an unique race. - - - WE have received from two or three sources batches of curious and authentic epitaphs. These are the best:

'HERE lies the body of poor JOHN MOUND,  
Who was lost at sea, and never found!'

'LIE long on him, good mother Earth, for he  
Lied long enough, God knows, on thee!'

'HERE lies JOHN BEAN, who from a house  
Into a cistern fell ker-souse;  
He struggled hard with many a bound,  
But could n't get out, and so was drowned.'

'Speaking of cisterns,' reminds us of a good story we heard yesterday. A man arrived in the night at a hotel in a western village, one end of which was just by a lock of the enlarged Erie canal. Having occasion to step out for some purpose, the traveller walked directly into the lock. After struggling for some time, he at length climbed out, and entered the house as wet as a drowned rat. 'Landlord,' said he, on coming in, 'I don't know the size of your house, but you've got an all-mighty big cistern!' - - - HERE is a '*Model Husband*,' that would satisfy the stoutest advocate of 'woman's rights' at the late Massachusetts convention: 'He never takes the newspaper and reads it before Mrs. SMITH has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths and marriages, etc. He always gets into bed first on cold nights, to take off the chill for his

wife. If the children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air-bath to find out what is the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. SMITH's night-cap, while in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother!' We wonder if ladies love such 'lords' as this! - - - OWING to the necessity of stereotyping the KNICKERBOCKER, and the consequent early preparation of the matter, many things have been omitted which we should have been glad to include in the present number. Among the most prominent of these, are the proceedings of our good old *Saint Nicholas Society*, and an account of the glorious reception of our great patriot-guest, LOUIS KOSTER, and the noble tribute paid to him at that magnificent hotel, 'THE ASTOR,' by the PRESS of New-York. We shall do justice to all deferred matters in our next. - - - WELL, how do you like us in our new dress? How our matter? Aren't we worth about three dollars a year? 'Then why don't you say so to your friends, and give them the 'g-r-e-a-t and g-e-l-l-o-r-i-o-u-s privilege' of reading the KNICKERBOCKER regularly? Then shall we enjoy, what we heartily invoke for all our readers, 'A Happy New Year!'

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LITERARY RECORD.—In the '*Episodes of Insect Life*' we have the third, and, we regret to learn, the last series of one among the most elegant and delightful books that has recently issued from the American press. With an easy, graceful style, the author hures the reader through many a lovely scene, whose valuable facts are mingled with tempting fictions and pleasing anecdotes and happy reflections, the evident out-pouring of a fresh and loving heart. We could not have imagined that the habits, uses, and troubles of the myriad insects that fill the air and dwell in the earth, a brief summer life, could be made so interesting. That is a sound philosophy that teaches us to

'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!'

and not less salutary the teaching which leads us to notice the innumerable tiny creatures that throng about our path in spring and summer and autumn, and associate them with such thoughts. Mr. REDFIELD has done himself great credit in re-publishing this book in such exquisite style. The paper and type are perfect, and refreshing to the eye. The engravings are very fine, printed in letter-press, yet with an elegance which was never attained in wood. The plates are numerous, and exhibit much taste in their arrangement; in fact, we know of no American work that will compare with it in appearance. We heartily thank the publisher for his enterprise, in putting within the reach of the American public a book so valuable, and calculated to amuse and instruct all classes of readers. - - - Some years ago there appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER a long and wonderful story, '*Mocha-Dick, of the Pacific*,' a mountainous old whale, that used to loom up like an island in the midst of the sea, and when approached, was observed to be trailing the lines of countless harpoons, which streamed like horrid hair, green with sea-slime and knotted with barnacles, from his sides. Under the title of '*Moby-Dick*' Mr. MELVILLE has taken up this whale, and made him the subject of one of his characteristic and striking romances. His ocean-pictures are exceedingly graphic. Indeed, his descriptions of taking the whale are a succession of moving pictures; the detail bringing out every point of light and shadow with wonderful effect. - - - THERE is reason to believe that the *New Edition of Shakespeare*, the publication of which has just been commenced by Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, of Boston, under the editorship of Rev. H. N. HUDSON, will prove a very valuable, and certainly a very convenient and well-executed one. The form is excellent; and the entire works of the Great Bard will be embraced in eleven volumes. The text will be carefully restored according to the first editions, with introductions, notes, original and selected, and a life of the poet. Not exactly akin to SHAKESPEARE, but a very good thing never theless, 'and a useful,' is '*The American Matron*,' a practical and scientific work on Cookery, from the press of the same publishers. '*A Thought-Book*,' containing brief selections from the thoughts of 'the wise spirits of all ages and all countries, fit for all men and all hours,' is another of the recent issues of this enterprising and uniformly well-judging publishing-house. - - - Mr. BRYANT in a notice in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, pays the following tribute to Mr. STODDARD, whose volume of poems was commended to the readers of our last number: 'Mr. STODDARD is one of our most agreeable writers of verse. He has, in a high degree, that facility in gathering beautiful im-

ages, and discovering graceful and striking resemblances, which makes so important an element of the poetic character, and is master of an easy and airy versification. With these qualities, he some times incorporates a tenderness of feeling which, more than any other peculiarity, perhaps, gives the reader a personal interest in the poet whose writings he peruses.' - - - We have received, and perused with no ordinary pleasure, an *Address on the Life and Character of the late Prof. Edward C. Ross, J.L.D.*, late of the New-York Free Academy. The author is Mr. ROBERT KELLY, whose eloquent tribute to the late DANIEL SEYMOUR was noticed at large in these pages. The present address is conceived and written in a style of kindred compactness and purity, and will give perpetuity to the name of one who was justly loved and honored while living, and is fervently lamented, being dead.\* The address before us is published at the request and by authority of the Board of Education of the city and county of New-York. - - - MESSRS. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, have recently issued a volume, elaborately illustrated with pictorial crania and portraits, upon *'The Natural History of the Human Species,'* by Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, of England. The volume is very full upon the themes whereof it treats; giving the typical forms, prominent distribution, affections and migrations of 'us humans;' in short, a clear and succinct investigation of the History of Man upon zoölogical principles, applied to the phases of his earliest available historical aspects. The book opens with a preliminary abstract of the views of BLUMENBACH, PRICHARD, BACHMAN, AGASSIZ, and other authors of repute on the same subject. Its execution is good. - - - A CORRESPONDENT 'who knows' writes: 'Have you seen *'Dream-Land by Day-light,'* by Miss CAROLINE CHESBRO?' What lovely rambles we all have taken through this same Dream-Land, in our early days, and how passing all after-realization those waking visions! Could we but gather them and present them with all their magic hues as they beguiled us of many a happy hour, how they would enchant the young heart: but they come and go, and leave no trace behind. Miss CHESBRO' has made a pleasant book for young people of her day-dreams. It consists of a series of stories, not so long as to tire, nor so deep as to fatigue; very unambitious, and written in a simple, unaffected style. We were especially pleased with the *'Withered Fig Tree,'* a story of a little deformed girl, who devotes her life to an unfortunate idiot brother, an illustration of the beauty of self-sacrifice. The type and paper, like all the recent publications of Mr. REDFIELD, are beautiful, and add wonderfully to the pleasure of the reader. We recognize the bold and life-like touch of DARLEY in the two wood-cuts which ornament the work: there is a tint about them, quite peculiar in its effect, and different from any thing we have seen before. Some new power has evidently been applied here to produce these singularly beautiful results. - - - *'Words in Earnest, or the Path of Wisdom made Plain,'* is the title of a collection of valuable moral lectures or discourses, by Reverends W. W. EVERTS, J. W. ALEXANDER, WILLIAM HAGUE, G. W. ANDERSON, and GEORGE B. CHEEVER. The several themes are: *'The Social Position and Influence of Cities; 'The Temptations of City Life; 'Young Men of Cities urged to the Work of Mental Improvement; 'The Theatre; 'Duties of Employers and Employed; 'Punishment not Preventive, not Reformatory; 'A Plea for Children; and 'The Sabbath.'* The publisher of the volume is Mr. EDWARD H. FLETCHER, Number 141 Nassau-street. - - - If our readers would see what outrageously inhuman, ingenious, and demoniacal cruelty the meanest government on the face of the earth is capable of perpetrating, we commend to their perusal *'Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen,'* by the Right Honorable W. E. GLADSTONE, Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, England. The details are too painfully horrible to be rehearsed: they have, however, had the effect to awaken the interest and sympathy of Christendom; and will not be without their effect upon the cowardly scoundrels whose dungeon iniquities they have brought to the light of day. The present pamphlet is from the first American and fifth London edition, and is issued by JOHN S. NICHOLS, an enterprising and intelligent New-York news-boy, at Number 207 Pearl-street. Go at once and 'patronize' him. - - - We have just received the fifth edition, revised and brought up to last September, of Mr. E. PORTER BELDEN'S *'New-York, Past, Present, and Future,'* a compendious and succinct history of the metropolis, a description of its present condition, and an estimate of its future increase. It is a very valuable work for reference, and is illustrated with numerous engravings of many of our principal public edifices and institutions. - - - *'No such Word as Fail, or the 'Children's Journey,'* is the title of a beautiful little illustrated volume by Mrs. ALICE B. NEAL, of Philadelphia, just issued by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY. We know that it is a good book; for a certain little boy whom we wot of, told us, as we lay in bed, looking through the blinds at the waning western stars this morning, that he wept his way through it, in deepest sympathy with the little wanderers, but that 'it all came out right at the last.' - - - A LIVELY, stirring, and eminently interesting narrative of personal adventure is embodied in a small volume bearing the title of *'The Camel Hunt,'* recently published by Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. The author is Mr. JOSEPH W. FABENS, of Salem, Massachusetts; and he is master of a style at once simple, natural, and effective. He promises another work, *'Life on the Isthmus.'*

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SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## A DAY IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1850: This has been a day of ten thousand: bright, but not too warm; the dust laid by a heavy fall of rain last night, the scenery more than usually beautiful, and the 'incidents of travel' of a nature to distinguish it in an especial manner. It was spent in an excursion to the romantic water-fall of Golling; and in returning, in a visit to the salt-mines of Hallein. This latter is an excursion which should, on no account, be omitted by visitors to Salzburg, as it is undoubtedly a great curiosity, both natural and artificial. The rain had all cleared away when we left the Erzherzog Carl, at six o'clock. The sky was clear, the wind a little '*snell*;' but we had our wrappers with us, and set the cold at defiance. The first object of remark is the enormous breadth of the winter course of the Salzach, as compared with its summer volume. Wherever this is seen, it is proof positive that it is a stream rising in springs, and not of glacier origin: these latter—as, for instance, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Inn, the Aar, the Ticino, the Adige, the Po, etc.,—are larger in summer than in winter, owing to the melting of the superficial snows and lower edges of the glaciers. The Traun, the Salzach, the Elbe, the Danube as far as Passau, are, on the contrary, most full in winter. Passing to the right bank, by a bridge right under the walls of the castle, which in many points strongly resembles that of Edinburgh, we enter a really magnificent avenue, a mile and three-quarters long, of trees of all kinds, which may vie with any to be seen elsewhere. Some of the oaks and elms must be several hundred years old. In the spaces between the trees, we caught glimpses of the Capucenberg and Breitstein, overhanging the city; and in the distance, to the south, the Steinernberg and the edge of the glacier of the Steinernmeer, at the foot of which lie Golling and the water-fall.

Here we are reminded of our being in an Alpine country, by the difficulty of judging correctly of distance. The Steinernberg looked five miles off, but was, in reality, sixteen miles distant, in a direct line. The

Capucinberg, in like manner, seemed about a mile distant: it is five miles on the other side of the town. Its bare, blasted peak of naked rock again gave the singular contrast, so often observed in the Salzkammergut, of the richest vegetation below, and sublime, weather-worn, bald crags above. We now cross several small branches of the Salzach; dry beds, which are filled up in winter. In some places it looks more like a lake drained dry, so wide is it, and fringed with willows and lofty trees. Every hundred yards or so are crucifixes, some of them remarkably well executed. The people here, but more especially the females, are very subject to tooth-ache; and nothing is more common than to see pretty girls with their faces bandaged up, and almost all their teeth gone. We now get to the left bank, and skirt the foot of the Dürrenberg, in the heart of which are the salt-mines, of which more anon. A quantity of black smoke and steam, and barrel-manufactories, now announce our approach to Hallein, the capital of the working district of Salzburg province. The inhabitants, about five thousand in number, are almost all engaged, one way or another, in the salt-trade: there is likewise a brewery here, but on so small a scale, that it can scarcely be said to be one of the resources of the people. After a decent breakfast in a very dirty '*speise-saal*,' and having provided ourselves with a permit for the mines, against our return at two o'clock, we started for Golling, seven miles farther, the road crossing once more to the right bank, and keeping at the foot of the mountains.

The Watzman, eight thousand feet high, overhanging the next valley (Berchtesgaden) west of Golling, now comes into view, and a peep at the glacier on his shoulder is also obtained. The Steinernberg, however, still continues the prominent object. It towers to a height of nine thousand feet above the sea, and eight thousand above the valley. This is on our right hand. Before us is a range of tolerably high Alps, through which runs the celebrated pass of Lueg. At last Golling is reached, lying at the mouth of a valley prettily wooded, and having a small water-fall of its own, some thirty feet in height, at which is, of course, a '*Gasthaus*.' The fall is two miles from the village, on the other side of the river, which is crossed by a precarious-looking bridge, very loosely constructed, and over which the car jolts in a manner that makes one sweat at having to return over it. The planks are not nailed down, and it is so narrow that there is no passing another vehicle, and to turn or back is equally impossible; so that, if an ox-cart have planted foot on it, you must wait patiently some ten minutes, while the two tardy brutes, the ox and the man, (the latter with the invariable red umbrella over his head,) shall have jolted across. Corn-fields are traversed, and the road passes a very ancient church, until within five minutes' walk of the fall. The stream, which is just a little too small in volume, falls three hundred feet in two leaps. The lower fall is very graceful, the channel above being very confined; so that the water rushes with such vehemence as to fall thirty feet before it is converted into spray. It then assumes a fan-shape, and falls into a shallow caldron.

The upper fall, however, is the curiosity. It is approached by a series of easy zig-zags, with seats to afford different views of the falls. The stream issues, clear and delicious, from under a lime-stone rock, and is

precipitated into a huge round pit, about thirty feet in width — whether natural, or worn by the river, I cannot say — and one hundred and fifty feet deep. At the bottom it has worked an arch twenty feet high, through which the water rushes to leap over the lower fall; so that, at the top of the upper fall, you stand upon a natural bridge of rock one hundred and thirty feet thick, and look down into the pit, where the foam seethes and boils, and sends up clouds of vapor. The darkness in the middle is as of the raven's wing; but far down you discern the gray light, shining through the arch to illumine the kettle into which the water falls. The noise is tremendous, reverberating from the wall of the cavity until the earth shakes for yards around. After sufficiently admiring it, we returned to Golling, got out our voiture, and reached Hallein at two o'clock. I now prepared to visit the mine. I shall here, however, endeavor to explain the process by which the salt is obtained.

The rocks in which the salt occurs are Alpine lime-stone and conglomerate. In the latter the salt assumes the shape of nodules, averaging in size from a hazel-nut to a good-sized apple, and possessing none of the brilliancy of crystalization we usually ascribe to common salt. In the former the salt occurs, with the other stratified rocks, in regular strata, sometimes of considerable thickness, and occasionally, though rarely, in pure crystals, tinged with sulphate of iron or sulphate of copper, the latter being so rare as to be a somewhat expensive curiosity in the mineralogist's cabinet. Of this description are the mines at Hallein, the Dürrenberg being a mountain of lime-stone. These mines have been worked for centuries, but still afford some twenty thousand tons annually. There are various mines in other parts of the Austrian dominions; some even extending for miles under a part of the Bavarian territory; as, for instance, Berchtesgaden, but the working of which was reserved to the Emperor of Austria by the Congress of 1815.

The salt is an imperial monopoly, and that found in the Salzkammergut is sent to Ling, whence it is shipped to Vienna. A seam having been found, a square excavation, with concave roof, (the lower wing of the concavity being thrown about eight inches back from the walls,) is made, and a pipe is introduced from a neighboring spring, through which water is conveyed into the cell, until it reaches the edge of the concavity of the roof. This is then hermetically sealed, after an aperture has been made in the lower corner of the cell, to which is accurately fitted a stop-cock pipe. The water is then allowed to act upon the walls of the cell, and becomes in process of time completely saturated with salt. The sides of the excavation, it is evident, will be enlarged by the action of the water, (hence the use of the eight inches additional span of the roof,) and the floor will be elevated by the sediment, principally at the sides; so that it will also be, to some extent, concave, and the entire cell will be not unlike a very oblate spheroid. The length of time necessary to convert the water into brine varies, of course, with the richness of the salt strata: thus, at Hallein, Berchtesgaden, and the western districts of the Salzkammergut, three to five weeks are sufficient; at Ischl, six or seven weeks; near Gratz, three months; and in Transylvania, a whole year elapses before the brine is sufficiently strong to be drawn off. As soon as it is saturated, the stop-cock is opened, and it is drawn off to the salt-

boiling works; the other stop is opened, and a fresh supply of pure water admitted; and so on, until either the vein is exhausted, or the excavation has approached so close to another one as to render it probable that the pressure of the water will force a way through. Notwithstanding all precautions, an accident occasionally happens when the water has come upon a soft and easily soluble stratum. Great destruction then ensues, and occasionally lives are lost. Indeed, considering that there is the whole weight of the mountain above, and that one hundred or so tons of water are supported by a floor only five or six feet thick, it is wonderful that accidents are not of more frequent occurrence.

When the water has been thus saturated and transferred to the evaporating-houses, the difficulty is by no means over. The only way known in Austria of obtaining the salt, is by boiling. Consequently, (Mahomet and the mountain!) either fire-wood must be brought to the brine, or the brine must be conveyed where there is plenty of fire-wood. At Hallein, the Dürrenberg is itself covered with wood, is in the neighborhood of extensive forests, and is constantly being supplied with young plantations as fast as the old are cut down. Hence the salt-boiling works are in the town. At Berchtesgaden, however, they have not been so thrifty: not a bit of fire-wood is to be got nearer than thirty miles of hilly road; and as the expense of transport of billets would be enormous, as also continuous, it becomes necessary to transport the brine to some place where there is a sufficiency of the needful. The brine at the last-mentioned place is actually evaporated at Rosenheim, in the Bavarian territory, sixty English miles distant! It is conveyed over hill and dale, the water being carried up by means of most powerful and ingenious hydraulic machinery, which I regretted being unable to visit. One effort of the great pump raises half a ton of water twelve hundred English feet! The brine being thus conveyed to the boiling-houses, is put into huge vats, and a little salt added, to make up for evaporation, etc. The means next employed for procuring the salt are simple, primitive, and expensive. The boiling-tray is a huge saucer, say sixty feet broad, and not more than one deep, composed of sheets of cast-iron, well soldered together, about five to the inch in thickness. A strong pine fire is then kindled beneath, the fire being controlled by flues, so as to spread over the whole surface. Under the intense heat, the iron plates would curl like paper, but are kept distended and horizontal by strong supports from the roof and sides of the building. As soon as one saucer-ful is evaporated, the salt is removed, and a fresh supply introduced.

At the end of a fortnight the fire is extinguished, and the saucer undergoes a wholesale tinkering against another occasion. Sometimes a rent takes place during the process, in which case a plank is shoved across, and a man goes in to find where the flaw is. He stands a considerable chance of being suffocated by the steam under any circumstances, and of course a slip of the foot is immediate death. Altogether, neither the miners nor boilers would be fit subjects for a life insurance. To guard against destitution among the families of the sufferers by accident, a fund has been raised by a benevolent gentleman of Salzburg, to which each miner contributes a gulden (half a dollar) per month.

The entrance to the salt-mine of Hallein is situated at the village of

Dürrenberg, one thousand five hundred feet above Hallein, solely inhabited by miners, and whose white church-spire I had admired in the morning. The walk up was intensely hot: I walked quick, as we wished to return to Salzburg by six. The sun, which had before been veiled with clouds, beat down upon my unfortunate head, so that, in the words of Miss Caroline Willhelmina Amelia Skeggs, (like the good vicar, I love to give all her name,) 'By the living jingo, I was all of a muck of sweat!' On presenting my permit, I was courteously received by M. le Surintendant, and the foreman, who showed me various boxes of crystals, one of which I bought, being the property of the miner who was to be my guide. Each miner is allowed to dispose of a box or two of crystals he may have found: an excellent plan, as it encourages a spirit of research and emulation, that has already furnished about fifty kinds of rock-salt. While the miners were preparing the lights, etc., I was induced in regular miner's apparel. Bloomerism is imperative upon such ladies as visit the mine. Over the indescribables the miner's dress is fastened. It consists, first, of a stout cap, worn ostensibly to save the head from ugly knocks in the low galleries, but for which I could see no necessity. Then there is a white jacket, a pair of white unmentionables, and a leather apron is fastened behind to counteract the effects of friction in descending the slides. A strong gauntlet of leather on the right hand completes your equipment, and with a lantern in your hand, you follow your guide into the salt-mine of Hallein.

The passages of this mine are said to be a good week's walking, without once traversing the same ground. The entrance is by a small postern, from which a passage leads for a mile in a direction opposite to Hallein, and continuously level. Every now and then, a set of huge supports of wood, lining the passage, tells of an exhausted salt-vat, and some, where the brine has been saturated, are in process of being drawn off, the gurgling, rushing sound of the water and your own muffled footsteps being the only sounds audible in the almost tangible darkness around. The vats in this part of the mine are rarely saturated under six weeks. The strata of salt, of a pale-gray color, are rarely more than a foot in thickness, and fifteen feet in breadth, yielding about seventeen per cent. of salt. The strata of limestone and rock-salt are perfectly uniform, never varying from an angle of twenty degrees to the horizon, with a dip to the N. N. E. Every alternate stratum of the salt I observed to be contorted, but the general angle remained the same. Then there are, as I have already said, small detached pieces of rock-salt, some being green or blue, the latter, as I have mentioned, being kept as a great curiosity. All the passages are provided with tram-ways, on which the wagons run that convey the excavated earth, the guage being about twenty inches. Indeed, the passages are only about thirty inches wide, except at those frequent side cavities, where the empty wagons are 'shunted' off to admit the passage of a caravan. We next heard some knocking, which I was informed was in the next gallery, and was caused by the construction of a vat. The earth taken out is carried by wagons to a reservoir of water near the town, called the Salt Lake, which has to be deepened and altered every two months, at considerable expense.

At the end of the passage, a mile from the entrance, the guide sud-



denly turned at an angle to our previous course, and opening a side door, I found myself introduced to the first of the 'rollen' or slides. In order to get easily to various galleries, the miners have invented a safe and easy means of descent. A set of pines are selected, smoothed, and accurately rounded. They are then placed end to end in pairs, about a foot apart, the guage for the wagons being outside of them, and the steps for ascending between them. A thick, smooth rope is also suspended by the ends at the right side, and the whole apparatus is fastened at an angle of as much as forty-five, or even fifty degrees. Of these 'rollen' there are five, the longest being two hundred and fifty feet, at an angle of forty-seven degrees. Seating yourself with a leg over each pine, and the rope in your hand, you slide down, the friction being obviated by the leather glove and apron. The first slide the guide assists you; the second, you go slowly down yourself; and at the third, devil take the hindmost: it is hard to say whether you or the guide go quickest. I timed myself down the last—the long one—and found I did it in ten seconds, at the rate of twenty miles an hour!! You can stop yourself at any time, by taking firm hold with the glove. There is not the slightest danger, for you land on a straw bag; but it is rather frightsome to see the guide, with a lantern in his left hand, place himself on the 'rolle,' and glide down like an arrow, the feeble glare of the lantern being lost till he turns round at the bottom.

But there are yet greater surprises. After walking for upward of an hour, the guide suddenly opens a door, and lo! there is a subterranean lake, about one hundred yards long and broad, the roof seven feet high only, and perfectly flat, all brilliantly illuminated, amid a silence the most profound. Your guide seats you on a platform-boat, with tram-ways upon it, and a deep voice booms across, 'Ganz fertig?' (All ready?) Your guide sings out, 'Ja!' and without another word or sound, you begin to perceive the lights dancing a jig, which is none other than your motion, of which you are utterly unconscious, making them change place. The whole scene reminded me so forcibly of the Mohammedan legend of the 'Haunted Well,' that I every moment expected to see Ali, the lion-hearted, and his fleet steed Duldul, dash into the water to assail the Peri-King in his enchanted hall. A half-naked miner starts suddenly out to receive the boat, and his huge figure and staring eyes, which they all have from working so much in the dark, together with the reflection by the rock-salt crystals of the innumerable candles around, gave me a vivid idea of some of the Eastern fairy tales. All the light of the candles fails to illumine the lake: it is a gloomy, silent, appalling place, that speaks most strongly to the imagination.

After walking a little farther, you find three or four miners awaiting you, and you seat yourself straddle-ways upon a long four-wheeled barrow, running in the tram-way, holding your lantern all the while. They then all set off with a whoop and halloo, running, might and main, down a slight though perceptible descent, till they come upon what seemed to me to be rollers; then, a little after, a slide or 'rolle;' and after that more running. Strange, ugly-looking side cavities are passed; and as the passage is, as I have said, only thirty inches in width, you instinctively bend to the opposite side, under the impression that nothing can save you

shoulder from a very severe blow. Before, however, you have time for thought, you are whirled past, the tram-way keeping you safe from all damage. All of a sudden the leader gave a shrill whistle, and we stopped, while my guide pointed out a star, as it seemed, in the distance. This was the mouth of the mine! From this point it presented the appearance of a star of the first magnitude, of a deep violet-blue, with a strong tinge of red. We were now a quarter of a mile from the mouth, and in about a minute more, we dashed into the open air, the change from black darkness to a blaze of sunlight, and from cold to intense heat, being of itself an exciting termination to a most exciting visit. I visited them *solus*, for which the charge was three florins, and with book, etc., four florins, (about two dollars,) including a visit to the sculpture gallery, containing portraits of the reigning family, cut in rock-salt, not badly executed, for a self-taught artist. We then returned to Salzburg.

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## D E P A R T E D Y O U T H .

WHAT though the blighted leaves and faded flowers  
Impart no fragrance to the passing gale!  
Though o'er the hills, and through the forest bowers,  
The cold winds sweep, with wild and mournful wail!  
Spring-time will come in beauty, well I know;  
The wild-bird build its woodland nest again:  
Green leaves will whisper where sweet waters flow,  
And gentle flowers will drink the Summer rain.

But in our hearts Spring will no more appear;  
Life's faded bloom no time can e'er restore:  
Like some celestial strain upon our ear,  
The music of our youth shall fall no more:  
For ever gone our childhood's peaceful rest,  
Our radiant hopes, that rose so proud and high,  
The happy thoughts that dwelt within the breast,  
While rapture gushed from springs that now are dry.

Ay! Youth is past! Life can no more impart  
The golden glory of its early beam,  
Nor give us back the days when boyhood's heart  
Leaped in its gladness, like the mountain stream.  
Like visions raised by some magician's spell,  
Our dreams have fled, an unsubstantial throng;  
Like music lost, when rising breezes swell,  
Dies the last cadence of Life's morning song.

Henceforth our path lies desolate and drear;  
The flowers of joy spring at our feet no more:  
The perfumed groves behind us disappear;  
The desert spreads its burning sands before.  
Then on Life's summit let us thoughtful stand,  
While in the distance fades the vale below;  
Turn one fond gaze on Youth's enchanted land,  
And sigh farewell to Youth's expiring glow!

## L I Z Z I E L A I R D .

BY JAMES LINN

THE plague on LIZZIE LAIRD, for my heid has ne'er been soun'  
 Since her twa pawkie een gae my puir heart sic a stoun';  
 Oh! I canna see her face, nor pass her cottage door,  
 But feelins strange come ower me, I never felt afore.

The little coaxin' smatchet! I wish I ne'er had seen  
 The roses on her dimpled cheeks, the glances o' her een;  
 They've tint my very heart, an' thrown ower me sic a spell,  
 I feel like ane bewitched, for I dinna feel mysel'.

Gif it's no a stoun' o' love, what else then can it be?  
 An' why should I lo'e LIZZIE, if LIZZIE lo'es na me?  
 The wee bit teasin' cuttie, sae winsome an' sae kind,  
 Why should I allow a doot to lurk about my mind?

I ken her heart is warm, an' I ken her love is true;  
 It shines oot clear as truth in her bonnie een o' blue;  
 Through the journey o' my life, how happy shall I be,  
 When wedded to my hinnie, O LIZZIE LAIRD, to thee!

On the same bink at the schule our lessons we wad learn;  
 I then was but a callant, an' she was but a bairn:  
 Cauld will be this heart o' mine ere I forget the days  
 When youngsters we wad wander aboot our native braes.

I think I see the laverock up frae the clover spring;  
 I think I hear the mavis an' linties sweetly sing;  
 When my LIZZIE, little doo! without a thought o' sin,  
 Cam' skippin ower the green fields to spier if I was in.

Aft, in youthfu' rapture, when wild-flowers were in bloom,  
 The wee birds'-nests we'd herry amang the gowden broom;  
 Or wad aiblins howk for bikes in laughin' simmer glee,  
 An'a' the treasures steal o' the honey bumble-bee.

Oh! fu' weel I mind the time, awa doun by the shaws,  
 Bare-fitted we wad toddle to pu' the slaes an' haws;  
 An' for berries aften dander oot ower the mossy fells,  
 Where hums the muirland bee, and where bloom the heather-bells.

Since I'm nae mair a callant, nor LIZZIE mair a bairn,  
 I fain wad oot o' Nature's buik a manly lesson learn:  
 But what gars me be sae blate, an' feel sae muckle shame  
 To ask my ain sweet LIZZIE to change her maiden name?

Noo, what to say to LIZZIE I coof-like downa ken;  
 I've got a snug wee cot, wi' a cozie but an' ben;  
 I hae but little haudin', yet what I hae I'll share  
 Wi' my bonnie LIZZIE LAIRD, the fairest o' the fair!

## *Where my Pen went One Day*

WHEN IT TOOK THE BITS BETWEEN ITS TEETH AND RAN AWAY WITH ME.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I WANT to talk to somebody. I have few chances to talk, for few persons care to hear me. I do n't know why. My notions of things, though not brilliant, seem to be sound. My opinions seldom fail to satisfy my own judgment, and my way of speaking them is my own. For several years I talked to my common-place book, on whose pages I indited whatever thought seemed to be peculiarly my own; but I finally learned, that whatever I there muttered, if good, soon got uttered by somebody else, though I kept the book locked up, so that I lost even the satisfaction of hoarding; and the last thing I wrote there was a nota-benze, that in these quick-thinking days it is best to speak or publish our conceptions quickly, lest others run away with the credit of them. For two reasons, then, I take the pen and write on one side only of the paper; first, because by talking out into the world at large there is a certainty of finding some to listen, however oddly I may discourse; and secondly, because I can thus dispose of my brains' fruit before it grows stale.

Ideas are epidemic. They are like the cholera, or small-pox, or break-bone-fever. Daguerre, and Morse the American, and another man whose name I forget, all three discovered the phototype about the same time; the man with the unremembered name being the earliest, Morse the second in order; but he left it to run after the electric telegraph idea, which he only got practically published in America in time to see others in Europe do the same thing: last came Daguerre, and his name is given to the discovery. Look around for a thousand instances which I am too busy to name, all illustrating the epidemic quality of thought. When the process of formation had resulted in the production of soil fit to yield grass, and the ripe time for grass-hoppers had thus arrived, must we believe that one single pair of them only were born into the world, to meet the risks of existence, assailed by the beaks of myriads of hungry chickens, until they reached the age of puberty and procreation, so as to hang the fate of the whole present grass-hopping population on the wonderfully small chances of their escape? Must we not rather presume that the intended result was insured by a simultaneous production of tens of millions of them?

So also, when the same PROVIDENCE intended to Napoleonize Europe, I cannot but think that at least a dozen Napoleonic babies were born, of the fate of the superfluous eleven of whom it would be curious to trace the progress through measles, mumps, ill-schooling, false circumstances, fusillades and cannonades, to death or abortive ends. And when from the SOURCE of all mind a thought is sent to make its way into and do its duty in the world, reason would teach that the same thought-germ

is at once imparted to numerous minds, in by far the most of which no fruit will be yielded, but in some and more than one of which there will certainly be no failure. If man or circumstance originated thought, this would be otherwise. That it is as it is, proves that a higher POWER is constantly working in the race, and that an unfailing PROVIDENCE is leading us not blindly at all. Think profitably of the conclusion, then, that God or angels shower the thought-seed from above, and always cast it down in superabundance.

We stand in times of rapid movement. Ideas breed like rabbits; some kinds of intellectual food growing stale so soon, that, like manna of old, it must be gathered in the morning from each citizen's door-step, and eaten before the evening. Newspaper news wilts as quickly as morning-glories; that is, before the press-dew has been dried at the grate-fire. Matter suitable for monthlies is rarer; for while these demand only current topics, most topics are as current as the current of Time's mill-race, and few but are swept away between the changes of the moon. Even nations go crazy now-a-days; not monthly, but semi-monthly. How Kossuth turned the heads of the English in a fortnight! And as for those theories which require a twelve-month to elaborate into a 'twelvemo,' they are too few to mention. The learned French baron prefaced his two little volumes on law and government by saying he hoped the reader would not in a moment condemn what it required him twenty years to write. To be sure, his web of thought, so long in weaving, has served us for a century or so, and is not yet worn out; but whoso should, in this age, be twenty years at work upon a book of politics or law, would probably find that his work had outlived its usefulness, say nineteen years and eleven months before being born.

Here is a problem of arithmetic for those to cipher out who are seeking to abolish those three great thinners-out of population: war, pestilence, and famine. Suppose success to crown their efforts, what would be the probable census of the world at the end of a thousand years of peace, sanity, and health? I suppose the result would be, that each man would have to stand upright and motionless, with his elbows crowded into his neighbor's ribs. Of course such a 'regular jam' would soon reproduce war, pestilence, and famine, and the reformers find themselves coming out of the same hole at which they went in. Of what use, then, is it to trouble ourselves about sanitary reform, agricultural improvement, or peace congresses? What hope can even Owen offer to the starving trillions?

I myself have faith in God's providence. I believe that HE is a God of numbers, and works by numbers, as His subservient means, and do not fear that HE will ever let numbers overwhelm and bring to naught His design. Yet it is not I who call HIM a God of numbers, but Pythagoras before me; and not Pythagoras, but the five-finger and the trefoil before him. God calculates and provides, and calculates to provide. HE is no more idle now than ever, but still works on our earth, which HE did not, as soon as HE had formed it, kick from HIM, to roll unsustained through space, or tumble uncared-for into Tophet. 'The hairs of your head are *numbered*.' Hitherto the population has not reached to perhaps one-twentieth of what the globe, properly cultivated, can sustain. It is



time to fear that the skies will fall when we hear them crack. Certainly it is unwise to distrust God when we find ourselves within reasonable distance of the catastrophe.

Yet the figures will cipher up no other result; and while figures desert us, it is folly in this unbelieving age to preach that PROVIDENCE will stand by us. It is, without exception, the most faithless age I ever knew or read of. If I could point out a way by which PROVIDENCE could help us out of the difficulty, and solve the great population question, then the people would have faith. Oh, yes! after it is proved to be possible, they will believe it to be possible, and not before! Oh, ye of little faith! gird up your loins, and believe in God! Trust, trust implicitly, in the instinctive hope of a better future. Believe in the inborn zeal for progress. Rely upon it, these, which have set so many good men so diligently to the work of helping the sick times, do not stir the human breast for nothing.

Let us think of a few plans for saving the material world. First, perhaps some rich but barren planet will relieve our poor mother of a portion of her children, by hauling alongside of her some bright morning, like one ship at sea beside another that is in distress. Secondly, perhaps science will discover some new mode of transportation—by the milky-way, perhaps—whereby we may reach other unpeopled spheres, with large tracts of public lands, and there 'squat.' Thirdly, perhaps at the proper time the globe, still fluid within, may, by some gigantic effort of creative power, be blown up—not exploded, as Monsieur Proudhon threatens to do, but inflated—like a soap-bubble, into a great hollow ball, with ten thousand times its present superficial space, and still with thickness enough to sustain our flummery temples, towers, and pyramids. Fourthly, perhaps the race may gradually grow smaller, little by little, as numbers increase. They might do so to an almost indefinite extent, without losing their perfection of organism or sacrifice of dignity, except the shrinking be unequal, so as to leave some of present stature to lord it like giants over the others. In the nature of things there is nothing to prevent the existence of a world as complete as our own, yet no larger than an apple, with mountains, oceans, and rivers to match, inhabited by infinitesimals of different nations and races, blessed with food and shelter, learning and art, theatres and oysters, wine and newspapers, and afflicted with earth-quakes and hot weather, lawyers, doctors, and politicians, slavery and war, and Russian interventions. On such a scale of size, the figures would tire out, we might hope, before reaching a product that would overstock the present earth; and we might prevent the further agitation of the population question by penal enactments against computations attempting to show that, at the present natural rate of increase, no amount of space short of infinity could suffice to contain the ultimate production, by imprisoning or hanging such as ciphered in that way, and by burning their books. Perhaps it might be found advisable to suppress mathematics altogether.

Then there's Miss Martineau's 'preventive check' can be adopted, or hints might be taken from the polity of the South-Sea Islanders, who have long been in the habit of solving the problem in their rude way. The Sandwich Islanders made it the religious duty of the mothers to

strangle a few of their infants, which they cheerfully did; the more so, that giving birth to them cost little trouble or pain.

Yet why multiply suppositions in this unbelieving age? Some flaw will be doubtless found in each of the above plans. O babies! babies! how much trouble you make! Why will you be born, when you know there is no room for you? You come into the world crying for more space; bawling shrilly for freedom of the public lands and a homestead exemption law. Do not the awful warnings of the sanatory reform in cities deter you? Cannot the disgrace we inflict on bastards keep you from thronging in through illegitimate avenues? Cannot the pains and penalties of poverty prevent you from crowding in most numerous into poor men's families, coming in ragged crowds from the **LORD** knows where, and destined for the Devil cares what fate?

THE GREAT SOLUTION has been given me by one whose name I pretend to forget. It can be found, however, in the great book of natural analogy, where it is written that Nature shields her productions from destruction by increasing their productiveness in proportion to the destroying influences which surround them. The small fishes breed by millions at a spawning, because the large fishes live on them, while the whale and shark have few offspring. In the forest, the lion, long-lived and able to protect himself, leaves few heirs to inherit his kingdom over the beasts, while the weakly and timid rabbit has, if I remember rightly, a brood once a month, and twelve at a brood!

Then look at the vegetable kingdom. The unsheltered wild rose has few leaves, yet is full of seeds, while the well-cultivated and cared-for, the fully-developed and beautiful garden-rose, is full of fragrant leaves, but has very few seeds. The garden-pippin, cleared, shielded, and dug round, yields much pulp, but very few seeds, while the poor apple-tree of the bleak, barren hill-side shows poor and shrunken cheeks, but is half-full of seed-cells and seeds. In the human race, as yet in a low enough condition, it is difficult to select specimens which we may term fully developed; perhaps there are none. We may notice, however, that the aristocratic classes of Europe, of the higher order, provided they be not too much vitiated by city-life, show a greater approach toward physical development than any where else, as evidenced by their superior chances for enjoyment, superior refinement, and beauty of face and form. Now among these it is unusual to see more than two or three children in a family. The prolific qualities of poor people are notorious. In an old proverb, the result of men's observation is embodied thus: 'A fool for luck, and a poor man for children.'

From all this we learn that God is over-seeing and overruling the relations of numbers, and that his way of checking the too great increase of our race is found in the law by which, with increased development, there always comes a decrease of progeny. The modes of reform which shall remove the then great checks on population will also produce a more perfect development, for they are of the sort to do it. On the other hand, as we recede from a well-developed condition, and thereby increase the power of destroying influences, the reproductive power will proportionally revive to supply the waste.

If the foregoing theory is not clear, it is because my ink is thick.

## LITTLE HENRIQUE: OR, THE CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

## A COLLOQUY FROM LIFE

MOTHER, the flowers are dying, *all* are dying on the hills,  
And there's something like to gloominess my yearning spirit fills:  
*Last* year they died, but then I brought the chestnut from the wood,  
And roamed the orchard where the trees of golden apples stood.

But now I'm all too weak, mother; my limbs would ache with pain;  
And I am going where the flowers will never fade again:  
I can only see the yellow leaves that round my window play,  
As borne upon the wingéd winds, to sink and then decay.

Last night I lay awake, mother; I could not sleep for thought;  
While in the hearth the cricket's chirp such mournful musings brought,  
And the pendulum against the wall, tick-ticking all the night,  
Seemed but the sounding foot-falls of the moments in their flight.

And soon old Winter will be here, with cold, and ice, and storm;  
I'm glad that I am going where the days are bright and warm:  
But you will be so lonely then—O mother! mother dear!  
Why is your bosom heaving, and in your eye that tear?

'Tis only one short year ago grandfather died, you know;  
And I trembled as I saw them make his bed so cold and low;  
And very bitterly I wept, through all the lonesome night,  
As I thought how bitterly *he'd* weep, to wake and find no light.

Then you told me of a realm afar, beyond the clouds away,  
And of the good KING that o'er it reigns throughout eternal day;  
And you said the years were very few ere we should meet him there,  
In that realm beyond the clouds, away from trouble and from care.

And, mother! do you think, when we come to meet him there,  
He'll sit, just as he used to sit, in his big old easy-chair,  
With spectacles and Bible, and a smile of quiet joy,  
And take me on his knee and say, 'God bless our little boy!'

My little play-mate, ALFRED, too, I went to see him when  
He lay so pale and motionless—he didn't know me then;  
I took his hand in mine—it was, oh! so cold and numb!  
He'll be very glad to see me—won't he, mother!—when I come!

Old CÆSAR, too, we used to have such sport with him, you know:  
You told me where I am going a dog could never go;  
But it would seem so pleasant, mother, to see him once again  
Come bounding forth to meet me, as he used to, up the lane!

But, mother, your heart is breaking!—I cannot bear that sigh:  
Oh, I know 'tis very gloomy, and the winds are wild and high:  
There'll be no leaves left where they grew, no flowers to-morrow-day;  
But there's enough where we are going, far beyond the clouds away!

## O B E R O N   A N D   T I T A N I A .

OBERON: Ill met by moonlight, proud TITANIA.

TITANIA: What! jealous, OBERON? Fairy, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON: Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

TITANIA: Then I must be thy lady.' MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S spirits are seldom like humanity in any of their traits of character. They mingle with men, and busy themselves with their concerns; but still it is always evident through all they do that they belong to another sphere of existence. You can no more discover any confusion of characters in the 'Tempest' and 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' than you can in 'Othello,' or in 'King John,' or any other of his plays which has only human characters. His fairies are all unlike Spenser's, (which might well be termed a race of *perfect mortals*,) and are by no means men and women cut short, mere dwarfs. They are a distinct race of sportive beings, to whom the tiniest cowslip is a 'tall' plant, for whom the least acorn-cup is a full, large hiding-place, and human follies are sufficient sport. Puck's character is the nearest an exception to the rule which makes the fairies of Shakspeare unlike human beings. He seems at first little else than a shrewd, roguish Tom Thumb; but watch him carefully, and you will find him out for a sprite as true-born as the four elements can afford. Don't be deceived by the title 'Robin Goodfellow,' for, after all, his chosen names are 'Hobgoblin' and 'Sweet Puck.' Some traits of Puck's character are certainly human, but these are the very traits with which Shakspeare did not endow him; they are those which he brought with him from the North; those which he possessed long before he visited England. The 'Puk' of English Fairy Mythology came from Friesland, and was long frightening 'the maidens of the villagery,' and misleading 'night-wanderers' before he became the more refined, more spirit-like Puck of Midsummer-Night's Dream. One other instance, in which these fairies show in themselves a tinge of humanity, is that amusing one of the Fairy-King and Queen in Midsummer-Night's Dream. Uncouth as the comparison may be, one cannot refrain from likening that scene between the King and the Queen to one of the severest of the 'Caudle Lectures' spiritualized. The Fairy-King and Queen certainly have a touch of humanity about them, if there is any justness in such a comparison; for (*on dit*) there is no denying the truth to nature assumed in those 'Lectures.' Literal curtain lectures can hardly possess the deep interest which belongs to this interview between Oberon and Titania; for I much doubt whether they are ever couched in language half so beautiful as that of the Fairy-King and Queen, even if they are held between personages as great as they. That in which Oberon and Titania apparently most resemble humanity, is that in which almost least of all they resemble it, namely, in their conjugal differences, their '*love-spats*,' if you please. I will not venture to declare that this scene between the fairy 'lord' and 'lady' is a humorous touch of the poet's, intended to hint through its charming poetry as much of the prose

of life as is above gathered from it; for perhaps he was wholly unconscious of the shade of likeness to wedded humankind which he has wrought into their characters. After all, it may be only a fancied resemblance, one quite unreasonable: let those determine who can, while we leave instituting comparisons at the expense of poor humanity to follow the story of the loving difference of Oberon and Titania.

The fairy court, with all its elfin attendants, had but just been transferred from 'the farthest steep of India' to Athens. The occasion of the change was the proposed marriage of Theseus, Duke of Athens, with Hippolyta, the 'bouncing Amazon.' These fairy guardians had come

'To give their bed joy and prosperity;'

but whether they flew from sunny India at the beck of Oberon or that of Titania, we cannot now say; for to decide that would be to decide a point about which they seem to differ.

So hear their inimitable chiding, and then drop the matter just where they so wisely drop it. The Fairy-Queen, apparently forgetful of former visits to Athens, in which she had assisted the Duke in other loves, begins thus boldly to reprove the King as she meets him in the wood:

'Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To THESEUS must be wedded?'

We may well suppose that the King was somewhat abashed at such a greeting from Titania; but how completely he turns his shame back upon her in his answer:

'How canst thou thus, for shame, TITANIA,  
Glance at my credit with HIPPOLYTA,  
Knowing I thy love to THESEUS?'

Surely this is 'a Roland for an Oliver!' They have now come to that critical point in such games of tossing words, as children toss balls, where it is better for both parties that each cease. But these few words of mutual salutation make clearer the matter of their leaving India and hastily winging their way to Athens. For some time past, Oberon has been 'passing fell and wrath,' as Puck has it, because Titania will not give up to him her dear Indian changeling; and from her willingness to be rid of Oberon's forsworn company when they met at Athens, we may presume that for some time before they had not been so kindly disposed as to speak to each other. When, then, some airy messenger carried to far-off India the tidings of the Duke's intended marriage, Oberon, eagerly catching the news as it comes on the western breeze, and bethinking himself of the fair Hippolyta, flies to Athens, swift as love can fly to greet an absent friend. Titania, too, hearing, as it were, the wedding-chime of the well-remembered and beloved Theseus, folds her darling changeling in her arms, and, silently and swiftly as the attending rays of moonlight, darts westward. Thus they alight in the moonlit wood near Athens, each, forsooth, thinking the other to be sporting in the 'spiced Indian air.' As they wander through the wood with their respective trains of elves, leaving here and there the fresh marks of their moonlight revelry in fairy circles of bright green grass, their merriment suddenly ceases, and, behold, the royal fairies stand face to face in mutual wonder. Could any thing be more pat? Who now shall speak



the first word but the one that feels least guilty? Oberon at first suppresses his elfin wrath, and salutes the Queen coldly, yet with quite as much gallantry as he can well command under the circumstances. How deliberately it seems to come forth :

'ILL met by moonlight, proud TITANIA.'

The Queen evidently makes strange of the occasion, and with seeming innocence replies :

'What! jealous, OBERON?'

and is just making good her escape from the unlucky meeting, when the angry command of the King, and the unanswerable argument for her obedience contained in his words, 'Am not I thy lord?' cause her to fold again her impatient wings. Of course, even a *spirit-lady* could not be thus provokingly reminded of her allegiance to her lord, and retain her good temper : so the fretful Fairy-Queen vents her ill feeling by chiding Oberon for the wide wanderings of his affection. Oberon retaliates with good effect, since his recital drives the Queen to the last resort, of denouncing all his charges as 'the forgeries of jealousy.' Then she arrays before him the host of evils arising from this, their unfortunate dissension. The passage in which the Queen recounts these evils is a rare succession of descriptive beauties. You can hardly find another passage in all Shakespeare made up of so many beautiful pictures wrought in so few words. Every word is a finished sketch. If you are at all smitten with the 'rage' for great panoramas, here is a little one for you worth them all ; a panorama representing the earth upside down, and quite out of tune. The descriptions of this passage must be perused with something of the highly poetical feeling of their author. If, while studying it, you forget for a moment that a fairy is speaking, or doubt in the least the sufficiency of a fairy quarrel to produce such wonderful effects, you will lose half its beauty. First, assent in all sincerity to the poet's imaginative creed, which declares Oberon and Titania, with all their elfin retinue, to be objects of belief, then you may enjoy and profit by the poet's preaching. Surely, if the title of Titania's story be true, the falling out of a fairy-king with his queen is a serious and mournful thing ; for one of the slightest effects is that :

'THE Spring, the Summer,  
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter, change  
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.'

After the Queen has finished her recital of the sad wonders following upon their quarrel, and has so poetically told what poor innocent mortals are suffering by reason of Oberon's obstinacy, he applies the moral of her story to herself :

'Do you amend it then: it lies in you.'

How well the cold prose of that reply sets off the Queen's glowing poetry ! Ill return, indeed, for so charming a reproof !

The Fairy-King repeats the condition on which alone he will make peace with the Queen, and thus put the earth once more in tune. But Titania will not give up her lovely changeling ; no, not for the fairy-land. And if one consider well her touching account of the Indian prize, one can hardly blame the Queen for refusing to give him up. The change-

ling is a cherished memento of a dear mortal with whom she once sported on the 'yellow sands,' 'marking the embarked traders on the flood,' and laughing to 'see the sails conceive' by the 'wanton wind.' Titania would keep this precious relic of the Indian Queen, for she, being mortal, died : so that now the Fairy-Queen sits lonesome on the sunny beach, and hears no longer the merry laugh of her friend, though the wind sport ever so wantonly with the 'big-bellied sails.' It seems ill-natured in Oberon to persist in demanding the boy after hearing this account of his value to Titania. Faith, a mortal would shed tears sooner than such a spirit. Perhaps, though, it is only for mortals to shed tears.

But what shall we say of the wily King when he comes to effect by stratagem what he cannot by rightful authority? Poor Titania must lose her darling changeling now, for hear that ominous call :

'My gentle Puck, come hither.'

There's no hope for the Queen and her Indian boy, if that knavish Puck is to have a hand in the business. You cannot trust him to do any thing but a deed of mischief. He is mischievousness itself; the very essence of roguishness. This ready servant is off in a trice, to girdle the earth and get the 'little western flower,' whose juice but dropped on her eyelids will so completely confuse the sight and the affection of Titania, that she shall forget the precious changeling, and love instead the transformed Bottom, with his 'ass's nowl' in place of a head. The transformation of Bottom is Puck's master-piece of invention, worthy of the favorite adviser and friend of the royal Oberon. There is something irresistibly comic in all this. One cannot picture the scene to one's self without a hearty laugh. It is ludicrous enough to see the beautiful face of the Fairy-Queen close against the ugly snout of the pro-tempore ass, and to fancy we hear her merry laugh responding with strange delight to her loved one's hideous bray; to see her kiss his 'large fair ears' and 'amiable cheeks;' and mark how fondly she anticipates his least desire, and how unconscious she seems of the strange incongruity between the intent of her loving queries and his replies. When she asks, 'What, wilt thou have some music, my sweet love?' meaning, of course, to regale his drowsy ears with a fairy roundelay, set to that exquisite music which seems, with its soft swell, to grow up out of silence, and then gently to die away again into silence—such music as only airy sprites and wind-harps can make—that unmusical mouth answers: 'I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have *the tongs and the bones*.' And again Titania: 'Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.' To which Bottom replies, in words characteristic of his odd head: 'Truly, a *peck of provender*: I could *munch your good dry oats*. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.' A strange 'penchant,' even for a mortal, and one which the Fairy-Queen cannot appreciate, spell-bound as she is by the potent juice of the 'love-in-idleness.' Nor does she seem to notice how depraved the taste of her long-eared lover is, until he avowedly prefers to the proffered 'squirrel's hoard of new nuts,' 'a handful or two of dried peas.' Then she leaves the hopeless task of ministering to an appetite so unlike a fairy's, and they fall asleep in each other's arms. What an inimitable farce! 'Tis enough to make an Heraclitus hold both his sides. It were worth a

trip across the Atlantic to see a painting of this scene, in which the metamorphosed Athenian should be by Hogarth, and the doting Fairy-Queen by Sir Joshua.

During the time Titania has been under this comical spell, Oberon, as you remember, has secured the changeling, and so become reconciled to his elf-lady. Now all is well again throughout the fairy realm of air; and the Earth, that precious charge of the fairies, with all her back-load of children, has once more put on a quiet, pleasant face:

'SOUND, music. Come, my Queen, take hand with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity.'

Considering this elfin quarrel of the fairy 'lord' and 'lady' as altogether a fairy scene, with no counterpart among the realities of mortal life, it is, indeed, delightful; but if there be such, or less loving, differences between mortal 'lords' and 'ladies,' it is also instructive, and especially so to the 'ladies.'

W. S. S.

*Scarborough, (Me.) Dec., 1851.*

## T H E C H O L E R A - K I N G .

BY H. W. ELLSWORTH

He cometh! a conqueror proud and strong,  
At the head of a mighty band  
Of the countless dead, as he passed along,  
That he slew with his red right-hand;  
And over the mountain, or down the vale,  
As his shadowy train sweeps on,  
There stealeth a lengthened note of wail  
For the loved and early gone!

He cometh! the sparkling eye grows dim,  
And heavily draws the breath  
Of the trembler who whispers low of Him,  
And his standard-bearer, DEATH!  
He striketh the rich man down from power,  
And wasteth the student pale;  
Nor 'scapes him the maid in her latticed bower,  
Nor the chieftain armed in mail.

He cometh! through ranks of steel-clad men,  
To the heart of the warrior-band;  
Ye may count where his conquering step hath been,  
By the spear in each nerveless hand.  
Wild shouteth he where, on the battle-plain,  
By the dead are the living hid,  
As he buildeth up, from the foemen slain,  
His skeleton-pyramid!

There stealeth, 'neath yonder turret's height,  
A lover with song and lute,  
Nor knoweth the lips of his lady bright  
Are pale, and her sweet voice mute:

For he dreameth not, when no star is dim,  
Nor cloud in the summer sky,  
That she who from childhood loved him  
Hath laid her down to die!

She watcheth — a fond young mother dear,  
While her heart beats high with pride,  
How she best to the good of life may rear  
The first-born by her side;  
With a fervent prayer, and a love-kiss warm,  
She hath sunk to a dreamless rest,  
Unconscious all of the death-cold form  
That she claspeth to her breast!

Sail ho! for the ship that tireless flies,  
While the mad waves leap around,  
As she spreadeth her wings for the native skies  
Of the wanderers homeward bound:  
Away! through the trackless waters blue!  
Yet, ere half her course is done,  
From the wasted ranks of her merry crew  
There standeth only one!

All hushed is the city's busy throng,  
Where it sleeps in the fold of death,  
As the desert o'er which hath passed along  
The pestilent simoom's breath!  
All hushed — save the chilled and stifling heart  
Of some trembling passer-by,  
As he looketh askance on the dead man's cart,  
Where it waiteth the next to die!

The fire hath died from the cottage-hearth;  
The plough on the unturned plain  
Stands still, while unreaped to the mother earth  
Down droppeth the golden grain!  
Of the loving and loved that gathered there,  
Each living thing hath gone,  
Save the dog that howls to the midnight air,  
By the side of yon cold white stone!

He cometh! He cometh! No human power  
From his advent dread can flee;  
Nor knoweth one human heart the hour  
When the Tyrant his guest shall be:  
Or whether at flush of the rosy dawn,  
Or at noon-tide's fervent heat,  
Or at night, when, with robe of darkness on,  
He treadeth with stealthy feet!

He cometh! a conqueror proud and strong,  
At the head of a mighty band  
Of the countless dead, as he passed along,  
That he slew with his red right-hand:  
And over the mountain, or down the vale,  
As his shadowy train sweeps on,  
There stealeth a lengthened note of wail  
For the loved and early gone!

## L I N E S : T O K A T E .

BY FRANCIS COPCOTT.

Who sang those songs through summer hours,  
 Taught her by Nature 'mid the flowers,  
 Or 'neath the vine's o'erarching bowers?

KATY-did.

Who made the scene so dear to me?  
 Who gave new life to every tree?  
 Who spoke so gently, frank, and free?

KATY-did.

Who made the hours pass swift at night,  
 Turned solitude into delight,  
 And made the stars seem still more bright?

KATY-did.

Then, dearest fairy! let me say,  
 Ere next returns your natal day,  
 Who vowed to 'love and to obey?'

KATY-did.

## S K E T C H E S I N S O U T H A F R I C A .

BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER.

'THE sun was over the fore-yard,' as a party of some six or seven of our mess shoved off from the ship in the first cutter, manned with a crew of ten shining black Krooboys, for an excursion up one of the tributary streams that run into the Congo river; where, at a distance of a few miles, the natives had told us we should find the King's town. We landed first on the little patch of beach opposite our anchorage, and paid a visit to the house which I have already described; but finding it deserted, and that the ground was only cleared immediately in the vicinity of the building, the country around being covered with an impenetrable jungle, after a little moralizing over the graves of the two Portuguese traders, who had finished their career in this heathenish and desolate spot, we returned to our boat and prepared to ascend the river. Several of the natives had followed us from the ship in their canoes, and we made known to them our intention of visiting his Majesty 'at home.' Just as we entered the boat, we observed one of our Krooboys in the act of kicking an old fellow out of her who had insisted on taking passage with us. Not knowing who he was, it made no impression on our minds at the time, as the natives on the coast are often very troublesome and annoying, and very officious in offering their services, always expecting a large reward for the slightest favor they may render. It appeared afterward,



however, that it was his dread Majesty himself who had been thus scandalously treated, for he had divested himself of his robes of office to prevent their being soiled, and I suppose had wished to accompany us, to pilot our boat in safety. The absence of the royal vestments had entirely destroyed that air of majesty that doth so become a king, and we poor deluded white men had mistaken him for one of his impertinent subjects, and suffered him to be kicked! ay, kicked! and that too in the presence of his courtiers. *There* was a 'jolly go' at the first setting off; an error in diplomacy that we never could hope to rectify; and as we had discovered our mistake only when it was too late to help it, the King had gone off with the remains of his dignity, and the insult probably rankling in his breast; and, worse still, we discovered as soon as we left the beach that our treatment of their sovereign had also been resented by his subjects, who, from at first being vociferous in their offers of service, would now neither show us the way nor hold any communication whatever with us. We were in a decided quandary, and lay on our oars for a time to hold a council of war, which was at last brought to a close and decided by 'old Joe W.,' who declared that, as we were well armed with pistols, cutlasses, and carbines, we had not much to fear, and that we had better push on and attain the object of our expedition, by a visit to the town at all hazards.

The order was given to 'let fall' and 'give way;' and after having proceeded some three or four miles up the branch, we were fortunate enough to meet a couple of natives coming down in a canoe, who, for a small consideration, not knowing how their king had been treated, offered to show us the way to the royal residence. A mile farther on, we turned the boat's head by their direction into a smaller branch of the stream we had been in, and after proceeding some distance up this, turned again to the right, into another still smaller; again, at a little distance, we left this for one still smaller, and finally, turning always to the right, we ran the boat into a little creek, so narrow as barely to allow room for the oars between the thick masses of tangled mangrove that covered the banks to the water's edge; and, shoaling the water, the boat took the mud, and the Kroomen jumped out and carried us on their backs to the shore. There we emerged from the trees, which, although small, stood so close together that a man could not pass between any two of them, save by the path which led to the creek, and found ourselves in a beautiful open country, diversified by hill and dale, and a great deal of it under rude but successful cultivation. Immediately in front of us stood the town we were in search of, very prettily laid out, and containing a large number of those queer little African houses, made of cane and palm-leaf, resembling much more the 'baby-houses' that are sold in the toy-shops, than the habitations of full-grown men. There, to our surprise, we met some natives whom we had seen at the house down the river, and who, having come by a shorter route, had arrived before us. They were very uncivil, and would scarcely answer our questions; but for this we cared but little, as we had attained the object of our visit; we found it necessary, however, to keep an eye on their movements, and our arms ready for instant use, as there was no saying how soon they might be called into requisition.

After looking about the town — but without being asked into any of the houses — and observing that the natives appeared to understand cultivation better, and to be more industrious than many of the tribes we had seen, it was proposed to visit the King's house, which stood on a little eminence in the rear of the town, with the intention of endeavoring to conciliate him toward us for the treatment he had received, unintentional as it was on our part; and with an order to the Krooboys to keep a bright look-out on the boat, off we started on the road to the King's house. We had proceeded perhaps half the distance, when we came to a place where another path from the river's side crossed our road, and, to our discomfiture, who should we see coming up but our quondam kicked and crest-fallen friend, now once more invested with the royal robes, and walking with the proud consciousness that he was again himself, and monarch of all he surveyed. Had he given us the least sign of encouragement, we should have relieved our awe-stricken hearts with a most ample apology, and probably a handful of tobacco; but, frowning only as a king can frown, he swept by on his way home, without deigning us the least notice. After such a rebuff, it would have been labor lost to proceed any farther, so, after a short consultation, we turned about and retraced our steps toward the boat, around which on our arrival we found a large crowd of natives collected, but they offered no impediment to our free passage, contenting themselves with sulky looks and threatening gestures. I have no doubt that they would have attempted some act of open hostility or robbery, had they not seen that we were well armed, and prepared for any such demonstration; although, to tell the truth, we should not have had the smallest chance of escape, had they known their strength and exerted it; for I suppose there were at least four hundred of them, big, strapping fellows, against whom six white men could have done but little in a club-fight. These natives, and in fact nearly all the natives along the coast, understand fire-arms passably well, and are in the daily use of them in their hunts and wars; but it is a remarkable fact that a musket in the hands of a white man is to them an object of the greatest terror and alarm, and almost as much a novelty as when first brought among them. This arises from their great inferiority in the use of a gun, which they see and feel; and so far is it acknowledged, that when two tribes are going to war with each other, if one of them can obtain the services of one of the white slavers or traders with a gun, and it becomes known to the other, it is equivalent to a victory without bloodshed on the part of the fortunate possessors of the white ally, and a treaty of peace is made as expeditiously as possible.

There is very little difference in the manner of dressing among the Congoes, compared with the natives of other tribes, and they have many of the same customs and traditions, but their faith in '*charms*' and '*fetishes*' exceeds any thing I ever saw in a barbarous nation: they even mutilate their bodies and limbs, sometimes in a shocking manner, to render themselves *fetish*. Some of them I saw who had parted with one, two, and three fingers; others had sacrificed a toe or two, and nearly all of them had lost several teeth, besides having the others filed like a saw, and had painted and tattooed their faces and bodies in a most frightful manner. Singular exception to the other tribes on this part of the

coast, no traces now appear to exist among the Congoes of the Catholic religion, which was forced upon them when the Portuguese first discovered this river, and made most strenuous efforts through the Jesuits to convert the natives. It is the more remarkable from the fact, that there were at one time resident Portuguese priests and missionaries on the river and in the adjacent country, who, it is said, persuaded seventy kings and queens, with their tribes, or the greater portion of them, to embrace the Catholic religion. Since then, the Europeans who have visited the Congo for trading purposes have themselves been Catholics, either Portuguese or Spaniards, who, it is natural to suppose, would wish to see their religion strengthened and widely disseminated among a people with whom they were brought into such close connection in their trading operations; but, as I have remarked, not a vestige of Roman Catholicity or any other religion now exists among them; and, from the great unhealthiness of the climate, and gross ignorance and superstition of the natives, it will, I fear, be many long years before the light of the gospel will be shed upon this part of benighted Africa. The slave-stations on the Congo are some distance farther up the river, and in their vicinity are a number of trading-factories, all owned by Portuguese and Brazilians, who monopolize the trade, both in slaves and articles of African produce, such as camwood, gums, elephants' teeth, palm-oil, etc. The natives along the whole course of the river, so far as I have been able to learn, are similar in appearance and habits to those we saw at this town; and now that it appears to be a settled point that the Congo river has no connection whatever with the 'mighty and mysterious Niger,' about which there has been such a useless waste of lives and money in times gone by, for new information in relation to this river, if indeed any is ever obtained, we shall be indebted solely to the slave-merchant or trader, who, for the lust of gold, has the courage to brave the deadly climate in his factory. At day-light, on the tenth of November, we got under weigh and left the Congo. The breeze was very light, but the strong current swept us down the river and into the open sea, as quickly as if we had been scudding before a gale of wind; and taking a fine wind outside, we had a quick run up to Cabenda, a distance of forty-five miles, and came to an anchor early in the afternoon, finding nothing in the harbor but two French brigs-of-war.

Cabenda is another noted slave and trading-station; and the Portuguese factors, who monopolize all the business, and own the barracoons, are, without doubt, to a man, connected with and largely interested in the shipping of slaves, as opportunities occur, either from this place or the little bays and streams in the vicinity. We have just learned that an American brig,\* that we captured here last season, and sent home, on suspicion that she was aiding and abetting the slave-trade, has been tried and cleared, with her officers and crew, and that she is again on the coast, under a charter from the same party in Rio de Janeiro in whose employ she was at the time of her capture.

I have not been in the least surprised at the receipt of this news, al-

\* This brig was afterward captured under Brazilian colors, by H. M.'s brig *Ferret*, with nine hundred and fifty slaves on board!

though sharing somewhat in the general disappointment at the loss of the prize-money. It is what I expected from the first, and what must necessarily be the result of captures made merely on *suspicion* of vessels being engaged in the slave-trade. I trust also that this case will serve as a warning to the commanders of our cruisers, from the heavy pecuniary responsibility they incur, in sending suspected vessels to the United States for trial, who have no stronger proofs of their guilt than '*suspicious circumstances*;' unless, indeed, Congress passes a law which shall protect them in the event of their captures not being condemned. As matters now stand, it is almost an utter impossibility to condemn a vessel, unless she is taken with the slaves on board, or unless it can be proved beyond a doubt that she came upon the coast to engage in the transportation of slaves. Seizing a vessel because she has a cargo on board which may or may not be used in the purchase of slaves, will be, as it always has been, hurtful; an exceedingly unfortunate undertaking for any of our officers to engage in. The decision of the judge in the trial of the above-mentioned brig presents the case in as open a light as possible, and has established a precedent; and not until a law is passed, that vessels found with a water-cask too many on board, or with a cargo composed of such articles as farina, calicoes, fancy articles, guns, cutlasses, pistols, powder, etc., (which alone can be used for trading purposes in Africa, money being of no use,) shall be condemned as carrying contraband goods and illegal tenders, will it be safe for captains of cruisers to make captures on suspicion; and then they may seize and send home for trial *every* vessel that now sails under the American flag to the coast of Africa, with perfect impunity, and without fear of the result. The injustice, tyranny, and absurdity of such a law would appear upon the face of it, and no sensible body of men would ever be prevailed on to enact it. The American flag is, without doubt, even now often used for the purpose of carrying slaves from the coast; but I believe very few, if any, of the vessels carrying this protection are commanded by American masters, or worked by American crews.

Let us look at the manner in which, for the lust of gain, some of our ship-masters—yes, and even some of our large commercial houses in New York, Boston, and other cities—aid and abet this accursed slave-trade, and disgrace our glorious flag, by allowing it to wave as a protection over that greatest of horrors, a slave-ship. It is the custom for numbers of American vessels to sail from Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and other ports in the Brazils, and even Cuba, under a charter to go to the coast of Africa, carrying an outward cargo and such passengers as the charterers may see fit to put on board, and to return to the port they sailed from, with the cargo which may be given them by the agents of the charterers in Africa. They will make perhaps one or two trips to the coast, and return each time with a cargo of African produce, such as camwood, gums, ivory, etc., and soon become pretty well known to the armed cruisers of the various squadrons, who look upon them as honest and legal traders, and cease to watch them as closely as they would a vessel that had come upon the coast for the first time. By-and-by one of these vessels comes out again. The agents of the charterers find that the coast is clear, and that a good opportunity is offered to ship slaves to their houses



on the other side of the water. They make an offer to the captain (sometimes a very large one) to buy his vessel. He accepts it, receives his pay, signs the receipts, and, delivering the vessel up to the new owners, goes on shore with his officers and crew, or such part of them as do not wish to remain on board, and *he* is clear of her. The slaves are hurried on board the vessel, she is given into the charge of a Brazilian master and crew, who are generally the passengers she has just brought over on her outward voyage, and, with the 'Stars and Stripes' still floating at the peak, she leaves the coast in safety.

It would be ridiculous to say that the American captain is not a party to this infamous business, from beginning to end; for he would be a fool not to know the uses to which the vessel will be put when she leaves his hands. But how is the law to reach and punish him? A man can sell his property when and where he likes,\* and cannot be made to criminate himself, by confessing that he knew he was aiding and abetting an illegal traffic. It would be, also, a very tyrannous act, to pass a law that no master should sell his vessel on the coast of Africa; for cases might arise where there would be no probability of her being used in the slave-trade, of opportunities to sell one's ship or vessel to great advantage, which would be prevented by such a law; thereby preventing an owner's acting according to his interest, and striking a blow at commerce.

I would suggest, in order to check, as far as possible, this gross abuse, the establishment by our Government of several commercial agencies along the coast, and particularly on those parts where the slave-trade chiefly exists, before whom it should be made obligatory upon every ship-master, who wishes to sell his vessel, to appear, showing cause for the sale, and to whom and for what purposes the vessel is to be sold; the master to receive from such agent an official permission for the sale, and, in return, to deliver up all the ship's papers and documents relating to the sale, to be transmitted to the State-Department at Washington, as soon as the vessel leaves his hands.

Such a law would prove a very salutary check upon a ship-master, and be pretty sure to prevent his making a sale of his ship to any one whom he knew or suspected would employ her in an occupation that he knows is considered and treated as piracy in the United States. If, notwithstanding this, however, he should still choose to sell his vessel, knowing that, at the first opportunity, she will put to sea with a human cargo, the fact would surely transpire, and a stigma be placed to his name at home and abroad, from the effects of which he would hardly be able to raise his head above water, or engage in any honorable pursuit during the remainder of his life. Another, but not so sure a way, to prevent the sale of American vessels for slaving purposes, would be to watch every vessel from the time she arrives on the coast until she leaves it; but the utter inability and unfitness of the United States African Squadron to perform this service, as it is now organized, is apparent, when it is known that our whole force on the coast of Africa has never, at any time, exceeded five vessels, which it is absurd and ridiculous in the extreme to suppose can watch an extent of sea-board of between three and four thou-

\* EXCEPTING in the State of Maine.



sand miles. Of the manner, however, by which this work could be approximately well done, by a reorganization of the African Squadron on an entirely new plan, and which should not cost the Government one cent more than they now expend on the present worthless force, I shall hereafter offer my views for whatever they may be worth, in the hope that the present yearly expenditure of, perhaps, a million of dollars, for the purpose of suppressing an accursed traffic, may be turned to some really useful account in the same direction.

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M E M O R Y .

THE up-hill path of human life,  
 Strown as it is with cares and grief,  
 Affords, to retrospective glance,  
 A thousand joys as we advance.  
 Sorrows that many a tear-drop drew,  
 Seem blessings in the distant view;  
 And pleased we see them, as they fade,  
 Settled and softened into shade;  
 As setting sun on mountain sides  
 Lights up the trees, the bushes hides.

The downward-looking, these alone  
 See every briar, every stone;  
 At each advancing step complain  
 How hard their lot is, 'full of pain:'  
 Their eyes are ever on the ground;  
 They never look above, around,  
 Nor think who sends to them the breeze,  
 Who rears for shade the stately trees,  
 Who warms their blood, who lends them breath,  
 Whose voice it is they murmur with:  
 A foe to these, both stern and sly,  
 Is gloomy, sullen Memory!

When steps grow short, and nerves relax,  
 Senility's perpetual tax,  
 Shall cheerful MEMORY, bright-eyed boy,  
 Forgetting pain and feeling joy,  
 With laughing face and light foot come,  
 And tell me of my early home,  
 Where dawned my first young hopes and fears,  
 Remembrances of sixty years!

That old house, with piazza new,  
 The orchard, where the peaches grew;  
 The well, all mossy, dark, and deep,  
 The old oak bucket, pole, and sweep;  
 The pear-tree, by a father planted,  
 The church, where psalms were weekly chanted;  
 The hospitable cider-mill,  
 Where boys with straws might drink their fill;  
 The village green, where great and small  
 Were each engaged in playing ball;

That east-field gate, so seldom still,  
 Across the road to HOLLY's mill ;  
 What fun it was — I've often done it —  
 That interdicted ride upon it !  
 Its first vibrations wide and strong,  
 Like heedless youth they swept along,  
 With gravitation at a strife —  
 An emblem apt of human life ;  
 Weaker was each successive swing,  
 Like aged footsteps tottering,  
 Till, by incumbent weight oppressed,  
 It settled, trembling, to its rest.

That school-house in its sober gray,  
 Its huge stone chimney, laid in clay ;  
 The seat a low, rough, white-oak slab,  
 On which I studied *a, b, ab* ;  
 That hour-glass, with slow-ebbing sand ;  
 That ferule, ensign of command ;  
 That long and taper, smooth red-willow,  
 Each morning cut in neighboring hollow,  
 Duly set up that all might fear it —  
 Old BUSBY's birch-rod could n't 'peer it.'  
 That teacher, bald, with shaggy brow,  
 And shoulders high, and forehead low ;  
 His mouth, with corners drooping down,  
 Gave force to his terrific frown :  
 He was severe in time of need —  
 We feared and loved old MASTER WEED.

When came the last sands in the glass,  
 The last long word to spelling-class,  
 DILWORTH shut up with careful heed,  
 And the last words of Master WEED,  
 Allowing all to sport and play  
 On afternoon of Saturday ;  
 Then was the time to dance and sing,  
 And for forgetting every thing.  
 Those same half-Saturdays, how dear !  
 The brightest week-days of the year.

On such a day, in meadow-brook,  
 My first trout struggled on my hook :  
 A fish with spots all round and bright,  
 A pound, by old King PRIAM's weight !  
 More proud was I than ancient knight,  
 Who, conqueror in a 'heady fight,'  
 Hastened his lady-love to meet,  
 And lay his trophies at her feet :  
 By my achievement higher raised,  
 A mother smiled, a father praised !

And now, when years fly fast and faster,  
 That same old school-house, and its master,  
 With every crack and crevice in it,  
 Before me stand this very minute ;  
 And all the pains I ever took  
 To master DILWORTH's spelling-book  
 Are nothing to that school-house gray,  
 And its stone chimney, laid in clay.

## H O M E .

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INSCRIBED TO 'M. H.' OF THE 'SUNNY SOUTH.'

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WINTER, with you, is a stream of delight;  
 With us 'tis a river all frozen and tight:  
 SUMMER, up here, is a frolicsome fay;  
 With you, 'tis a blistering simoom at play:  
 Take the whole year with its summer and winter,  
*Each* thinks that the *other* can't match, nor begin to.  
 Why do we differ so sadly, I pray!  
 'Tis 'HOME' that turns all the 'bad months' into MAY.

'RIVER BARD.'

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### Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

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HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF SAN-TISSIMA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE PAROCHIAL CHURCH OF SAN MARSALE, IN VENICE.

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'JAMAIS nous ne goûtons de parfaite allegresse,  
 Nos plus heureux succès, sont mêlés de tristesse.' LE CIE: CORNEILLE.

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MANY have been the instances of love, of partiality, and protection which the city of Venice has experienced from the most holy MARY; among which is particularly distinguished that which happened in the year 1186, as an ancient and authentic tradition relates. During the pontificate of Nicolas IV., in the territory of Rimini, lived a simple shepherd, named RUSTICO, devoted to the VIRGIN MARY, who, having one day conducted his sheep to pasture, while resting in the shade of a wood, noticed the trunk of a tree in which nature had, as it were jestingly, roughly expressed a feminine configuration. Thinking that this might easily be made to represent the holy image of MARY, he began to carve, and in a few days had brought the work nearly to perfection, when suddenly he found the whole spoiled; and the good man, not knowing how this could have happened, stood in grief and trouble, almost on the point of desisting from the undertaking, when there suddenly appeared before him two youths, who at once showed him a method by which he might still complete the work designed. Rustico, not recognizing them at first, smiled at their words, but finally, out of good-nature, permitted them to work upon it, which they accordingly did, and, in a short time, perfected the majestic and much-to-be-venerated image. Then he well knew that they could not be other than two angels, sent from heaven, who at once enjoined upon him that he should carry the image to the bishop of the city and the governor, and tell them the will of the VIRGIN in this matter, which was, that it be placed in a boat without rudder, and left to swim at the disposition of PROVIDENCE. Of which the bishop being

informed, he ordered a solemn procession, but strove to evade the command, being desirous of retaining the holy image, and placing it in the cathedral of his city; when—O wonderful prodigy!—the statue became so heavy and immovable, that they were obliged to desist from the resolution taken, and, placing it in a little boat, left it alone far out at sea, on which, with a prosperous gale, and accompanied by many vessels from Rimini, filled with those desirous of witnessing the result, it floated to the borders of our lagune; passing which, through the canal called *Sacca della Misericordia*, it bent its course to the bank of the church of San Marziale, where it stopped. Upon which stood a poor blind man, with his son, who was dumb from his birth; and the pair begged alms from those passing by. But as the bark drew near which held the miraculous image, the tongue of the son was loosened, and he bade his father prostrate himself before the adorable MARY, from whom he would receive sight. At which miracle, those present were greatly astonished; and the parish priest (*il Paroco*) being informed thereof, communicated the news to Bartolommeo Querini, the then bishop, who ordered them to bear the holy image in the boat to the cathedral, which the Paroco and several priests essayed to do, but were hindered by a renewal of the same miracle which had taken place in Rimini. Of which the prelate being informed, and the will of MARY recognized, the sacred image was raised by the united efforts of Giovanni Dandolo, then Doge, and many other noblemen, and placed in the church of San Marziale, to receive great honor. Many were the acclamations, the voices of jubilee, and the thanks rendered up by all the people for the benefits received by them, every day on which they assembled to honor the sacred image, which dispensed benefits and favors to such a degree as to become celebrated throughout Venice; and whoever desired a blessing of MARY, sought this church to obtain it. And the high pontiffs, moved by the extraordinary prodigies effected by God, at the intercession of the MOST HOLY MARY, enriched the said church with various indulgences; among which, Clement XIV. granted plenary indulgence in the year 1773, beginning on the day of the twenty-fifth of June, until the ninth of July, applicable also to the defunct.

Nor would the partiality, the love, the beneficence of MARY have in any wise diminished since those times, had the eagerness of the faithful to honor her, and celebrate with obsequiousness her name, been greater than it now is.

The clergyman of said church, therefore, desiring to increase the devotion to that great MOTHER of Grace, and to animate the faithful to assemble confidently under her protection and especial grace, has desired to make generally known the history of that miraculous image, and thus inspire the Venetian people to reverence it. Do not cease, devotees of MARY, to show yourselves such to her; honoring her with your devotion, meeting frequently in her praise, obtaining with your offerings the greater worship of her altar; thus exhibiting by your piety that devotion which has so much distinguished you from other people.

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N. B. All our ancient chroniclers speak of the said image, and the celebrated Flaminio Comer, in his learned Illustrations of the Venetian

Churches, narrates its history. The same author also published a work on the most celebrated images of MARY in the city and territory of Venice, in which he speaks of it, at page thirty-one, and from which the present narration is extracted, (Zatta, 1761.) There are, also, yet in our church authentic pictures of the Roman school of the sixteenth century, which represent the event as narrated; and there is, also, a picture of the same age of the Venetian school, which records its arrival.

As late as the year 1839, several persons, moved by tender devotion for the Most Holy VIRGIN, whose undoubted patronage they had experienced by having had recourse to that holy image, and also an entire typographical institute, has, under the glorious title of S'a Maria delle Grazie, selected her as protectress, having conceived the desire of continually seeing her more honored, and to thus increase the number of sons who especially reverence their tender mother.

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.

'HOLY MARY, Mother of God, and always Virgin, who, in visiting ELISABETH, didst sanctify the Baptist by the blessed fruit of thy womb, JESUS; grant that, despising earthly things, I may be enabled to choose thee for my protectress and advocate, and may my mind be thus sanctified by thy presence. I intend with firmness to faithfully serve thee, and through thy protection to love and honor thee, as thou dost love and honor thy divine SON. I pray thee to receive me into the number of thy servants, to aid me in all my actions to do the will of God, and not to abandon me in the hour of my death. May it thus be!'

I HAD hoped to finish the sheet and the evening with the above prayer, but, being disappointed, will briefly inform you, John Reader, on the bit remaining, that the gondoliers of Venice are divided into two factions, termed *Castelli* and *Nicoletti*; that they are still the confidants of half the love-intrigues, and consequently of nearly all the rascality of the place; that Venice, instead of rotting into its canals, is a bright, lively city, doing a good business, with as many inhabitants as it ever had; that Saint Mark's Place is infinitely more romantic and picturesque by gas-light than during the day; and that in the city of the Doges I saw fewer pretty women than in any other town in Italy. In confirmation of which remark, permit me to sing you the following ditty:

IDOEETHASTIPHEJALDENPEALE.

'COME over the bourne, EFERY, to me!  
Her boat hath a leak,  
And she may not speak;  
OH, SHE DARE NOT COME OVER TO TEE!'

JACK SPUR.

RIP-HURRAH, AND SLOPSASA!

THROUGH mud and water, thick and thin,  
Go roll a full-grown hog'shead in.  
One, two, three, for luck I rap it:  
Who will be the first to tap it?  
He was glorious—down went he!  
Thou art glorious, that I see;  
I am not, *but soon shall be*.  
And as he knocked around the bung,  
They found, alack! a stave was sprung.  
O Sacramento!—DOMINE!  
Now who will save my wine and me?  
Out came the liquor with a run,  
And drowned the brethren every one,  
Who, floating light as any feather,  
Went bobbing round, like corks, together.



'FALSE love, and hast thou played me thus,  
In summer, among the flowers?  
I will repay thee back again  
In winter, among the showers:  
Unless again — again, my love,  
Unless you turn again:  
As you with other maidens rove,  
I'll rove with other men.'

S C A L T E R W O T T.

'ALA estamr leu yelyny  
Berzouh ada ina aslah.'

ARAB SONO.

'Sae wantonlie, sae dantonlie,  
Sae rantonly gned he,  
He played a spring and danced a round  
Beneath the gallows-tree;  
Is TE VOGLIO BENE ASSAI,  
E tu non piens' à mè:  
Last night the queen had four MARIES,  
To-night she'll have but three:  
There was MARY SETOUN, MARY BEATOUN,  
MARIE CAR-MICHAEL and me.  
And three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men were we.'  
'In te speravi  
Vous la voyez-vous l'entendez,  
Vous vous croyez bien avec elle;  
Mais pas de tout — parceque tout à coup,  
Elle vous fait la rebelle.' — CEST MA NINI.

Deuce take that *Swine* with his *New Organ*! You comprehend, do you? In France they call them *Orgues de Barbarie*, from the barbarous manner in which they torment gentlemen trying to write. Well, as I was saying, ('*Allons, enfans de la Patrie!*') things will turn out in this chapter, probably, better than I expected.

'THE LORD be praised!  
I'm much amazed  
To see how things have mended;  
Short-cakes and tea  
For supper you'll see,  
Where froth and gas was intended.'

How one train of thought alternates with another!

One evening, after a glorious pic-nic to the Armenian Convent, and a glance at the old monk who had been Byron's preceptor in oriental tongues, the gondolas of our party were gliding silently among the canals, and past the churches and palaces of the city. And, as the moon shone, the oars plashed, the water surged, while cloudlets went floating by in the blue heavens, we were all very happy and sentimental. The Wolf had just narrated his favorite and terrific Venetian legend of Professor Nordenholm and the enchanted elephant. Young C. was giving Miss Coralie a brief abstract of Schiller's Ghost-seer, while the Russian gentleman and his *cousine* conversed in a low tone, rapidly and earnestly, in their native tongue; the subject of their communications being, undoubtedly, either that of early scenes of love, night, and beauty in their own distant land, or the last card-party at Marchesa C.'s. At last, pretty Miss L., fairly melting with romance, let her small, white hand, sparkling with diamonds, trail in the water, while, sinking back, she sighed forth from Moore:

'ON such a blessed night as this,  
I often think, if friends were near,  
How we should feel and gaze with bliss  
Upon the moon-light scenery here.'

At this the fat old gentleman became evidently deeply affected; I could see a tear of sentiment steal down his cheek, as, gazing at the moon, he quoted from Dr. Johnson:

— 'THE Queen of Night  
Round us pours a lambent light;  
Light that seems but just to show  
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.'

'*Vogue la Galere,*' whispered C., as the Chevalier replied, from the Siege of Corinth:

'Tis midnight: o'er the distant town,  
The cold, round moon shines deeply down:  
Blue roll the waters; blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright.'

We are all *moon-struck*, thought I, as Mrs. C.'s gentle, beautiful voice came in from Leigh Hunt, with:

'And the clear moon, with meek o'erlifted face,  
Seems come to look into the silvering place!'

'*Ha!* have we all taken lodgings in the *Rue de la Lune!*' cried Coralie, laughing, and then caroling,

'*Au clair de la Lune!*'

Just then our gondolas swept past the house inhabited by our banker. Extending his hands, the Wolf exclaimed, with touching pathos, from Shakspeare:

'How sweet the moonlight rests upon the BANK!'

'*Chut!*' cried Coralie. '*Zanetta, cara mia,*' she continued, addressing her beautiful and silent Venetian friend, 'can you not give us a song of the Lagoon?' Without coughing or apologizing, the *Siora* took the guitar (every pic-nic has a guitar) and sang with a sweet, expressive voice, in Venetian:

'AMOR si xe un putelo,  
Ma siestu maledeto;  
Un gran birbon ti xe:  
Mi povero grammazn,  
Tropo mi son fidada:  
E ti ma la ficada,  
Come che va a la fè.

'Ma questo xe un castigo,  
Lo vedo schieto e neto,  
E questo xe un efeto,  
De la mia crudelta;

'Caveme de sto intrigo,  
Caro el mio caro orbeto;  
Faro mi te prometo,  
Quelo che ti vorà.'

As her voice died away into the rustling wavelets, it seemed to me that life had never before seemed so bright and gentle—love, music, and flowers!

Suddenly two gondolas shot round the corner, and from the one pealed forth, with hip-hurrah, yells and cries:

'G-a-a-o it while you're young,  
F-f-for when you get old you ca-can't;  
Let Scandal hold her t-tongue,  
And bid dull Care avaunt!

'Last night I was out late,  
The truth I m-must declare;  
This morn'n, I do n't know how,  
A' was up before the Mayor;

Says he, 'Sir, you've had your fun,  
And now you must pay for 't!'  
Says I, 'Very well, Mister Mayor,  
But then you know you ought  
To' —

Chorus by the entire company as Mayor, *in basso* :

'ORDER now!'

'Ought to — *go it* — while you're young,  
For when yer git old ye can't;  
Let Scandal hold her tongue,  
And bid dull Care avaunt!'

While from the other came a mixed accompaniment of '*Row gently here, my Gondolier*,' and the venerable, if not respectable air of

'We won't go home till morning,  
Till day-light doth appear!'

'This is infamous, perfectly *infamous*,' cried our fat little old gentleman, thus rudely awakened from his sweet reverie, and poking out his head at them.

'*Got a cigar, old fellow?*' screamed one of the convivialists.

'You deserve to be hung,' retorted the little man, in a great fury. To which the party in full chorus replied by continuing their song :

'Old men could n't go it,  
Were they to be swung;  
Their looks and actions show it:  
So — *go it* — while you're young!'

'What *are* those animals?' inquired the Chevalier, eyeing the departing gondolas through his *lorgnon*.

'A mixed party of Beefs and Universals from the two hotels,' replied C.

'Of what?'

'Of the common run of English and Yankees, I suppose,' said I, answering for C.

'Yes,' replied the Wolf, 'and fortunately for the good name of the latter, they are, as usual, by far the minority. With all the *fastness* of the Anglo-American, he never succeeds in making himself as much of a fool as a *rowdy* John Bull.'

'They appear to be very merry,' exclaimed Coralie, with French thoughtlessness. '*Je n'aime pas moi, la tristesse!* And if I were a gentleman, I would be among them.'

'If *they* were gentlemen, they would be in company with Mademoiselle Coralie,' gallantly replied the Chevalier.

'*Dieu! que vous êtes gentil*,' replied the Parisienne. 'What an ornament you are to the gondola! Is it necessary to embroider a smoking-cap, knit you a purse, work you slippers, or paint you a brigand?'

'I will accept the first full of cigars, the second of bank-bills, the third with your feet in them, and have the fourth painted as myself — stealing a heart.'

'What a delightful creature it is!' replied Coralie, as in a soliloquy; 'always merry, playful, innocent, and light-hearted. Oh, Monsieur, were you educated in the *salons* of Paris, or brought up in a nursery with your younger sisters, that you are at the same time so *naïf* and so

*rusée?* Don't you know that with the second alone you can always obtain'—

'What? *the other three?*' asked the Chevalier, as I thought, with a faint dash of eager hope.

'Oh no! their equivalents.'

'Any thing equal to Miss Coralie does not exist,' was the reply. [Aside.] '*In evasion, I mean.*'

I cannot tear myself loose from Venice. My head still wavers with its waters. Time and tide permitting, I should in this chapter, after lying among the pots of the world, have silvered up a little; like a duck, have taken unto myself the wings of the morning, and flown to the outside-edge of the Impossible. Already my soul hovered, like a golden star, between the glowing morning-land of the Past and the dim evening-land of the Future. From afar rung the voices of the rosy Hours. I was within an ace of the beatified vision:

'FULLY justified, I  
Did ride through the sky,  
Nor envied ELLIJAH his seat:  
Then my soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet!'

('Can you look me in the face—and say—the sa—ame, John? No!') In fact, I was about, in a Plotinian ecstasy, to lose myself in the mystery of unintelligibility, and what George Sand calls the divinity of madness. ('*Moonlight hours were made for love.*') But fortunately, hearing from this super-terrestrial elevation the voice of Antonio, the waiter in the *Trattorie del Capello*, humming the profane ditty of *Padre Francesco*, my soul at once drew together like a collapsed bladder, ('*I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee,*') folded her wings about her, and slode down to earth as sheepishly (*Carlotta Grisi Polka*) as if her mistress had caught her coquetting with a chimney-sweep. ('*Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom.*')

#### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

COME with me now, and see the grim Old Year;  
His brow is paleness, and his features fear;  
Come see him sicken, linger, wither, pine:  
His final day has come. The clock strikes nine.  
But hark! the Old Year speaks! what doth he say?  
'Come near, my friends, come near without delay.  
My race is short—shorter than that of men—  
And soon I must depart.' The clock strikes ten.  
'And what's my life!—the expiring taper's gleam:  
My life, this life—oh, short—how short it seems!  
I'm feeble now, as if three-score and seven;  
A tottering, trembling form!—the clock strikes eleven.  
'Oh! wipe the death-damps from my quivering brow!  
And is this death that steals upon me now!  
And is it thus for twelve long months I've delved!'  
A shriek—a groan—a sigh! The clock strikes twelve!

## S T A N Z A S

TO AN ORANGE-TREE RECEIVED FROM THE WEST INDIES LATE IN AUTUMN.

From thine Eden of the sea,  
Hapless tree!  
Where eternal Summer smiles  
On the green Caribbean isles,  
Borne to this ungenial clime  
In the scowling autumn time;  
Poor forlorn one, be of cheer,  
Hope is here!

Thou shalt find a friend in me,  
Outcast tree,  
Who will bear thee from the storm  
To a shelter snug and warm;  
An asylum winter-proof,  
When the snow is on the roof,  
Or the sleet comes down amain  
On the pane.

Few delights, in sooth, to boast  
At the most,  
Has our little, plain retreat,  
In its unpretending street;  
Save a bird or two, a lute,  
Pleasant books and nooks to suit,  
And three pictures on the wall —  
These are all.

Yet, while sadness rules the year  
Far and near,  
Thou shalt sit beside my hearth,  
And its music and its mirth  
From thy memory shall beguile  
E'en the charms of that dear isle,  
Whose enchantment softly gleams  
On thy dreams.

And the nook assigned to thee,  
It shall be  
Just the soothest, sunniest spot  
On the noon-side of our cot,  
Where, throughout the winter day,  
Little prattling ones shall play  
'Mid the leafy shades so sweet,  
At thy feet.

Therefore, prithee, come with me,  
Hapless tree;  
And beneath my lowly roof,  
Let thy greeting be a proof  
That the peasant's humble door  
To the wretched evermore  
With as wide a welcome swings  
As a king's!



## A F R E S H S T A R T .

BY REV. J. H. W. MARR.

BUT first a tender remembrance for those who will not start with us. A sigh and a tear for those who, for the first time, are left behind by the opening year. A word to their memory ere we commit ourselves to the on-rushing tide of time, that will soon hurry us to where the lustre of their names and their deeds will show like mere points in the distance. Ye sacred Dead! come around us, and make this an hour of still and hallowed remembrance, while we suffer your images to rise upon our thoughts, and give them one more opportunity to vindicate to themselves a place in our ever-narrowing memories! For the world will even move on as before. The stars at night and the sun in the morning will show no sign of grief. The scenes of life, to you expunged and razed, will be just as various and changeful; the interests of business and of pleasure will be just as numerous and as complicated as when you were in their midst, forming a great part of them all.

The warblers of the wood will pour forth their melodies with as much unreserve; they will chant their loud orisons and their sweet vespers just as if AUDUBON were by to drink them in with rare appreciative ears. They will spread out their gaudy plumage, and revel and display their beautiful forms and proportions, as if his just vision were catching, and his truthful hand preparing to repeat, the delicate portraiture.

Day after day and night after night the Ocean will unfold his ample glories, still great in storm or in calm, unmindful that the enthusiastic heart of COLTON will no more swell with rapture at the sublime vicissitude. Along the thoroughfares of our great metropolis, the tide and tramp of business will pass to and fro as restlessly, and the announcement of startling news from all quarters, far and near, of crimes, of wars, of discovery, will be made with the same clamor and importunity: there will be the same

‘UNIVERSAL hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused:’

but their loud vehemence will for ever assault the ear of the watchful and the kindly NOAH in vain.

And will the living keep in kindly remembrance the name of him whose distinguished labors were among the remnants of the dead, the ingenious and the acute craniologist, MORRIS; the true verifier, by examination of Egyptian *skulls*, of what Egyptian *hands* have, with less clearness and intelligibility, attempted to record?

But ah! him—the first great example in the great cause of American literature—even for him the wide primeval forests and the broad prairies of the west will give no token of mourning! They will go on shedding and renewing their foliage, and spreading their ocean of blooms to the eye of the unheeding, worldly spectator; and the Indian will still put his arrow to his bow-string, unconcerned for him who first surrounded his form and his movements with poetry, and who made his life a romance

for the world. There are thoughts that struggle against the mention of his name.

These, and many more that we might honorably mention, will not start with us in the New-Year. The lists are crowded. The aspirants are ready, but *their* wonted places are vacant. We cannot wait for them; we need not long for them; we may not even grieve too deeply for them. Inexorable Time is urging us onward, and new and absorbing scenes, and trials, and duties are claiming our attention.

Ho! then, for the New-Year! A fresh start of the living in the opening New-Year! A fresh start in business, a fresh start in literature, a fresh start in character, for the on-coming New-Year! Casting from the mind whatever is most perplexing and dissatisfying to think of; excluding from memory all such reminiscences of failures in the past as would embarrass our free movements in the future; forgetting indeed that we ever existed in the past, to be guilty of its manifold follies, of its egregious blunders, of its conscience-provoking sins, let us, one and all, make a fresh start in the unknown, promising New-Year.

A fresh start in business. Brood heavily no more over the sad scene of stranded fortunes. Chastise thyself sorely no more for those wrong movements which thou needest not and which thou oughtest not to have made. Up, man, from that lethargy of sunken hopes, and broken aspirations, and wasted ambition! The merciful God giveth thee a New-Year. Arise and take a new hold upon those means which again He giveth into thy hands. Thou darest not affirm that the future will be even as the past. The past may be lost, but the future is all to gain. The past may be marred with errors and misdeeds; the future is without a blemish. The past is man's, the future is in the heart of God. Wherefore thou mayest not despair of it.

Wherefore, too, thou shalt lay aside that taint of sordidness that, unconsciously to thyself, has been gathering upon thy nature in past years. Thou wouldst have repelled its approach in the early years of thy business with indignation. But take heed! If it be not retarded, it will even grow like a hard coral reef around the green island of thy heart. Henceforth let a spirit be manifested in thy daily life which shall show that thou hast taken a fresh start. Henceforth let the weal of thy city and thy land be comprehended in the scope of thine enlarged and ennobled aims. Henceforth let no deserving enterprise waver and decline for lack of thy assistance.

A fresh start in literature! Hold thy pen steadily while the air around thee hums and vibrates with the clangor of the midnight bells: there is an omen in the sound. The blows of that hammer are strokes of fate. They shall ring in a new degree in the triumphal procession of ideas; they shall ring out the expiring forms and imperfect methods of the past. Listen but devoutly, and in their rich tones thou shalt catch the promise of new and nobler births in the world of letters. Listen but thoughtfully, and in their dying fall thou shalt hear the passing of all that has been unskilfully and unworthily done.

And in that cadence let thy indolence, and indifference, and light-mindedness for ever pass away. Let that prophetic peal arouse thee from thy vain dreams and thine idle fancies. Let it summon new vigor into

thy languid pulse. Let its stirring vibrations repeat themselves in thy blood, and quicken and nerve thee to high endeavors.

And let thy doubt, and thy fear, and thy timidity take flight at the cheerful sound. Come forward with thine interpretation of the divine idea. Say out boldly what is in thee to say. Take a fresh start, thou that hitherto hast been deterred by the cold looks and unappreciative criticisms of thine elders, or that hast beheld with dismay and with sinking of spirits the rude, jostling crowd through which thy path lies, and over whose importunate clamor thou must be heard, if at all. The new year is thine to make the bold attempt. It is all open before thee, with its newness and freshness, inviting thee to things unattempted before.

But thou, O disconsolate one! that sittest apart; whose heart is but the urn of shattered hopes and decaying ambition; whose thrice-smitten harp-strings have not yielded the electric tone; who beholdest the immortal bays descend upon other brows; who reckonest how many are incomprehensibly in advance of thee, and givest up, almost as is the giving up of the ghost, thy most intimate and precious hopes of honorable fame; hast thou not heard a whisper from the great and sacred future? Is there not a breath of its reorganizing wind about thy chaotic soul? Knowest thou not what seeds of promise it brings in its generous bosom? This year may be thy year of jubilee. Along thy path this year, if thou wilt receive them, may be found those very fountains of inspiration, unsealed and gushing, which hitherto thou hast looked from side to side to discover in vain. It may be, through the stratum of this year, runs the vein of golden reputation, which one or two blows more will reveal to thy strained and weary vision. Until this year, thy soul has struggled with the low and painful conditions of immaturity: a fresh start may at once inaugurate thy vigorous and well-proportioned manhood.

O grieved and dejected one! forget thy failures, which are of the past; forget the humbling tokens of inferiority, which the past only can give, but to which the future will not be sworn; forget thy past inadequacy in portraying the formless sublimities that float in thy mind; utterly forget thine unsuccessful self. Disburden thy memory of that crushing weight of painful reminiscences. Refuse from the past every thing it offers, save its lessons of experience, and start like a new man in the new year.

A fresh start in character. Shed thy tears over thy past offences, and be done. Let thy contrition be deep and true, but let it have an end. Be not the less faithful to confess, but the more zealous to resolve. No! no! thou needest not open thy mouth, nor utter only a word. I know already the sad tale thou wouldst but repeat to me: the resolutions broken, the opportunities slighted, the hard words spoken; the absurd, the vindictive, the unworthy passions indulged; the permitted sway and oppression of evil habits. Ah me! is it not a leaf from the dark records of my own memory that I hear thee expounding? There is unsteadiness in the pursuit of the good; there is persistence in cleaving to the pleasures of an hour, the bane of a life-time; there are incoherency, and uncertainty, and slackness in all movements for our true and total welfare; there is sharpness, there is alacrity, there is dramatic contiguity in all the particulars of a scheme for our own narrow advantage. For heaven above,

how much have we purposed and begun?—for earth beneath, how much more have we accomplished, and in what grand style? Self-reproach is, indeed, the justest of sentiments. And if we dwell long upon that picture thrown down in the dark chamber of our conscience, will not the vision of lonely, barren wastes, watered with brackish streams of stalwart, offensive weeds; of luxuriant, poisonous vines; of unfinished structures; of neglected foundations; of broken and prostrate columns; dishearten us, unbind our strength, and cast us down to an impracticable depth below the level of a fresh start?

Let us have done with all this. Let us forget the marred and blotted page of the past. Behold! the clean white page of the future is unfolding before us. In the rustle of the leaves of the great book of time, let us forget our contemptible scrawls, and let us contemplate the opening page in the single feature of its unlimited capacity to receive whatever writing we may put upon it. There, upon that lustrous page, record thy better deeds. There enter thy warmer conflict with the evil within thee. There set down thy name, to rush upon the stern old warders that keep the castle-gate, on whose top the crowned and radiant victors are walking to and fro in thy sight. There indicate thine aspirations for ennobling communion with the Archetype of all Good. There, upon that page, all innocent of the blots and errors of the past, write thyself A BETTER MAN.

Thus, whatever be our position and calling; whatever be our past discouragements; whatever be our losses in business, our failures in literature, our short-comings in morals and in religion, let us embrace the opening New-Year with faith and with hope. Let our hearts swell at the untold possibilities of good which it brings with it. Let us renew our existence with the renewal of the year. Let us enter upon the new season as if for the first time in our lives. Let us take 'A FRESH START.'

#### W I N T E R B I R D S .

YE Switzers of the pluméd race,  
 Brave dwellers in the snowy heights!  
 Whom savage Winter's frowning face,  
 Nor threat of angry sough affrights:  
 Where earth is bound in icy chains,  
 Ye feast on freedom's rich repast,  
 And strangely blend your festive strains  
 With wailings of the northern blast.

Like angels, to the waning Year,  
 Ye chirp through all his dying hours,  
 His poor old freezing heart to cheer  
 With music's vivifying powers.  
 Thus hopes will stay their autumn flight,  
 And sing amid the snows of age,  
 To give the prisoned soul delight,  
 And all its severing pangs assuage.

## S T A N Z A S .

## 'I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

'At Miss Bullock's request, I have copied the following lines, which she has composed for you. I was one day reading to her, from the preface to the 'Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK,' some of the closing incidents of his life. When I came to the place where he repeated to his clergyman the sentence from the burial-service, 'I know that my REDEEMER liveth,' etc., she at once interrupted me by saying: 'I shall write something on that.' Subsequently, I think, she saw you in an omnibus, and spoke to you something about the matter. I have copied them to please her. She is a happy little creature, and has a great deal of poetic feeling about her. I send it to you just as she repeated it to me. NOTE FROM 'T. D. C.' TO THE EDITOR.

## I.

As a lovely flower, revealing  
Fragrance to the dews of even,  
Tunes to praise each holier feeling,  
Lifts each wandering thought to heaven:  
So, inspired with faith and love,  
The Christian dies to soar above.

## II.

Time is ebbing: life is fading  
Like the hues of light away;  
Words of fond endearment lading  
Lips that may not longer stay:  
Know we thy REDEEMER lives;  
His pitying ear thy prayer receives.

## III.

Friends are weeping: in life's morning,  
Ere its spring had vanished quite,  
All the fount of love was gushing:  
Must it lose thy smile of light?  
Glow with faith thy death-damp brow;  
Thy REDEEMER liveth now.

## IV.

Love, with perfumed breath eternal,  
Round thy path its sweetness flung,  
Kept thy young heart pure and vernal,  
Touched with ecstasy thy tongue:  
Taught thy harp His praise to sing,  
Thy REDEEMER, God, and KING!

## V.

Bear we, then, each earth-born sorrow,  
Since its bitter ashes are  
Light of faith, celestial morrow,  
CHRIST the bright and morning-star.  
Thy REDEEMER lives, we know;  
Cease, our burning tears, to flow!



## ALMACK'S DOWN EAST:.

OR, A NIGHT AT A COUNTRY BALL.

IN my younger days, I passed many merry nights at balls and parties, and hope to pass many more before I die, although I must confess at times an incipient wrinkle reminds me that I am growing too old for the follies of life. I should like vastly to live my ball-days over again. It would be much pleasanter than penmanship — 'this present writing,' as they say in letters. Where are the young ladies that were so sweet upon me in those days, and where is the money it cost me to be 'sweet' with? Gone — all gone! The young ladies have become old maids, or happy mothers of large families of small children, while the money in question has taken to itself wings and flown away. I alone am left, penniless and a bachelor; one of a class of whom the poet says:

'We are miserable men,  
We are hopeless every one!'

For a month before the ball-season began, I made myself miserably happy. 'If I should be disappointed at last! If I should happen to break a leg, or some trifle of that sort, what *would* become of me and the ladies that I was to escort?' But no; my forebodings were idle. Terpsichore protected her votaries for

'That night of all nights in the year.'

The old hack that carried me to the ball-room was glorified by that hazardous performance. The gentlemen who took tickets at the door assumed an immense responsibility in my eyes. The musicians, suspended in their box between the floor and the ceiling, like Shakspeare's samphire-gatherer, 'half way down,' never played so divinely elsewhere; while the dancing-master who had charge of the floor grew more than mortal. I was wont to look with admiration and envy on his 'pigeon-wings,' and to go into perfect ecstasies over his sailor's horn-pipe, which I tried in vain to imitate when called upon for a dance by my friends, at the close of the evening's performance.

Then the suppers that I used to eat; the oysters that disappeared so marvellously from my loaded plate; the pies and cakes that followed them, as the man in the play says, 'like ambassadors to the

\* We can tell our correspondent that there are very many persons, circulating too in the best 'good society' of the metropolis, who would rather attend a down-east 'ALMACK'S,' or a western 'Ball at THRAM'S Huddle,' as once graphically described by Mrs. KIRKLAND in these pages, than any one of the crowded, affected, formal waltz or quadrille-parties given nightly in gigantic Gotham. Let us hope that the good old-fashioned fishing-town of Mattapoisett will long convene its 'young folk' at these genial, hearty gatherings; and that, unlike 'Little Britain,' as depicted by IRVING, no fashionable factions may ever arise to drive away simple enjoyment from the Cape-Cod village, but that it may remain a spot where unassuming, homely manners are kept up; 'where French is neither eaten, drunk, nor spoken,' and where there are no 'first families.' ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

interior;' and the bottles of champagne that were emptied at the shortest notice!

'I CANNOT but remember such things were,  
That were most dear to me!'

But this is wandering from my purpose, which was to give a short description of a country ball at which I lately had the pleasure of 'assisting.' It took place at Mattapoisett, which every body knows is near Cape Cod, and was held in a large hall of the village—the only one in it, I believe—which bore the name of 'Eaton Hall.' The inhabitants of that part of the world, being somewhat Yankeeish, called it 'Eating Hall;' and from the quantity of provisions which disappeared there at supper, it seemed by no means to be miscalled: but of that anon. At the appointed time, which was eight P. M., I sought the premises with attendant ladies, and after crowding and jamming our way through some twenty gentlemen of various ages, who were smoking cigars of various brands, but chiefly the 'long-nines' that are so immortal in history, and groping up the winding stair-case, to thread which in safety one would need the clue that led to fair Rosamond's bower, we at last found ourselves in the assembly-rooms. There was a small recess on the left of the entrance, about the size of one of Silas Wood's patent bed-rooms in Cherry-street; and this was the 'ladies' dressing-room.' Why these places are called 'dressing-rooms' I have never been able to discover: certainly no lady was ever guilty of dressing in one. The door was open, and a miscellaneous collection of bonnets, shawls, and other articles of female wearing-apparel were visible on chairs, shelves, and pegs; and one or two young ladies who had just come in were busied in arranging each other's dresses: for there was no looking-glass there at which they might 'fix' themselves; and some eight or ten small boys, who smelt of bread-and-butter, were gathered near, and were looking on with admiration, filled no doubt with insane ideas of what they would do when they were large enough to go to balls with their sweet-hearts. Beyond the dressing-room was the ball-room itself, which might have measured fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth. The floor, which was of knotted pine, had not been visited by a broom for some time, and had seemingly cut for ever—if indeed it ever knew, what it stood sadly in need of—soap and water. There was a row of windows on each side of the hall, most of which—as the night was somewhat warm, and promised soon to become warmer to all those who danced—were half way down. The room was lighted, or rather darkened, by four or five oil-lamps, with tin shades; such as were common before camphene, and other infernal burning-fluids, had come into fashion. These lamps were the only 'dampers' of the evening. They would n't burn at any price. It was in vain to coax them with fresh draughts of sperm oil, and to punish them by frequent trimming, and the tightening of sundry screws. It 'could n't be did.' They *would n't* burn, and there was an end of the matter:

—'From those lamps  
No light, but rather darkness visible,  
Served only to discover sights of woe.'

Seeing how matters were likely to go, our ladies sent home for their astral-lamps; but even *they* made but little difference when they arrived. The room was fated to be dark.

Under the windows, on each side of the hall, stood a couple of long benches, like the back pews in a country church, and upon these sat the young gentlemen and ladies of the village; the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other. Why they sat apart was one of my first questions, but one which nobody present seemed qualified to answer. 'It was the custom of the Tyrol,' and every body followed it. As the ladies always claim the precedence over 'the lords of creation,' I shall proceed to notice them first, though I fear I shall hardly be able to do their manifold virtues justice. I may have seen one or two a little prettier in my time; but I have lived long and travelled far, and may have seen one or two more fashionably dressed, but certain I am that I never saw any in a state of more deplorable good health. Save one little lady of twelve, their eyes were as bright as dew-drops, and their cheeks as red as roses; to say nothing of their plump arms, fair necks, and full-rounded bosoms. If variety is, as it has often been called, 'the spice of life,' their dresses were 'spicy' enough; for certainly a greater variety was never beheld. Three or four were dressed in white, and showed among the rest like lilies growing in a bed of miscellaneous flowers; but the greater part displayed a strong partiality for colors, and those of the strongest kind. Silks and satins were not much worn; for Mattapoissett, though somewhat remarkable in its way, is not remarkable, I should say, for a superfluity of money; but to make up for that deficiency, calicoes and gingham were in great demand, and both were of the newest and largest patterns. So large were the figures on one or two dresses, that their wearers at a distance seemed to be clad in cheap carpets. Green, red, and blue, and a dusky yellow on a dark ground, were the favorite colors; and so much were they in vogue, that their wearers, with a little stretch of the imagination, might have been taken for the tutelary spirits of all the nations in the world, wrapped in their respective flags. Fans, of all sorts and sizes, were in constant use, from nine-penny palm-leaves to two-shilling paper-spreads. There was some talk of *one* lady being seen with one made of rice-paper, with a Chinese princess painted on it; but as this immediately disappeared, there was some doubt about it. At any rate, such profuse extravagance in this line was rarely known there. Jewels, bracelets, and head-dresses, however, were quite common: and the jewels were always large and brilliant, and the bracelets generally held lockets which were supposed to contain a tress of somebody's hair. Several were crowned with wreaths of artificial flowers, 'of last year's growth,' which *would* drop from their green-wire stalks; and one lady created a sensation by wearing a string of imitation-of-pearl beads; but, for the most part, their hair was left in a state of nature, and was, 'when unadorned, adorned the most.' It fell down the shoulders of some in natural ringlets, and in others it whispered of papers over-night, and pipe-stems in the morning. Some wore it plastered down smoothly and straightly, in the most approved 'soap-lock' styles, and there was a strong insinuation of soap about it; while others again turned out its borders into scientific scollops, which sloped away from their foreheads to their ears, like the under-side of small stair-cases: and thus and there they all sat, as still as mice, waiting for the gentlemen opposite to begin the ceremonies of the evening.

And the gentlemen too were in 'full dress;' and their styles were as various as those of the ladies, and they themselves were as motionless and as mute. One or two, who had evidently traveled as far as New-Bedford, the nearest city, in the course of their checkered existences, were quite fashionably draped; as much so, no doubt, as their means would allow: namely, in white neck-cloths, white vests, and what were *once* white kids: but the larger number dressed, as best they could, in long coats and short coats; in dress-coats and frock-coats; in jackets and blouses, and certain non-descripts that no respectable tailor would own: but all wore brass buttons, which had evidently been polished up for the occasion. At the farther end of the hall, in a kind of pulpit or rostrum, sat the band, who had been engaged at 'an enormous expense,' as Barnum says, from the neighboring city of New-Bedford, where they have the honor of playing frequently in the summer, and occasionally at other times. They 'were but three, a little band,' but they felt the responsibility that rested upon them, and played for a dozen at least. The gentleman who led them played upon the violin, from which he drew the strangest of all imaginable sounds, most of which resembled the filing of saws,

'With octaves of a mystic depth and height;'

and he sawed his long bow upon the strings, as if he had made a bet to cut them through in less than no time, and felt bound to do it. His next neighbor exercised his lungs on a kind of serpentine instrument, that grinned horribly with its ponderous jaws, and screamed the while like an enraged steam-engine; and the third and last of the trio did his best on his funnel-mouthed brass horn, blowing until his cheeks seemed ready to burst, and his eyes protruded from their sockets like those of a boiled lobster.

After the 'orchestra' (for so, out of compliment to their profession, we will call the 'musicianers') had played a 'voluntary,' there was in the hall silence for some minutes, for none of the gentlemen had the courage to make the first move toward opening the ball, which all were dying to begin. The ladies looked at them 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and sat in silence. Of course they were not expected to come over and collar them, and request them to do their duty: *that* is never demanded of the softer sex; if it had been, some of those present would have succeeded admirably. Every now and then the gentlemen blushed up to the roots of their hair, giggled at their own want of assurance, and stared at the brass horn, called by courtesy a 'bugle,' as if they longed to have its composition in their faces. One or two, more venturesome than the rest, tried to rise and be bold, but could n't 'screw their courage to the sticking-place.' Failing in this, they tried to encourage their diffident companions, and endeavored to push them out upon the floor, but this was likewise a failure.

Thus things went on for some time, until at last a short, thick-set little man, with a red scarf tied around his waist, like that of a militia officer on parade, arose and went over to the ladies and selected his partner, who turned out to be the lady with the pearl beads in her hair; a long, lean, lanky, sinister gentleman, whose eyes were defended by a pair of shield-like green goggles, did the same; and by degrees the others fol-

lowed their example, until there were enough on the floor to form a couple of quadrilles, or 'cowtillions,' as they called them, and the dancing began in good earnest.

'To those in populous cities pent,' dancing is only an amusement; but these simple country-people, living uncontaminated in the heart of nature, looked upon it in the light of business, and went into it accordingly. Not a figure, not a step, not even the fragment of a step, did they omit. If it was worth doing at all, they thought, it was worth doing well; and they did it as well as they could, faithfully following the directions of the leader of the band, whose voice was heard above the music, shouting at intervals: 'Ladies forward!' 'Gentlemen forward!' 'Partners cross!' etc., etc. He was a rousing fellow, that leader:

'Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell;'

but he understood his own business to a hair; and if any mistake occurred, he made them all go back and begin again; by frequently doing which, the first cotillon lasted about half an hour, at the end of which time its subjects were pretty nearly used up for that occasion; the gentlemen polished their red faces with redder bandanas, and sought seats in the draughts of the open windows, and the ladies fluttered their fans like an old maid in a genteel comedy.

'The next thing on the peppergram,' to quote the saying of the illustrious Christy, was the 'Schottische,' danced by one of *our* ladies and a blushing young man, who was said to be a returned Californian, with lots of gold. For fear of consequences, I shall not describe either of them, farther than to say that the lady was dressed in black silk, wore gold spectacles, and danced divinely. But, now we have mentioned spectacles, a word touching our friend in the green goggles, whom I profanely christened 'Lanky Wobbles.' While the second set was being made up, he introduced himself to one other lady, and asked her to be his partner. She excused herself, on the plea of weariness, the reality of which he seemed to doubt, for he departed in high dudgeon; but an idea happening to strike him as he was going, he turned round and said: 'Wal, ef you're *sick*, and don't want tew dance, wal and good; but ef you git up with any body else, look eöut!'

Another set was soon made up, and another and another, until there were six on the floor, not to reckon the fragment of one composed by a number of small boys; and all were hard at work, gliding and sliding about like the poet's muse, 'with many-twinkling feet.' Some of the ladies were really graceful in their movements, and went through their figures lightly and beautifully; but the majority were too sudden and angular. How they could jump so high—for the floor, so far as I could judge, did not spring—was a mystery to me. I noticed one gentleman, in particular, who would have made his fortune at Franconi's or Astley's by turning double-summersets. The short, thick-set man, in the red scarf, who had the honor of starting the ball, was one of the most agile, but his manner of dancing was not the most agreeable: to characterize it artistically, I should say it had too much 'breadth,' and speaking after the manner of St. Giles, I should say it 'flopped' about too much. When he was rising, I wondered where he would fall, and when falling,



where he would rise again. Once or twice, I found to my sorrow that his descents were made upon my corns.

Matters went on thus for a couple of hours. Set after set was made up and exhausted until the hour of midnight came, and a Voice took possession of the atmosphere of the room, saying: 'GENTS! SUPPER'S READY!'

The manner of announcing that supper was never excelled but once before, and that was by Bailey in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' when he informed the Pecksniffs and the rest of Mrs. Todger's boarders, 'The vittles is up!' The dance was finished in a minute, much to the horror of the music-leader, who kept on with his tune, and a general rush took place for the supper-room, and as usual, the red-sash man got in first by a long odds. The supper-room was beneath the ball-room, and was as light as that was dark. From the number of lamps on the table, I began at first to think that they were destined to have a light supper; but never was I more agreeably disappointed. The table was loaded down with roast chickens, turkeys, and ducks, and in front of our places, which had been kept for us, stood a couple of wild fowl that I had killed the afternoon before; and there was a large collection of cold meats, boiled and roast, and pies and cakes, and jellies and bon-bons to match. If they did n't understand the art of dressing in that neighborhood, they did understand that of cooking, and need not have been ashamed to invite any *gourmet* to partake of that supper. Every thing was in abundance, and abundantly was it 'punished.' Nor were sundry decanters filled with colored liquids, evidently vinous, wanting to complete the evening's entertainment; but of these I have no personal knowledge, for on such occasions I am always Johnsonian in my devotion to tea.

But now, as the night, or rather the morning, was growing late, and I was growing sleepy, having been up for some nights previous, I escorted my 'attending angels' home, and left the rest of the company to do what they pleased; and it pleased most of them to dance again; for I learned the next morning, from a certain young gentleman with red eyes and a bad head-ache, that they 'kept it up' till four in the morning, when they broke up as merry as ever:

'And some went home to their slumbers,  
And some went home to their wives.'

And so ends my description of 'ALMACK'S 'DOWN-EAST,' OR A NIGHT AT A COUNTRY BALL.'

T O E L L A — .

I'm lonely, I'm lonely, for on my sad hearth  
No cricket is chirping with heart full of mirth;  
I've a gold-wired cage, and a garden in bloom,  
But no bird on the perch, and no rose's perfume.  
Blithe cricket, sweet bird, dainty rose set apart,  
Come chirp for me, sing for me, bloom for my heart!  
My hearth-stone is ready, my spirit is true;  
The cricket, rose, bird, my sweet ELLA! are you.

M. S. S

## THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A LAW OFFICE LIMERICK.

I SIPPED from those intoxicating readings,  
 Equity Pleadings,  
 Quaffing at times the nectar of the Courts,  
 From HILL'S Reports,  
 When through my office-window flew a creature,  
 Indistinguishable in form and feature.

Its efforts to get out were unsuccessful:  
 'T was a weak vessel;  
 For unto me 't was painfully apparent  
 That its wits were n't  
 Quite bright enough to intimate to him  
 He might get out the way that he got in.

I said: 'It is some grim, gigantic 'skeeter,'  
*Atrox atque teter*:  
 Or else it is that insect green and brindled,  
 The marshy spindle.  
 What business hast thou in a lawyer's study,  
 Thou airy pirate, buzzing, brindled, bloody?'

I turned and flung my cap, the first projectile  
 My hands found, at the reptile,  
 And brought, with dexterity to hang a brag on,  
 The buzzing dragon  
 Down to the floor: but lo! 't was no absurd  
 Marshy spindle, but a humming-bird!

I laid the little thing upon my hand;  
 And as I fanned  
 Its lifeless form, I uttered sharp reflections  
 And doleful interjections,  
 And marked its slender bill, its dainty breast,  
 With more compunctions than can be expressed.

I said unto myself: 'You inconsiderate  
 Young idiot!  
 Thus with rash and reckless wrath to bristle,  
 And fling a missile  
 At this poor, delicate, and harmless fowl,  
 As if it were an ostrich or an owl!'

Just then, as I rebuked myself so highly,  
 The small fowl slyly  
 Winked with one little winker, and then darted  
 Through the wide open window, and departed!

REFLECTIONS.

ALAS! that such a little bit of a humming-bird  
 Should be a gumming-bird!

G. H. M.

## R E M E M B R A N C E .

My inward lookings only bring  
 Her presence back to view,  
 Whom, when my life was in its spring,  
 In every pulse I knew.  
 How fair she looked, the greenwood shade,  
 The summer leaves among,  
 When, by the breath of evening swayed,  
 Her loosened tresses hung!

I did not dream that she would look  
 To other life than mine,  
 Though she was as the tranquil brook,  
 And I the stormy brine:  
 Now, wandering in the hills afar,  
 Her path is hid from me,  
 Though earth, and sky, and polar-star,  
 Therein may mirrored be

SISMA

## WAVE AND WOOD: OR, JACK'S JOURNAL.

## THE WAVE: SUNSET AT SEA.

READER: 'Lovest thou to look upon the beautiful?' Then 'Thou art the man!' I would that you might have gazed upon a sun-set just passed; soft as the perfume of roses the eve, with the waves unruffled, and 'Old Ocean' at rest. It was as though the spirits of departed artists had met in solemn conclave to give to mortals their golden ideas of heaven, and, dipping their brushes in the dazzling prisms of the rainbow, perfected upon a western canvas their pieces immortal—resplendent, mellow, enchanting, gorgeous—like every thing beautiful of the CREATOR's handiwork, 'who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters.'

There are those who can look upon such a scene without emotion; without recognizing OMNIPOTENCE; without gratitude for life, with such an abundance of varied delights; but I pity and commiserate their assimilation to unreflecting brutes. A storm at sea, with the piping blast and mad-heaving wave, surging in sullen roar, continuous and increasing, presents a *man* with startling feelings of his own insignificance; and so does a sun-set; the one fearful, the other beautiful; the one sublime, the other enrapturing. Come and look upon the contrast. It is what the sailor sees, studies, and feels. God in legible print has given you glad opening blossoms, aroma from fresh-mown hay; landscapes with the mountain and valley, gurgling stream and rushing river; the verdant spring and dying autumn; the morning dew and evening quiet; and all are beautiful. He has given the sailor none of these; but sky and water,

sunshine and tempest, ever-varying betwixt sorrow and gladness; and think not these are without instruction.

Morn has followed that sun-set. It is the holy Sabbath — peaceful and quiet. The waves, as if conscious of the day, rest from their wildness, like tired childhood. Aurora's chariot, bright in burnished splendor, with prancing steeds fresh from the chambers of the east, is rolling up and onward, resplendent in beauty, scattering abroad and around rich, warm sun-beams. Merry chimes of tuneful bells are calling you to sacred portals. Not so here; and yet it is well, for God is omnipotent, and the 'Sea is HIS, and HE made it.'

NAPOLEON has said, 'There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' I cannot resist the idea of giving you here the mingled groups brought together upon this world-ferry. It is no more amusing than truthful; 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' you have the wild, rollicking, gay, officious, melancholy, jocose, fun-making, sour, laughter-loving, noisy, wise, silent, meddlesome, retiring, anxious; sleepy, fearless, sleepless; temperate, gourmands; abstainers, intemperate, polite, crude, polished, indifferent; old travelers, clergymen, young beginners; infidels, rich, pretenders; generous, eccentric, listeners, gallants, smokers, 'specimens of humanity,' gentlemen; governors, scholars, agents, ambassadors, attachés; musicians, 'owls,' Honorables, Esquires, 'Misters,' and all other characters ever made or seen, save the beggar and the miser. Do you not think we have a variety, essenced — ay, *oiled*? Hogarth's pencil and Wilkie's humor might find satiety. How many 'Editor's Tables' are there, also? After our EDITOR's transatlantic cruise, I look to see the KNICKERBOCKER thus noticed: 'Our worthy brother, GAYLORD CLARK, we are glad to welcome home once more. We have barely survived his absence; but from certain floating whispers, his 'EDITOR'S TABLE' will be so enriched and embellished with experience in the 'Old World,' that we shall almost hope he may cruise again. So far as we are concerned, PUTNAM can close his door, and send us nothing for six months to come. We have cleared our throat, slipped ourselves, and are anxiously waiting for a sight of the old arm-chair and the venerable occupant.'

One of these odd times, say about eight bells, I will struggle hard to give the reader a STORM AT SEA.

#### VISIT TO OLD CHESTER; EATON HALL.

THE ancient city of Chester is situated south-west from Liverpool some sixteen miles, upon the river Dee. For its antiquity and memorable associations, no town in England stands its equal. Its origin is of very remote date, but no reliable conclusion has as yet settled its exact foundation. In A. D. 61, the Twentieth Roman Legion garrisoned the place, and the walls were built, the same being extended in A. D. 73 by Marius, son of Cymbeline. On the point of its *very* early settlement, 'King's Vale Royal' thus discourseth: 'The first name that I find this city to have been supposed to have borne, was Neomagus; and this they derive from Magus, the son of Samoths, who was the first planter of inhabitants in this isle after Noah's flood, which now containeth England, Scotland, and Wales, and of him was called Samothea; and this Samoths was son to Japhet, the third son of Noah; and of this Magus, who first

built a city even in this place, or near unto it, as it is supposed, the same was called Neomagus. This conjecture I find observed by the learned Sir Thomas Elliott, who saith directly that Neomagus stood where Chester now standeth.' Under the memorable achievements of Julius Agricola, it became a Roman colony, and so continued for two or three centuries. It now contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Amid its quaint old streets, time-battered walls, and ancient cathedral, the stranger finds a large field for contemplation. The walls, built of soft free-stone, are nearly two miles in circumference, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, embracing in the distance the hills of Wales.

It was a clear day in September when I visited Chester. A soft, hazy atmosphere threw a dreamy mellowness over the landscape, and with the winding Dee before, the richly-cultivated meads around, and the grim old peaks in the distance shooting heavenward, the view was charming. I know every one does not recognize the beautiful or reverence the antique, but I pity the man who can stand upon the embattled memorials of Chester and enjoy no novelty of feeling or delight. To stand upon, walk upon, and touch the very ramparts of the old Roman Legion! it is impossible to be thus situated without a strong feeling of *quaintness*. CLARK, you can appreciate this element. And do you remember that beautifully simple old song, commencing thus:

‘THE moon had climbed the highest hill  
That rises o’er the source of Dee,’ etc. ?

This old harmony blends appropriately with the reverential feeling; and, summing up all, you find yourself transfixed with a silence only equal to your dreaming mood.

Among the many things of interest in Chester, I segregate those which I fancy will please you most. The walls are the only perfect specimens of Roman fortification now to be found in the kingdom, and perhaps no sight-seeing in England would impress a stranger more forcibly. Here he stands upon the very work which has stood nearly eighteen hundred years. It is like addressing, *viva voce*, the dead of centuries, conversing with them in our own peculiar tongue, and scanning their grim visages with optics of 1851. This would be the first emotion from which to recover; and as you emerge from this living tomb of feeling and memory, by degrees you find, scattered here, some rich and glorious evidences of a past race, and there, some faint tracery of an almost forgotten nation. O TEMPUS! ‘how have the mighty fallen!’ The prestige, once a halo encircling the names, Vespasian, Trajan, Constantine, and the Cæsars, has faded into a venerable shadow, so dim that you go softly for fear of chasing it away. But this is life! Happy the man who can walk with a quiet conscience even amid the humbler avenues of life, and at last compose himself calmly for the voyage to those regions from whence no navigator has ever returned. What a port is that!—the hulls and colors of all nations therein, but from which anchorage no piping blast or howling storm shall drift them. May it be ours to shun the reef and gain the port!

Of the many relics discovered in Chester, you have Roman pavements, altars, coins, vases, rings, medals, stones with inscriptions, statues, tiles,



and other indications of the dead race. Some thirty years ago, an altar was exhumed—now at Eaton Hall—upon which was this inscription :

NYMPHIS  
\* \*  
FONTIBUS  
LEG XX  
V V

Pure water springs up on the side of the town where this altar was found, which, no doubt, signified such a locality.

It is no more surprising than true, that, until recently, no spirit of inquiry or curiosity has been invoked by the inhabitants for these local antiquities of so renowned a nation. So biased are they to gain, self-emolument, and obsequiousness to nobility, that these precious speaking memorials have never been appreciated ; and, I have no doubt, the American, an obtruder upon the monotonous routine of English life, has started the Rip Van Winkles, and sent them after their senses. Not an inch of all Wales but would have been explored, had it been U. S. A. in lieu of G. B. This very indifference, this *unappreciativeness* of the past, as well as ignorance, I am sure, has severed links in the grand chain of English local history, which will never be recovered.

The King's School, founded by Henry the Eighth, is an institution savoring of the liberality of the States. Twenty-four boys, of poor families belonging to the church, are maintained here for four or five years. They must come understanding the rudiments of grammar, and 'given to learning,' while the course of instruction is such as to qualify the pupils for any of the literary professions or commercial pursuits. There are, also, the Diocesan and Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster's Schools. The former has about two hundred pupils ; the latter (gratuitous for the poor, established by the Marquis) is capable of holding eight hundred.

From Chester some three miles south, is Eaton Hall, the home of the Marquis of Westminster. It is considered the best modern specimen of the pointed Gothic in the kingdom, comprising a centre and two wings. It is of stone, of a light color, brought from Delamere Forest ; designs furnished by Pordon. The building has been undergoing repairs for the past five years, and will not be finished for another twelve months. From this fact I was unable to enter and see its spacious and chastely-decorated rooms, although I made a sincere appeal in buttons and the band ; and hence lost the view of the hall, saloon, ante-rooms, dining-room, drawing-room, library, the great stair-case, state bed-room, and chapel. In front you have a scene eminently beautiful : groves, gardens, the conservatory, mountains of Wales, Peckforton Hills, and Beeston Castle, with the gentle Dee, charming in its windings. I need not say here you have the perfection of English scenery. It is a survey that charms the eye, feasts the soul, and makes the pretensions of man and all his labored ingenuity sink into insignificance.

The present Marquis is of the noble house of Grosvenor, and traces his descent from illustrious Normans. At Eccleston, a pleasant little village two miles from Chester, stands prominent a church of Gothic structure,

built by the Marquis, one of the best specimens of this order in England.

Eaton Hall is a lovely place, centering in a park three miles square, and, methinks, embraces all a mortal can desire. If you seek pleasantness, it is here; if beauty of God's world, it is here; if quietness, it is here; if splendor, it is here; if abundance, it is here. But there is a vale I know among the hills of New-England, a companion I know, a gleesome boy I know, could I have at all times around me, Eaton Hall, its beauty and splendor, might fade in the distance. The effect such places and scenes have upon me is to make me appreciate more and more what the CREATOR has bestowed, while I am thankful I bear evidences of one hailing from a free and happy republic. My Country—God bless her!

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L I N E S :   T O   K O S S U T H .

MAN of the age! the nations own  
Thy mission with a shout;  
Trembles the despot on his throne—  
His night-long dream is out!

If leaguéd kings with iron glaive  
Would FREEDOM crush to-day,  
Shall true steel to the scabbard cleave,  
Nor leap to break their away!

The coming tread of arméd men  
Reëchoes o'er the earth;  
For fearful Force must conquer Wrong,  
Ere fruits of PEACE have birth.

Yet, strong in moral might and power,  
Thy theses still proclaim;  
Thy lips are touched with sacred fire—  
Our hearts have caught the flame!

Thy breath, electric, o'er the chords  
Of thrilling human souls,  
With instant conquest girds the earth,  
From Indus to the poles.

A self-vowed offering to God,  
His martyrs to redress;  
Sealed to the holy cause by blood,  
Priest—prophet—onward press!

With burning word and lofty deed,  
Calm, passionate, and sage;  
With honest skill to meet the need  
And issue of the age:

Press on!—droop not! God give thee grace,  
And nerve thy noble soul;  
A faltering step may lose the race,  
And FREEDOM is the goal!

MRS. H. M. FARLEY

## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERSE MEMBERS OF  
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

### CHAPTER THREE.

MRS. SOLOMON FUDGE.

—‘*TAM suavia dicam facinora, ut male  
Sit ei qui talibus non delectetur.*’

SCIP. DE BURTON.

MRS. FUDGE is of the family of BODGERS, of Newtown. It is by no means a low family. Her father was Squire BODGERS, a deserving, stout man, rather bluff in his habit of speech, but ‘fore-handed,’ and quite a column in the Baptist Church of Newtown. Indeed, the only serious quarrel which ever occurred between my Aunt Phœbe and the Squire was in relation to church-matters. Mrs. FUDGE, after ten years’ residence in town, ventured to change her faith—simultaneously with her change of residence from Wooster-street to the Avenue. From having been an exemplary Baptist, she became, on a sudden, an unexceptionable high-church listener, with prayer-books and velvets to match.

Mr. BODGERS, of Newtown, was indignant, and came to the city on a visit of expostulation. My Aunt Phœbe tried reasoning, but the Squire was too strong for her. She next tried tears, but tears were unavailing. She urged the wishes and the position of her husband, Mr. FUDGE; to all which I have no doubt that Mr. BODGERS replied, in his bluff way, ‘FUDGE be d——d!’ I do not, however, affirm it.

The result may be easily anticipated. Mrs. FUDGE continued firm in her new connection; reading the service at first with a good deal of snappish zeal, and at length subsiding into an eligible pew and place, where her furs would meet with observation, and her complexion catch a becoming light from the transept window. Mr. BODGERS threatened to cut her off from all share in his country estate; and, to give color to the threat, brought about a reconciliation with his second daughter, KITTY, who had married eight years before, very much against his wishes, a poor country clergyman.

How and where the courtship first came about which ultimately metamorphosed the plump and comely PHŒBE BODGERS into the exemplary Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, it seems hardly worth while to narrate. It is sufficient to say, that the wife of Squire BODGERS was a shrewd woman and capital manager. SOLOMON FUDGE was a disinterested young man, of eligible family, pleasant prospects in the way of trade. He wore, judging from an old portrait which ornamented the back-parlor in Wooster-street, and which hangs in the basement upon the Avenue, the tight pantaloons which were in vogue at that date, and a considerable weight of metal to his fob-chain.

Numerous incidents in regard to the courtship have leaked out, from time to time, when I have found my aunt in a sentimental humor; but as they appear to be mostly of that ordinary and common-place character which are found in novels, and have little of the spice of real life about them, I do not think it worth my while to write them down. A little sonnet, however, in acrostic form, in which PHOEBE BODGERS figures as Diana, has gratified me, as an evidence of considerable poetic taste on the part of the present bank-officer; and I need hardly say, that the same is carefully guarded by Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

Squire BODGERS, I regret to say, is now dead; so is his wife. Mrs. FUDGE, though fat and healthy, is an orphan. She cherishes, I regret farther to say, but a slight recollection of the surviving members of the family. The old gentleman, in dying, was as good as his word, and left but little of his small property to the town-branch. The homestead reverted to Mrs. KITTY FLEMING, the widow of the poor clergyman already mentioned, who died, leaving one child, bearing the mother's name and a fair share of country beauty. I have met with her on a random visit to Newtown in the summer season. She is just turned of sixteen. I am not aware that she speaks a word of French; yet I must confess that I admire her exceedingly — much more than her aunt.

Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE does not fancy Newtown as a summer residence: she rarely alludes to the place; nor does she often speak of her country cousins. They paid her frequent visits while she was living in Wooster-street; I observe that they have since fallen off. When they come, however, she is familiar and easy with them — in the basement. I do not remember that she ever gave a party for them.

One stout, fussy old gentleman, who has been a thriving shop-keeper in her native township, annoys her excessively. Upon the strength of some remote cousinship, he insists upon addressing her as 'Cousin PHOEBE;' and this notwithstanding he wears a long surtout and a prodigious red-and-yellow silk pocket-handkerchief. His name is BODGERS — TRUMAN BODGERS, Esquire. He has been in the State Legislature, and did a great deal for the tanning-interest of the country, in which he is himself largely interested.

From some hints that have been now and then dropped, I incline to the opinion that Mrs. FUDGE was an old flame of his: it is certain that he keeps up a moderate show of attention to this day. He is one of those genuine, rough-bred country Americans who are not to be pricked through with any stings of fashionable observance. He counts his Cousin PHOEBE no better in her home upon the Avenue than when she played bare-footed at the old husking-frolics of Newtown. And with a straightforward, native instinct, he acts out his impressions in plain country fashion.

I must say that I rather admire Mr. BODGERS, notwithstanding my aunt's ungracious sneers; and I admire him all the more for the wholesome contrast that he offers to my poor aunt's city-weaknesses. Next to her dread of his coming, I think that she manifests a decided reluctance to my meeting with him at her house. The consequence is, as I am an amiable man and have much spare time on my hands, I almost always contrive to call whenever I catch a glimpse of the long surtout;

and enjoy exceedingly the rubicund countenance of friend TRUMAN and the slightly vinegared aspect of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

I think I have dwelt long enough upon the antecedents of Mrs. FUDGE; I shall therefore go on to speak of her present home, character, and position.

She is an exemplary woman; at least, this is the style in which her clergyman, the Reverend Doctor MUDDLETON, uniformly speaks of her. I observe, however, that he speaks in the same way of a great many others among his lady-parishioners, who rent very high-priced pews, and subscribe in a fair sum to his pet charities. It is, upon the whole, a discreet way of speaking. Dr. MUDDLETON is a discreet man.

My aunt, then, is an exemplary woman: what the Doctor means by it, I could never precisely understand. She is certainly an example of apparent good health, and of fair preservation; in point of size, too, as I have already remarked, she is quite noticeable. She does not believe in unnecessary fatigue of any sort. The world wags very quietly with her, and she sees no reason why it should not wag very quietly with every body else.

She is methodical and judicious in her charities: she suffers her name to appear in the public prints—although a great trial to her natural delicacy—as one of the managers of the Society for the Relief of Indigent Females: she makes a small yearly contribution to the same. She gives her maids several old silk dresses in the course of the year, and supplies her cook with cast-off under-clothes. She presents her coachman every Christmas-day with a half-eagle; and, on one occasion, when he wished ‘A ‘appy New-Year, and many of ‘em, to the hiligant Mrs. FUDGE,’ she extended her charity to a cast-off over-coat of her husband’s.

She does not allow match-girls, and that sort of vulgar people, to be begging about the basement-windows. She rather prides herself upon the dignified and peremptory way with which she orders them off; it certainly is not apt to provoke a return.

Her house is after the usual city pattern—two parlors, with folding-doors; one furnished with blue, the other with crimson. Two arm-chairs to each, of rosewood, very luxuriously upholstered. Straight-backed chairs, with crewel-worked bottoms and backs; one or two of these. A screen similarly worked, one of Peyser’s best. Ottoman, similarly worked; a red-and-white puppy, in crewel. Alabaster vases, from LEEDS’ auction, ‘quite recherché in form,’ as Mr. LEEDS remarked at the time of sale. Candelabras, of fashionable pattern, from WORAM AND HAUGHWOUT—‘a splendid article.’ Tapestry-carpets, very soft, arabesque pattern, quite showy, and, according to the Messrs. TINSON, ‘remarkably chaste.’ Curtains, to match furniture, very heavy cord and tassel, draped under the eye of Mrs. FUDGE, by a middle-aged man, ‘smelling strongly of varnish.’

There are paintings on the wall, very strongly admired by Mr. BODGERS, and country cousins generally. They were imported at immense expense, but purchased by Mrs. FUDGE at a bargain. A dining-room skirts the two parlors in the rear. This arrangement of the house is not original with Mrs. FUDGE; several city houses are built in a somewhat similar manner. I do not know that this arrangement suits Mrs. FUDGE’s convenience and family better than any other; I do not think, indeed, that



she ever asked herself the question. It is the style; and my aunt has a great abhorrence of any thing that is not 'the style.'

Mrs. FUDGE has at her command a coachman and footman. The first sticks to the stable; the second does duty in-doors—cleans the silver, waits on the table, receives visitors. On ordinary days he wears a white apron, but on great occasions he is ornamented with a blue coat and Berlin gloves. Mrs. FUDGE supplies him with soap and shaving-materials. She ventured at one time, after reading Cecil, into powdering his hair. Mr. BODGERS mistook him for Mr. FUDGE. I came near falling into the same mistake myself. She has abandoned the powder.

If I were to call Mrs. FUDGE a fashionable lady, I should do violence to her prejudices, at the same time that I should gratify her affectionate impulses. I have not so much fear of her violence as I have love for her gratification. I therefore say unhesitatingly, Mrs. FUDGE *is* a fashionable woman.

'TONY,' she will say, 'you know better. You know that I scorn fashion; you have heard me do it again and again. You know I have a perfect contempt for all the extravagances of fashion.'

'Quite as you say, Mrs. FUDGE,' I should reply, blandly.

'Why then do you call me fashionable, TONY?' (quite mildly, and with a felicitous tweak of her cap-strings, followed by a careless yet effective adjustment of the folds of a very showy brocade-dress.)

'I was doubtless wrong, Aunt PHOEBE. It was a mistake of mine. You are not a fashionable woman.'

The face of Mrs. FUDGE falls. She thanks me very sourly, and she insists upon knowing what conceivable reason should have suggested such an idea.

In an ugly humor—we will say after one of the cold breakfasts of the down-town hotels—I should reply, 'None at all;' thereby gratifying my aunt's moral sentiment, and making her my enemy for ten days to come. I know better than this; a man does not live for twenty years about town for nothing. My reply would be, therefore, very different. 'Reasons enough, Mrs. FUDGE. You employ a fashionable hair-dresser; you trade only at fashionable shops; you wear the most becoming and fashionable colors, (imagine Aunt PHOEBE's glow;) you drive at a fashionable hour; your furniture is fashionable; and the names in your card-basket are fashionable names.'

This last assertion (the only really questionable one of the whole) she admits as strong evidence against her. But how on earth can she refuse the visits of such persons as *will* come?

'How, to be sure?'

Mrs. FUDGE is all smiles. She will not listen to my talk of leaving. She will speak of me (I know she will) all the week as that dear, delightful fellow TONY.

I am sometimes afraid—and, I dare say, a great many people occasionally have the same fear—that I am not so innocent as I seem.

There is a large swarm of persons upon the town—heads of families and others—who, without being fashionable themselves, are very earnest but very silent admirers of what they think fashionable society. They are, I observe also, very indefatigable in their raillery of fashionable fol-

lies, and in their expressions of contempt. They follow after the camp with very much show of mirth, and with a great deal of eagerness to catch up a cast-away feather or a cockade.

I observe, too, that they make the most of whatever man or woman seems to have strayed out of the fashionable beat into their quiet circle. They rejoice over such an individual with an immense deal of sympathy; and they will even follow him back, if the thing is practicable, into his ways of wickedness, to make their guardianship more perfect and peculiar. They rail at what is out of their reach, and have not the apology of refinement to give a zest to their cravings. The man who lives by follies, openly and boastingly, is a shabby fellow; but the man who rails at the follies he pines for is very much shabbier still.

And having whipped my chapter upon Mrs. FUDGE into this smack of a moral, I shall close it here.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

WISHES, WAYS, AND MEANS.

'Into the land of trouble and anguish, from whence come the old and young lion, they will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, to a people that shall not profit them.'

ISAIAH XXX: 6.

PEOPLE are often misguided, especially in town. Some gain by it, others lose. If there is any thing I wish to guard my readers against, it is, mis-judgment of such characters as I shall bring to their notice. I have a fear that many will have already misconceived Mrs. FUDGE's character: they will set her down in their own minds as a vain, careless woman, with no definite purpose in life. They are exceedingly mistaken.

Mrs. FUDGE *has* a purpose. Ever since she ceased to be a BODGERS, and began to be a FUDGE, she has had this purpose. Ever since she left Newtown for a life in the city; ever since she eschewed the Baptist persuasion for the refinements of Dr. MUDDLETON's service; ever since she pestered her husband into a remove from Wooster-street to the Avenue, a gigantic purpose has been glowing within her. That purpose has been to erect herself and family into such a position as would provoke notice and secure admiration. There may be worthier purposes, but there are few commoner ones. Mrs. FUDGE is to be commended for the pertinacity with which she has guarded this purpose, and measurably for her success.

Wealth Mrs. FUDGE has always religiously considered as one of the first elements of progress: she is not alone in this; she can hardly be said to be wrong. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE is a rich man. I could hardly have adduced a better proof of it, than by my statement of the fact that he is a large holder of the Dauphin stock. None but a substantially rich man could afford to hold large stock, either in the Dauphin or the Pennsylvania Coal Companies. Such humble corporations as pay dividends (which they earn) are generally held by those poor fellows who need dividends. Mr. FUDGE needs no dividends. Coal companies generally pay no dividends.

Mrs. FUDGE, for a considerable period of years, has made the most of her wealth. She is, however, a shrewd woman; Uncle SOLOMON is a prudent man; she has, therefore, made no extraordinary display. She has kept a close eye upon equipages, hats, cloaks, habits, churches, dif-

ferent schemes of faith and of summer recreation. She is well posted in regard to all these matters.

Unfortunately—I say it with a modest regret—a certain BODGER twang belonged to my aunt, which the prettiest velvet cloak, or the most killing of Miss LAWSON's bonnets, could never hide. *I* regard it as a native beauty, redolent of the fields; *she*—I am sorry to affirm it—does not regard it at all. It has, however, I am convinced, stood in the way of her advancement.

For five years she may be said to have occupied the same position; the seasons hardly counted upon her; they were certainly not counted *by* her. She enjoyed a certain prestige of wealth; as much, at any rate, as could be forced into laces and withdrawn readily from the stock-broker's capital. Her children held ignoble positions, either in the nursery or at school. At one time, indeed—I think it was during the cholera-season—she came near ruining her prospects in life by gaining the reputation of a domestic woman. She has since, however, very successfully counteracted this opinion.

I do not know a greater absurdity, than for a lady of the city, who has aspirations beyond the vulgar routine of home duties, to affect the domestic woman. Of what service, pray, is she to the world? Who enjoys the sight of her; who delights in her equipage; what deserving, good-natured, unmarried men can bask in her smiles?

I have spoken of the children of Mrs. FUDGE. Children are an ornament to society; greater ornaments, frequently, than their parents. With a city education, and with the companionships that grow up in a city school, they possess a foot-hold, as it were, which could never have belonged to PHOEBE BODGERS. Mrs. FUDGE understands this; she has had an eye to this matter, in the course of her son's schooling: her daughter she has watched over with the same motherly care.

Respectable little girls have not unfrequently been invited home to tea by WILHELMINA ERNESTINA, at the instance of the mamma of WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. The same little girls, of good family, have been invited out to ride with the mamma of WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. The mamma has taken great pleasure in talking with such little girls; and has kindly amused them by instituting comparisons of her furniture, or her dress, or her tea-service, with the furniture, and dress, and tea-service with which the little girls of good family are familiar at home. From all this, Mrs. FUDGE has derived some very valuable hints.

In short, WILHELMINA ERNESTINA is a perfect treasure to Mrs. FUDGE. Her point-lace pantalets attracted considerable attention while they were still living in an obscure mansion of Wooster-street. WILHELMINA has, moreover, a passably pretty face. It has a slight dash of bravado, which, considering the uses to which it is to be applied, is by no means undesirable. She is just now upon the point of 'coming out;' and, as much depends upon her action and success at this particular period, her mother and myself naturally regard her movements with a good deal of anxiety. I shall take pleasure in recording, from time to time, in the course of these papers, her perils and her triumphs.

Her son, GEORGE WASHINGTON, more familiarly known to the family as WASH. FUDGE, is a promising young man. He is an ornament to the

street: he is immensely admired by two very young girls over the way, much to their mother's mortification.

I shall venture to draw a short sketch of his appearance and habits: the sketch will not, however, be a *unique*. Several portraits of him already exist; Mrs. FUDGE herself possesses two in oil and three in Daguerreotype. He has, moreover, bestowed several upon young ladies about town, to say nothing of a certain Mademoiselle who became enamored of him—to use his own story—on his recent visit to Paris, and who holds a highly respectable position upon the boards of the Porte St. Martin.

WASH. FUDGE has had some twenty years' experience of life—mostly town-life. He is, therefore, no chicken. This is a favorite expression of his, and of his admirers. He dresses in quite elegant style. I doubt somewhat, if such waist-coats and pantaloons as ornament WASH. FUDGE can be seen on any other individual.

He was entered at Columbia College: there was not a faster man in his class. His mother advised association with such young gentlemen as appeared to her—from the catalogue—to be desirable companions. She even contrived a few oyster-suppers in the basement, to which they were invited. The affair, however, did not succeed. The young gentlemen alluded to did not return the civilities of young FUDGE. Miss WILHELMINA ERNESTINA, although set off in her best dress, and playing some of her richest bits of piano practice, did not seem to do execution on a single one of the young gentlemen above alluded to.

WASH. FUDGE decided Columbia College to be a bore; he determined to leave the faculty. The determination was happy and mutual.

He now devoted himself to dancing, billiards, and flat cigars. His progress was very creditable. Mrs. FUDGE took a great deal of very proper pride in the jaunty and dashing appearance of her son WASHINGTON. She had not a doubt of his growing capacity to do great execution upon the lady-members of New-York society: he had already, indeed, given quiet proofs of his power in this way by certain dashing flirtations in small country-places. A trip to Paris was naturally regarded by Mrs. FUDGE as a great opportunity for perfecting himself in the designs which he had in view. A trip to Paris was therefore determined on, somewhat to the demurrer of Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, but much to the satisfaction of his son and heir.

Mrs. FUDGE flattered herself that the Miss BINGLEYS, and PINKERTONS, and other young ladies of distinguished families, would find him perfectly irresistible on his return. She saw herself the envied mother of one of the most delightful young men about town—to say nothing of the accomplished and fascinating WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. She saw, furthermore, her advances upon the fashion of the town sustained by the unremitting attentions of young gentlemen of distinction, and by such overflowing receptions as would for ever bury all recollection of the BODGER blood.

I wish calmly to ask if Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE is to be blamed for all this? Is it not a beautiful proof of maternal feeling? Are not great numbers of mothers anxious and hopeful in the very same way? Nay, do they not continue anxious and hopeful from year to year, trusting in

PROVIDENCE, money, and management, to secure their ultimate rescue from the shades of second-rate society? Is it not reasonable to expect that six years of coaching, at the very pick of the hours; adroit charities to well-known city institutions; persistent listening to the Rev. Dr. MUDDLETON; positive familiarity with Miss LAWSON, to say nothing of Mr. BROWN and MARTEL, will, in time, effect their purpose; and that the stout Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE will, supported on the wings of WILHELMINA and GEORGE WASHINGTON, soar to the utmost height of society and of ton?

In the course of these papers I shall watch with interest her flight: and, blending my own quiet observations with hers, shall present an epitome of the town-life, which may serve as a guide to the ambitious, and as an encouragement to the humble.

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S O N G .

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DEDICATED TO MIRIAM O. GOODENOW.

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How oft have I thought, when in quiet reposing  
On the green mossy banks of the wild Genesee,  
When the mild summer-day in its beauty was closing,  
How often I've thought, lovely MIRIAM, of thee!  
It was there that in childhood we wandered together,  
When the warm sun had kissed the night-dew from the lea,  
And we plucked the gay flowers that grew on the heather,  
While our hearts were o'erflowing with transports of glee.

And when we have sat on the bright grassy knoll,  
Where the clear sparkling waters came dancing along,  
How often for me hast thou poured forth thy soul  
In the sweet-flowing cadence of exquisite song!  
Thy voice was enchanting, and its sweetness hath hung  
Round the chords of my heart like a magical spell;  
Even memory now, when my rude harp is strung,  
Will repeat o'er the strains that I once loved so well.

At times we have strayed through the deep forest shade,  
Where the river grows rapid and wild in its flow,  
And beheld the gay trout, as he sportively played  
In the eddying pools of the clear stream below.  
Thus we wandered together from morning till even;  
We were careless of sorrow, our spirits were free,  
While the place where we roved to our souls was a heaven,  
And my beautiful MIRIAM an angel to me!

I love to resort to that cherished retreat,  
When the lawn is bedecked with the flowers of May;  
Though I sigh to reflect that I no more shall meet  
With the friend of my youth, who is far, far away!  
But, alas! those bright fancies of childhood have flown;  
Yet, whenever my heart sends a thought after thee,  
I shall think with delight of the joys we have known  
On the green mossy banks of the wild Genesee.



## M Y F I R S T N I G H T O N P O S T .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was in the summer of 1850 that I entered Camp Gaines with the corps of cadets. Many to whom that kind of life was new, will remember how disagreeable were the first two weeks of our encampment, when the rain fell almost incessantly, rendering guard-duty unusually fatiguing, while the bad weather allowed those off guard an immunity from the minor duties of the camp. The new cadets or 'plebs,' having been in the battalion but a few days, were not well enough disciplined to be detailed for guard, so the burden of labor fell on the first and third classes; no wonder, then, that every expedient was used to avoid it. I was a 'pleb' then, and having exhibited a tolerable degree of proficiency in the 'manual,' one of the first-class men, now an artillery officer, obtained permission for me to go on guard in his place. One beautiful morning, after donning my patron's uniform, which fitted me more like a bag than a tight, well-made suit, I took my place in 'C' company's detail, and, with a boyish feeling of pride for being the first 'pleb' on guard swelling in my bosom, was marched out to the parade-ground where the guard was forming.

After it was brought to the 'rear open order,' the adjutant commenced the inspection. By the time he came to me I was exceedingly nervous, for all sorts of strange stories about the severity exercised toward cadets were making me curse memory for bringing them up at such a time to arouse unnecessary fears about my dress and accoutrements not being in the most perfect order. But inspecting my gun, and finding it bright and clean, he cast a glance at the uniform I wore, and pushing my chin-strap lower, said, kindly, 'Very well, Sir,' and passed on without a word of censure. Then, after the band beat off the 'troop,' we were marched in review before the eyes of the fair ones who were thronging around the guard-tents. I will pass over the occurrences of the day, and come at once to the evening's entertainment, as my comrades called it.

It was nearly eleven at night when I found myself walking up and down a little path which ran near the tents, better known as 'Number Five.' I had been walking during the day, and, wearied with the heat, almost welcomed a heavy rain-storm which soon drove me to seek shelter in the sentry-box, whence I could catch glimpses of the scenery as the frequent flashes of lightning played over it. It was a bad night for a green-hand to be on post, for the roar of the storm and the worse than total darkness made it almost impossible to detect the approach of any one who might be disposed to 'devil' me. Whenever a transient flash lit up the camp with spectral light, I would throw a hurried glance around, and then draw my cape over my face to keep out the rain which beat full into my retreat.

During a momentary lull of the storm, footsteps were heard approaching the post from the camp. I challenged, 'Who goes there?' No

answer; but before I could call out again, a huge tent-peg came rattling into the box. I rushed out, disliking such target-practice, and running up the path, succeeded in stopping one of the jokers just as he was crossing it; but instead of retreating, he began to expostulate with me, and wound up a lengthy harangue on the impropriety of a 'pleb's' interfering with old cadets, by attempting to seize my gun. I called out, 'Corporal of the guard, Number Five!' and I could hear the words run from post to post as the sentinels caught the cry; but it was of no use, for my opponent yelled, 'Never mind the corporal,' and this the blockheads in the intermediate boxes repeated as lustily as the other. Succeeding in getting away from my assailant, I was backing off to give him the benefit of the cold steel, when I suddenly fell backward into a wheel-barrow which a third classan pushed against me; and after running a rod or so with me, he gave it a jerk, sending wheel-barrow, musket, and me over in the mud together." That barrow played a conspicuous part in that night's amusement, for every few moments it would come rattling down the path toward me in a very supernatural manner, apparently without aid from human hands.

Here was a fix! Full a dozen men, regardless of the weather, were practically 'devil'ing me; the rain seemed to *pour* more than any thing else; my white pantaloons clung damply yet affectionately to my nether limbs. The corporal at the guard-tent was perfectly oblivious of my situation; and, above all, there was the absolute necessity for endurance until the relief came round. I entreated the jokers, in the name of our common uncle, to let me alone, and clear out. They answered by advising me not to get nervous. To add to my discomfiture, the occupants of a neighboring tent, aroused by the noise, raised the wall, and, lighting cigars, coolly enjoyed the fun, occasionally throwing out a hint whenever the game seemed to lag. One moment the tormentors would assemble in a body, and, marching up under the command of a six-footer, answer my challenge as an 'armed body of men.' Then they pretended to be the relief; and, advancing in perfect order, would be quite astonished when I charged them with the bayonet. As I was contending with two who wished, as they said, to take a sick tent-mate across my post to the hospital, the 'sick' man discovered a surprising energy in trying to lasso me with a tent-cord!

At last, one by one they dropped off to their warm beds, and left me perambulating in the mud, all the time suspecting this to be a mere ruse, in order to play a new trick. As if to confirm the suspicion, a tall fellow came suddenly upon me as I was entering the box. I lowered my musket, and was just about to run him through the leg, when his cool 'Steady! steady!' caused me to recognize the officer of the day. After giving the counter-sign, he asked my orders, and then, praising me for being so wide awake, passed on, leaving me once more alone with the storm. Before long the relief came round, and, leaving another man in my place, took me along to the guard-tents for a little rest. A little after three in the morning, the loud 'Turn out, second relief!' aroused me from the comfortless camp-stools on which it seemed I had slept scarcely a moment. With a sickening, overpowering sense of fatigue and exhaustion, I 'fell in' with the rest, and passed around the camp to my post,

where I was to walk two more hours in the mud. O how slowly the time dragged along! It seemed as if morning would *never* come. More than once I was asleep while walking, and would bring up against a tree or the sentry-box. I remember at one time awaking by feeling on my face the wet canvas of a tent, which, although some yards from the path, I had run into in my sleep.

It had ceased raining by this time, and heavy clouds were passing swiftly overhead, while between them the rich moonlight poured down on the white tents, the ruined breast-works of Fort Clinton, and the lovely Hudson seen between the waving cypress. The hills forming the eastern bank stretched away to the south in a kind of silvery haze, darkened in places by long, low clouds, whose bases touched the river, and mingled with the driving scud. But soon the gray light of morning spread over the horizon, and when the sun rose, the morning-gun welcomed it; and as the puff of smoke rolled slowly leeward, reveillé rang out on the fresh air in sweet harmony with the beauty of the glorious scene, which recompensed me for the miseries of 'MY FIRST NIGHT ON POST.'

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T H E P R O P O S A L .

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BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

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You'RE late: the soup's gone!

Dear ELLEN! — Miss LEEDS —

I — I — think that trout's spoiled — the cook's careless deeds.  
 I've something to say — CHARLES! the salt! — quite unusual,  
 And I hope — Superb sauce! — I shall have no refusal.  
 I'm relieved by that blush — This tomato's all seeds —  
 No, thank you; not yet, CHARLES: *first*, wait on Miss LEEDS.  
 Would it not be as well — Will you have some baked beans? —  
 To avoid farther blushing! They'll notice these *scenes*.  
 CHARLES! that partridge! Some breast! This is very good dressing —  
 I may say, since the day that I first had the blessing  
 Of seeing — Some pepper! — your face, that the passion  
 (Which e'er since the creation's been so much in fashion)  
 I feel, I felt then: and I hope you return it.  
 Well — thank you for that; for I feared you might spurn it.  
 By the way, I might say — Yes, I've done: take the plate —  
 As your *mother's* will only hangs *now* o'er our fate,  
 That I'm not *very* rich, and my income's not great,  
 But plenty to keep up respectable state: —  
 CHARLES! I've no spoon! — and as I hate fashion,  
 And observe that in that way you've almost no passion,  
 We'll have more than enough; you'll have no cause to sigh  
 For — Rice pudding? or do you prefer pumpkin pie? —  
 Aught that you wish, 't will be yours. — Which of these?  
 Nuts! 'Tis well, they are bad — these raisins, or cheese? —  
 I am just thirty-eight: I am frank, and — You've dined! —  
 In the morning I'll ask what's your dear mother's mind;  
 And from doubt of the future no trouble I'll borrow —  
 No! no coffee — Good-bye until dinner to-morrow.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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NICARAGUA: ITS PEOPLE, SCENERY, MONUMENTS, and the Proposed Interoceanic Canal. By E. G. SQUIER, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Central America. In two volumes: pp. 876. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE announced this work briefly in our last number, and promised thereafter to indicate its character more fully to the reader. These volumes of Mr. SQUIER's, it is not too much to assume, will add greatly to his reputation. We had prepared an elaborate review of the work, which embraced a number of interesting and varied extracts from both volumes; but the accumulation of literary *matériel* upon our hands compels us reluctantly to forego the pleasure of presenting them; but that we may do at least partial justice to the author, a friend and an old correspondent, we annex the remarks of the capable critic of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, fully endorsing the just praise which is awarded to the work: 'It is mere justice to say, that these two elegant volumes are prominent among the most valuable contributions to the historical and antiquarian history of the country, while at the same time they are, in graphic relation of the incidents of travel through a wild country and among a strange people, almost without a rival in the crowd of modern journey-books. The author has brought to his task a capacity to observe minutely and describe accurately, while at the same time his vision has wide scope, and his style is nervous and flexible. He looks with reverent admiration upon the works of Nature, but he sees straight through the designs of man; and we consequently obtain from him a truthful and vivid description of the places he has seen, and the character and controlling motives of the people who inhabit them. Such a book as must needs have been the consequence of the travels of such a writer was needed just at this time about Nicaragua. The affairs of that country are assuming a commercial and political importance to us which can hardly be overrated; and Mr. SQUIER's book gives so thorough and clear a view of the internal politics of the place, and the position which England has assumed there, as well as of the facilities of communication with our territories on the Pacific which its waters afford, that it seems as if an actual journey in his footsteps would not secure more complete information upon these subjects than he affords to us, who 'stay at home at ease.' Certainly it would not, unless to the few who know how to travel as well as Mr. SQUIER. With regard to the pretensions of England, and the grounds for, or rather the groundlessness of them, he talks very plainly, and with so much reason in his plainness

as will bring the '*Quarterly*, so savage and tartarly,' about his ears with a vengeance; for we hear that nearly a thousand of this edition were immediately ordered for the English market.

'We have alluded to the flexibility of Mr. SQUIER's style. The facility with which he adapts it to his immediate subject is remarkable. Were the book first opened in the narrative portion, the author would be welcomed as a lively and picturesque writer, whose quiet satire and keen appreciation of the ridiculous, sparing not even himself in his sallies, would make his book the fascinating companion of rail-road or steam-boat travel; but his records of antiquarian discovery are those of a well-read, enlightened, and appreciative student of the past; while in other portions of his work—the introduction, for instance—he writes the philosophy of history with a far-reaching thought, and a stateliness of utterance, not unworthy of GIBBON, and not unlike him. The book has been published in the best manner. It is copiously illustrated with maps, views of scenery, drawings of the houses and utensils of the inhabitants, and representations of the idols and the various other relics of the race which ages since passed away from this now almost unknown country. Some of these illustrations are fine colored lithographs, which give the effect of the object represented in a way which could hardly be bettered. The letter-press is beautifully printed, with a large, but slender-faced type, which, in clearness and grace, far surpasses the heavy letter generally used; and, with the exception of a few trivial typographical errors, the externals of the book are absolutely unimpeachable.'

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LES CONFIDENCES: CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of 'History of the Girondists,' etc., etc. Translated from the French by EUGENE PLUNKETT. In one volume: pp. 291. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is not perhaps too late to permit a correspondent who has perused the volume whose title is given above, to set some of its characteristics before the reader. For ourselves we can only say, that our own copy of the work was taken away from the sanctum by a light-fingered literary friend, as a rail-road companion, and we never saw it more; so that personally we cannot 'speak by the book' of the book. Our correspondent has regarded the story of 'GRAZIELLA,' which runs through the volume, as its principal feature, and he has confined himself mainly to a *resumé* of that affecting narrative: 'ALPHONSE was a well-educated youth, of a good family in the south of France. With a heart in love with nature and a simple life, tired of study, he put into his pockets a few favorite books, and read and dreamed his way to Naples. Here, the beauty of the land and of the sea kept him enchanted for many weeks. Margellina is a suburb of Naples, upon the sandy beach, and inhabited by poor fishermen. Here he found a humble, but faithful friend, an old fisherman, with whom he spent whole days and weeks, idly floating upon the sunny waves which softly swell in the Bay of Naples. Being out one day longer than usual, they were overtaken by night and a sudden storm. Their little boat was a staunch one, built by the fisherman's own hands, and carried at its bow an image of St. FRANCIS, the fisherman's patron saint. Either the saint, who was strongly appealed to, or the well-made boat, took them safely to shore, at the foot of a rocky cliff on the island of Procida, a few miles from Naples. During the night,



the faithful boat was dashed upon the rocks and broken up. The young man was much surprised to find that the fisherman had a cottage and a family in the orange-grove upon the cliff; and still more surprised by the natural grace and beauty of GRAZIELLA, the fisherman's daughter. With the help of ALPHONSE, the image of St. FRANCIS, which was saved from the wreck, soon graced the prow of a larger and better boat; and the father, daughter, and stranger were often upon the water. During the long, warm hours of mid-day, the fisherman's family enjoyed themselves in the cool shade of the orange-trees, listening with intense interest to the touching story of PAUL and VIRGINIA, as told over by ALPHONSE.

'As the fishing-season came on, the fisherman and his family occupied a small house at Margellina; and ALPHONSE found a room in a house near by. Here he was soon taken very ill, and was faithfully nursed by the fisherman's family; GRAZIELLA coming to him daily, with fresh flowers and oranges. On his recovery, he took a room in the fisherman's house, at his earnest request. While here, he performed many little services for the kind family; passing his time only too happily with the gentle GRAZIELLA; teaching her to read and to write, and telling out his stores of romance and love. The result can be easily anticipated, at least on the part of the innocent GRAZIELLA. She loved him as only an Italian maiden can love; while he, though charmed with her innocence and beauty, was not prepared to give up his family, his friends, and his prospects, by marrying a poor, ignorant fisherman's daughter. To help the precarious support of the family, GRAZIELLA was employed in carving and grinding coral, by a rich cousin who traded largely in coral ornaments and trinkets; many of them being made by the workmen and women at their homes. There was an old agreement between the two families, that GRAZIELLA and her cousin were to be wife and husband. The cousin's father was dead, and had left his estate and business to the son; thus the young and wealthy manufacturer was really a very desirable and not unwilling match for the portionless girl—moneyless, yet dowered with such a wealth of beauty and trustful love as would enrich the richest. But love is singularly inattentive to the proprieties of wealth and station; and GRAZIELLA, though urged and entreated by her parents, by her lover-cousin, and even by ALPHONSE, to fulfil their wishes, could not take away her heart from the one, and give it to the other. Then commenced a fearful struggle; with ALPHONSE, to either give up his prospects, his family, his education, and become a Neapolitan fisherman, or to fly and forget the loving girl, leaving her to wed the cousin; with GRAZIELLA, to strive to love her cousin, and to think that the young Frenchman would never marry her.

'At last, distracted with doubts and grief, on a cold and stormy night, the poor girl fled alone to the now deserted cottage on the island of Procida, and falling before an image of the VIRGIN, she cut off her beautiful raven tresses, placing them upon the holy image as a sacrifice of herself, and made a solemn vow to become the wife of him only who should first find her there. Long and diligent was the search, by the father, the cousin, and by ALPHONSE. How they *all* loved her! Not thinking it possible for her to reach the island, they had not thought of going there for her, until the bitter recollections of his happy days there irresistibly prompted ALPHONSE to go thither. He found her lying insensible upon the ground before the image of the VIRGIN, nearly dead with cold, hunger, and exhaustion. She there, for the first time, told him of her love; and he made a heartless vow never to leave her. Their secret was kept until the sudden illness

of the mother of ALPHONSE, for whom he had an unbounded affection, caused him to make an immediate and abrupt departure from Italy. Feeling the uncertainty of his ever returning, he could not bring himself to take leave of GRAZIELLA, and departed without the knowledge of any of his friends. Some letters passed between the lovers, (he had taught her both to write and to love,) but she never saw him again. The poor, forsaken girl pined, and sank away with tears into the last refuge of the weary, and the earth was glad to receive and shelter so lovely a burthen.'

Beneath a grassy knoll at the water's edge, at Margellina, surrounded by the shore and the waves which she loved so well, rests the once happy GRAZIELLA. No one can rise from a perusal of the volume which records this touching story, without a renewed admiration of the gifted and amiable author.

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By GEORGE H. BOKER. In one volume: pp. 156. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY and HART.

WHETHER or not we really have themes for poetry in this country, it is no longer necessary to discuss. Despite the fact that we are an enterprising and go-ahead people, we have poets and poetry in abundance. Indeed, the art in America seems to partake of the steam-power which pervades all classes and conditions of men. Among the recent and more prominent aspirants after fame in this department, it must certainly be conceded that the youthful author of 'CALAYNOS,' 'ANNE BOLEYN,' and 'The Podesta's Daughter,' is entitled to a conspicuous and honorable reputation. We have heretofore essayed to do justice to his first and second works, in which, more truly and distinctly than from any other genius, the tragic muse has been displayed in our literature; and we proceed with that pleasure with which the generous critic is always inspired by an ability to praise, to indicate some of the chief characteristics of this new contribution to our *corpus poetarum*.

The principal piece in the volume before us is, as the title indicates, '*The Podesta's Daughter*.' The scene opens within the gate of an Italian church-yard. Duke Odo, with a martial train, enters as if from the wars. An old man, who wanders through the tombs 'like TIME among his spoils,' is the first face which the Duke recognizes on returning to his dominions. After dismissing his train, he enters the burial-ground, and addresses the aged Podesta:

'Good even, Signor!

'PODESTA.

'Welcome! An old man  
May fitly bid you welcome here; for I,  
Standing upon this grave-yard, sometimes feel  
Like an unselsed inheritor who treads  
Hereditary acres long kept back.  
I am next heir to this domain of death:  
Ere many days, I'll come with funeral pomp  
To claim my full possession. Welcome, then;  
No breach of hospitality shall prove  
My right unworthy. I was thinking thus,  
Framing such salutation for a guest,  
While you stood in the gate-way.'

They converse some time of those slumbering beneath the grouped memorials; all the while the Duke remaining unknown to the Podesta. One tomb, upon which, under a garland, the simple name of 'GIULIA' is inscribed, stirs an emotion in the noble that discovers his secret to the reader. 'T was the grave of the

'Podesta's Daughter,' whom the Duke loved in times long past. He questions the old man how long she had been dead; and then the Podesta, seated upon his daughter's grave, tells the whole tale to the Duke; not guessing to whom it is narrated:

'PAST griefs are garrulous,' he says, 'and slighted age  
Is pleased to listen to its own thin voice.'

With that partial fondness with which we always regard the memory of those we have lost, the father paints his child; and tenderly and simply prefaces her praises:

'I now may say it—she is dead so long.'

His office calling him frequently to the old Duke's castle, he sometimes used to bring the young GIULIA with him. There the Duke's son, Count Odo, from being her play-fellow, soon became her lover. They had loved each other long before they themselves knew it. This was noticed by the people round—gossips there were, it seems, in those days—and whispers came to the ear of Ugo, her brother, a youth of high and fiery spirit. Stung by the taunts, he

'GREW sad and moody, with an inward shame  
That soon ran over in a wrathful stream  
Of most unflinching censure.'

He warned his father to bring no more his sister to the castle. Then the old man also 'awoke to the shameful fear:' and so, when GIULIA sought him for the usual walk, 'he put her and her tears aside together.' At this action the maiden's heart awaked, as if from a trance, to know itself. Thus exquisitely is it told:

'THEN all at once that rapid sorcerer,  
The human heart, lit a new light within her.  
Still as life may be, flushed from brow to breast  
With modest scarlet, by my side she paused,  
Tracing the mazes of bewildered thought—  
I turned and left her; yet when'er I stopp'd  
And cast a backward glance, fix'd as before,  
Her eyes inverted on her inner self,  
And all her senses idle, GIULIA stood,  
Seeming her own excellencing counterfeit.  
Some strange thing stirred within her, that was plain.'

The lovers are forbidden to see each other, but they resort to secret means of communion. From that time his daughter was changed. Grief seemed to hang at her heart; and vainly the father strove to wile away her sorrow. Time went by; the autumn came; and rarely has this short description of its approach been excelled:

'TILL generous Autumn shook his jolly torch  
Around the land, and seared the rusty grass,  
And scorched the trees, and shook their fruitage down,  
And piled the dripping vines with purple grapes,  
And turned the year into a jubilee.'

One day Ugo, hunting in the wood, accidentally discovered GIULIA with the Count Odo. The boar which he had been following, escaping from his spear, broke into their retreat. Ugo, seeing the Count armed sufficiently to overmatch the boar, being himself unseen, turned from the wood, 'and bore the heavy secret home' to the Podesta. Upon GIULIA's return, the father, after pointing out the gulf that was between the Count's high station and her own, and how that Odo would not lead 'a new GIRALDA to the altar-stone,' began to tell her of the danger of such loves: 'How reason can be melted in the glow  
Of tempted passion.'

The young girl's indignation at the dark hints of her father are very forcibly described:

'ALL the proud innocence of woman's soul  
Bounded aloft in dreadful majesty;  
And such indignant eloquence out-burst

At the gross taunt, that I, by helpless signs,  
Was glad to beg her mercy.'

At the feast of the vintage, the *old Duke* (Count Odo's father) came himself to the festival, and, as it afterward appeared, to question GIULIA on various topics, in order to satisfy himself about her intellect, her education, and her accomplishments, that he might know for himself if she were worthy of his son; for he was acquainted with their loves, and was ready to consent to their union. The Podesta and Ugo were frightened still more at this marked attention, thinking the Duke might 'traffic in his son's behalf.' Therefore, to make all secure, they resolved to wed GIULIA to some one, no matter whom, and save her from the danger they imagined to be so imminent. They call GIULIA:

——'GIULIA came.

A little hope was fluttering in her heart,  
And warming one small spot on either cheek;  
That died away, and never woke again,  
At my first sentence. 'Marry!' — she was firm:  
'Not all that cowers fear; not all the pangs  
This groaning earth has borne since man left Eden;  
Not all the cheating baits of fruitful sense,  
Ambition's crown, toil's gain, fame's tainted breath;  
Not all the spirit dreams of future bliss,  
No, nor the dictate of the Holy Church;  
The Pope's commandment, barbed with every ill  
That may be thundered from Saint PETER's chair,  
Should fright, bribe, master, or so far corrupt  
The heart which God assigned her to keep pure!' —  
She spoke this with her virgin eyes aflame,  
Blazing like MARS when he has clomb the sky,  
And looks down hotly from his sovereign height.  
I talked to her until the day-light wore,  
And evening lent its pathos to my words,  
Of what a daughter owes a parent's love —  
And I had been both parents joined in one;  
Of the great blessing which her mother laid  
Upon her infant's forehead, as she stood  
Upon the verge of Paradise, and saw,  
Forward and backward, heaven and earth at once.  
Would she be false to that, move saintly eyes,  
And wet the golden floor of heaven with tears?'

At last, prevailed upon by her father's pleading, she exclaims:

——'Do with me what you will!

But oh! in pity, get me to my grave  
As soon as may be! Life is wearying me;  
I would have rest from that which is within,  
Said GIULIA; and her shaking hand she laid,  
With a low, plaintive sob, upon her heart.'

The Podesta and Ugo not having the heart to marry her against her will, resolve to give out, only to deceive the Duke and Count, that she was betrothed to her cousin FLORIO; and he was to appear with her in public, and bear her company, in order to give seeming truth to the report. On this being settled,

——'GIULIA raised

The hollow spectre of a long-lost smile,  
And went her way.'

Rumor soon carried this report to the Count's ear; he sought out FLORIO, and though, upon meeting him, he was at first about to give way to passion, yet, upon learning from him that this report was true, he suddenly stopped still:

'AND his face calmed, and a most lordly smile  
Lit up his features, as he cried aloud,  
In strong, firm accents, as a martyr might:  
'God bless you, FLORIO!' and burst in tears.  
'Twas the old fight 'twixt heaven and hell renewed,  
And, as of old, the battle-field was pitched  
Within the heart of man.'

The next day Count Ono went to the wars. But the poor girl, the sweet, gentle GIULIA, drooped and died a twelvemonth from the day the Count departed. With exquisite tenderness is painted the gradual decline of the maiden, her life fading away with the falling leaf. And these are her dying words:

“FATHER, first to you,  
I have no blame, nothing but thanks to give,  
And dying blessings. Oon, so to you,  
Who bore the wayward tricks of my disease  
With so much kindness, such unfaltering love.  
(God bless her, she was patient as a saint!)  
‘I do not ask the motives of your acts;  
For since you chose them, they must be the best.  
I have one word to leave behind me — hark!  
I loved Count Ono, and I die for it.  
This ring, which slides about my finger so,  
He gave me once — pray bury it with me.  
But I beseech you — ay, you promise me  
Before I ask it; that is very kind! —  
If Ono should return, to make him know  
That I, by deed, or word, or sign, or thought,  
Was never false to him. And tell him, too,  
Into the grave, with this one pledge of love,  
I go rejoicing; and he’ll see it shine  
Upon my finger thus in Paradise.  
Ono, dear Ono! — father — brother — God,  
Have mercy on me!’ And she closed her eyes,  
Shutting the world for ever from her sight.”

And thus ends the story. Then the Duke (he was duke now, for his father died in his absence) discovers himself to the old Podesta; tells him how he had loved his daughter with a pure and holy love; tells him all; thus producing a climax in which the highest tragic power is displayed. ‘Wo unto us,’ he says:

— ‘Wo unto us, blind men!  
We knit the meshes that ensnare ourselves!’

‘The Podesta’s Daughter’ overflows with expressions of a deep and genuine feeling. The fruits of a rich imagination are visible on nearly every page. Its style possesses the domestic tenderness of COWPER, combined with a ‘moving strain of melancholy, a resigned, gentle melancholy,’ so peculiar to the writings of COLERIDGE.

‘*The Ivory Carver*’ is a production original in its conception, and displaying a profound knowledge of the laws which govern our system. One great moral which is evolved is, that, ‘by due procession of the earth’s laws, good is drawn out of evil.’ From the dark unsightly tusk is shaped the smooth ivory. The work proceeds until, by a long, unceasing labor, the artist works out of the bone his divine idea. We see how differently different natures are struck with the same object. The artist’s wife perceives nothing but toil and trouble in what her husband is doing: she wonders he does not throw aside the ivory-bone, and carve fairy-ships, and toys, and rings, and play-things for the little ones. But he works on. His children distract him: they can see nothing but pain and death in the grim figure of the ivory CHRIST. To them, the open wound, the wicked nails, the sharp thorns, are merely ghastly sights. They behold not the ‘triumph in the firm lip,’ nor the ‘gracious promise which struggles through the half-closed lids.’ They rejoice in the fields, the bright flowers, the songs of the birds; and they marvel that their father does not prefer these, to sitting day after day at the unsightly figure. Then the wife of his bosom dies, and the children are laid with their mother, and the artist himself is borne down by his bereavements, and becomes blind for the time. At last the light of heaven shines in on him again, and through care and pain he perfects the work.



MEMORIES OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS: OR, London, from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. By F. SAUNDERS. In one volume: pp. 311. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS book will have an extensive sale, because it will *command* it by the variety and comprehensiveness of its information. We recollect obtaining, when a lad, a copy of '*Leigh's New Picture of London*,' and to this day we trace much of our familiarity with the vast metropolis of Britain to the great interest which was awakened in our mind by the perusal of that volume. But Mr. SAUNDERS, himself an Englishman, and an old Londoner, has given to the American reader a 'compact manual for persons visiting the 'Great Metropolis,' so verbosely described by that preëminent twaddler, GRANT, 'or who contemplate making the trans-Atlantic tour.' As the compiler remarks, in a few modest words to his readers, it is the first book of the kind published in this country, and differs from ordinary guide-books in that it indicates, in a brief, suggestive way, the numerous shrines of genius, historical localities, and various memorabilia of London. 'More than any other city of Europe,' says Mr. SAUNDERS, 'the British capital abounds with nooks and corners, and the memorials of the great and good of past times;' and it is this precise kind of information, which the lover of literature and the intelligent tourist most desires, but which is usually inaccessible, that the manual before us is intended to supply. It exhibits London past and present at one view. There are no less than thirty-eight engravings in the book, representing the most memorable or interesting objects of a mighty metropolis, some thirty-five miles in circumference. Of the mechanical execution of the work, it is quite sufficient to say, that it is from PUTNAM's press.

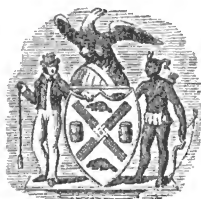
LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. By JOHN S. JENKINS, Author of the '*History of the War with Mexico*,' '*Political History of New-York*,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 826. Auburn: DERRY AND MILLER. WILLIAM H. PERRY, Number 13, Park-Row, sole Agent for New-York City.

THIS capacious and authentic volume is written with great ability, and bears the impress of study, and laborious research into the sources of the history of this great State. Its tendency is to make us better acquainted with the sources of our greatness and prosperity, and with many of the men who have opened those sources, and wrought deep and enduring channels for them. The PRESIDENT of the United States, in a brief note to the author, expresses what we believe will be the verdict of all who peruse the volume, when he says, that 'he has drawn the moral lineaments of the characters of the several distinguished men who have filled the high office of Governor of the 'Empire State' with great success.' The introduction itself evinces that feeling of just pride in our noble commonwealth which is the best augury of the author's spirit and research; nor will any reader be disappointed in the promise thus indicated. The author has wisely avoided the introduction of public events, except so far as they are absolutely necessary to the illustration of the characters whom he describes. He begins with Gov. GEORGE CLINTON, the *Pater Patriæ* of his native State, and closes with the administration of Gov. HAMILTON FISL. Each biography is accompanied with a portrait of its subject, excellently engraved on steel by a distinguished artist. The volume, in short, to sum up a notice necessarily brief, is one for which does credit to the writer and to the publishers.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



WE have rarely before had occasion to record in our official report a more genial meeting of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY than that which took place at the Anniversary Festival at the Astor House, on Saturday, the sixth of December, 1851. The day, so venerated by all true descendants of the Fatherland, was doubly interesting, because our city had just poured forth a spontaneous welcome to Kossuth, the illustrious patriot of Hungary. That exciting event somewhat interfered with the arrangements of the Stewards; but about five o'clock, a goodly number of members of the Society having assembled in the reception-room, the Secretary read the minutes of the annual meeting on the tenth of November, at which it appeared the following gentlemen had been elected officers:

#### OGDEN HOFFMAN, PRESIDENT.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JAMES H. KIPP,	Second Vice-President.
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,	Third Vice-President.
FREDERICK DE PEYSTER,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant Secretary.

#### MANAGERS.

SAMUEL JONES,	SYLVESTER L. H. WARD,
JOHN W. LIVINGSTON,	JOHN G. ADAMS,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	JACOB ANTHONY,
JAMES W. BEEKMAN,	JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND,
WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	D. HENRY HAIGHT.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.,	} CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D. D.,	

BENJAMIN DRAKE, M. D.,	} PHYSICIANS.
WILLIAM H. JACKSON, M. D.,	

JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M.D.,	} CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
JAMES R. MANLY, M.D.,	

STEWARDS.

NICHOLAS LOW,	PIERRE M. IRVING,
JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,	AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
JOHN J. CISCO,	WILLIAM J. BUNKER,

AARON B. HAYS.

The ceremony of inducting the newly-elected officers was cleverly performed by the Chairman of the Committee on Installation, Mr. WILLIAM BETTS. When this time-honored custom had been fully complied with, the PRESIDENT, accompanied by the invited guests of the Society, was conducted by the Stewards to the *dais* at the end of the dining-hall; and the members of the Society, about one hundred and twenty in all, took their seats at the table, while DODWORTH's fine band played the national air of Holland, 'DE WILHELMUS.' The splendid dining-saloon of the Astor was very tastefully decorated by festoons of orange color, and superbly lighted by gas chandeliers, and branches with wax lights. At the upper end, behind the PRESIDENT's chair, was a full-length picture of DEIDERICH KNICKERBOCKER, in full costume: against the opposite wall was the Society's large picture of New-Amsterdam, as it appeared in 1656.

Mr. HOFFMAN took the chair, supported on his right by Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, the late President, and on the left by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the Chaplains. On either side were the representatives of the various 'Sister Societies' in friendly correspondence with Saint NICHOLAS, and the other distinguished invited guests. The sable waiting-men of the Society, arrayed in their picturesque liveries, attended to their usual duties at the various tables. The three cross-tables were presided over by the second, third, and fourth Vice-Presidents, Mr. JAMES H. KIP, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, and Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER. Grace was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the chaplains.

The choicest dishes of the Fatherland figured conspicuously in the elegant and liberal bill of fare. After the 'good things' of Saint NICHOLAS had been sufficiently discussed, the ancient weather-cock was placed before the PRESIDENT, who, assuming his cocked-hat, proceeded to deliver his inaugural address. The PRESIDENT then announced the following regular toasts:

1. SAINT NICHOLAS: Our patron Saint: supreme in cosmopolitan New-York. Music: '*Myn-heer Van Donck*.'
2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March*.'
3. THE ARMY AND NAVY. Music: '*Hail Columbia*.'
4. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March*.'
5. THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: Founded by old Amsterdam, she will never forget the noble lessons of her liberal parent. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home*.'
6. THE FATHERLAND: which gave us the first example of a constitutional Union of Independent States. Music: '*De Volksliede*.'
7. 'EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT:' The motto of Holland, suggesting our own, *E pluribus unum*. 'United we stand.' Music: '*Yankee Doodle*.'
8. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Saint NICHOLAS welcomes their representatives to his board, and hopes they will feel themselves 'at home.' Music: '*We are a band of Brothers*.'
9. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN: Our forefathers acknowledged their supremacy; their sons follow the example. Music: '*Here's a health to all good Lasses*.'

These toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, and with all the honors. In the unexpected absence of any representative of the army or navy, the President called upon Mr. CHARLES KING, the President of Columbia College, who spoke in the name of these arms of service with his usual felicity and force. The toast to the Governor was responded to by one of his military family, Mr. PRUYN, of Albany. In the absence of the Mayor, no reply was made to the toast to the city

of New-York. 'Our Sister Societies' acknowledged, through their several representatives, the friendly greeting of the Patron Saint of New-Amsterdam and New-York. Mr. YOUNG, of the Saint GEORGE'S, Mr. MAXWELL, of the Saint ANDREW'S, and Mr. BELL, of the Saint PATRICK'S, concluded their speeches with appropriate toasts. Mr. KARCK, of the German Society, gave as a sentiment:

'COMMERCE: The Path-finder for Civilization, the Founder of Empires, the Parent of Political Liberty and Intellectual Culture.'

Saint JONATHAN replied through the fluent lips of Mr. M. H. GRINNELL, who submitted as a toast:

'THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE VAN CORTLANDT: Who commanded the squadron of Commupaw which first doubled CORLAER'S-HOOK, and encountered the perils of Helle-Gadi.'

THE PRESIDENT then read letters from some of the invited guests who had been prevented from joining the festivities of the Society. Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK concluded his letter with the following toast:

'THE WAR OF RACES: May it be manifested in the sons of New-York *only* in generous competition of love and honor for their city, and in rivalry in works of benevolence and public spirit for its prosperity, and the happiness of all its inhabitants.'

The Rev. Dr. JOHNSON, one of the chaplains, sent the following:

'THE SHIP OF STATE: May the joint owners keep her ballast in the hold, not at the mast-head.'

The several ex-PRESIDENTS of the Society at the table were then called upon in turn; and Mr. SAMUEL JONES, Mr. JOHN A. KING, and Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, each responded in eloquent and glowing speeches. Professor TAPPAN, of the New-York University, at the call of the Chair, made some admirable remarks upon the condition of education in this City, and upon the universities of the Fatherland and of Europe. The PRESIDENT here remarked that the 'upper house' at the *dais* having now been exhausted, he would call upon the 'lower house' for their sentiments. Mr. JAMES H. KIP, the second Vice-President, then offered as a toast:

'HOLLAND, OUR FATHERLAND: The home of brave men and fair women: the enterprise and integrity of her sons, and the purity of her daughters, have won the homage of all who honor virtue and appreciate worth.'

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, the third Vice-President, followed in some varied and interesting remarks, in the course of which he paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late PHILLIP HONE, Dr. KEARNEY RODGERS, and one or two other members of the Society who had deceased during the year. His remarks were listened to with profound interest and attention.

The fourth Vice-President, Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, after some very felicitous observations upon the misapprehension which existed respecting the forefathers of this State, and the tendency to view them, generally, in a light more ludicrous than just and honest, gave as a toast:

'THE ANGLO-NORMAN DUTCH: A blended race, surpassed by none in all the elements which constitute a nation's greatness.'

Dr. ADAMS, being called upon to make the usual annual medical report, sent to the Chair the following, which was drunk silent and standing:

'THE DEAD OF 1851: HONE, DAYTON, McEVERS, PARSHALL, RODGERS, ANDERSON, DE KAT, MANLY.'

The PRESIDENT then, assuming the imperative mood, 'by virtue of the authority vested in his cocked-hat,' called upon Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN to address the company. Upon this, Mr. VAN BUREN, rising with his long pipe in hand, addressed the chair in the sounding vernacular of the Fatherland. Finding that the ques-

tion which he had put in Dutch was not answered, Mr. VAN BUREN proceeded with some very clever remarks in English, which kept the tables in excellent humor. A retort from the PRESIDENT, in a very happy vein, followed. We regret that we have not been able to procure reports of either of these admirable speeches. Mr. HOFFMAN then proposed the health of THE STEWARDS; and, in some complimentary remarks, called upon Mr. BRODHEAD to reply. Mr. BRODHEAD briefly responded in behalf of his colleagues; and remarked that the Stewards had been mainly indebted for their success in dinner arrangements to the liberal and spirited hosts of the Astor-House, where the Saint NICHOLAS Society was now dining for the first time. Mr. BRODHEAD therefore felt sure that he only expressed the general feeling of the table, when he proposed that the company should drink in bumpers, and with all the honors, the health of the landlords of 'the flowing bowl,' COLEMAN and STETSON. Mr. COLEMAN and Mr. STETSON severally expressed their acknowledgments. Mr. BARLOW, Mr. MAXWELL, and Mr. STETSON followed with several excellent songs; and, at length, a little before midnight, ended one of the pleasantest entertainments which has ever been enjoyed by the descendants of the 'old KNICKERBOCKERS.'

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AN INTERCEPTED PARISIAN EPISTLE. — We have great pleasure in presenting the accompanying 'Letter from Colonel Cranberry Fuster to Jefferson J. Grabiter, Junior, Esquire, Acting Editor Pro. Tem. of the Oldport Daily Twaddler. Since the time that Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM wrote her famous continental letters to the London 'JOHN BULL,' so authentic and graphic a communication as the annexed 'you will not find elsewhere.' But we venture to hint to Colonel FUSTER that he would do well to consult his illustrious prototype's record of what she enjoyed in the French capital. We commend him to an examination, especially, of the 'statute of LEWIS QUINZY, the king, who died of a sore throat,' and of 'HENRY CARTER,' another monarch, a relation of the 'CARTERS' of Portsmouth, whose 'posteriors,' as she calls his supposed descendants, 'are greatly degenerated in size and figure.' Nor should Colonel FUSTER omit an opportunity to see the Emperor NAPOLEON's coronation-robcs, 'all lined with vermine, and covered with flour-de-lise.' Least of all should so intelligent and 'inquiring' a traveller as Colonel FUSTER disregard Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM's injunction, while in Rome, to go and see the 'Vacuum where the POPE keeps his bulls,' and to 'visit St. PETER's great chapel, to hear *Tedium* sung,' which was 'not half so tiresome as she expected.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'Paris, Rue St. On-a-ray, November 10, 1851.

'MY DEAR JEFFERSON: We have always maintained, as you doubtless remember, that it does a young man, or even a middle-aged man, much good to see something of foreign lands; not that he can possibly hope to learn any thing there, especially in the way of morals or politics, but because (according to the popular belief, to dissent from which would be flat blasphemy) his experience of other countries must infallibly make him more contented and better satisfied with his own. Such a lesson cannot but be of great value, and is worth being learned thoroughly: it is therefore gratifying to find so many of our countrymen, particularly the more juvenile portion, disposed to learn it thoroughly. They frequently occupy several years in comparing the institutions of benighted Europe with our own, and studying the phases of life under despotic or semi-despotic governments, among all sexes and classes of the population. It can hardly be doubted that, when they return, it will be with a thorough appreciation of and preference for the manners, morals, and tastes of our own happy hemisphere.

'Our numerous friends and subscribers will doubtless be desirous to know, in the first place, the



particulars and incidents of our outward-bound trip. Unfortunately, our journal was interrupted very early in the passage; to say the truth, (which we may be permitted to do in the present instance, having nothing to gain by adopting a contrary course,) we have but a very indistinct recollection of what took place during the first thirty-six hours. Even after our ideas began to assume a more definite shape, and our locomotive and digestive faculties had recovered their pristine vigor, we found considerable difficulty in eliciting all the information we could have wished respecting the other passengers. Most of them seemed singularly stupid and incommunicative, although we took good care to let them know who we were, and left several copies of the 'Twaddler' on the saloon-table.

'As to the steamer herself, the *'Screw-driver'* may justly be called a floating palace. *Sâc a n'î any thing else*; and her officers are men who deserve to win and have won golden opinions from every one. The captain secured us a seat near his own at table, and helped us out of his own champagne-bottle every day, so that we were enabled to dispense altogether with the usual formality of a wine-bill: of course he is a scholar and a gentleman; and as the mate smuggled through several thousand cigars for us, we cannot do less than pronounce him a most enterprising and gentlemanly man. The day before our arrival in port, we had the pleasure of proposing our commander's health in a speech of twenty minutes' length. At the conclusion of our remarks, the passengers manifested the liveliest satisfaction. The only dissentient voice was that of a specimen of 'Young New-York,' who audibly expressed a wish that 'he could get some of the gas out of that speech to put into the ale!' The impudent little sprig of codfish-aristocracy! The ale was quite good enough for him; I'll be bound he never drank as good at home; or if he did, it was because his father was a bankrupt, and cheated his creditors. But in truth, this young animal was of an insolence altogether insufferable: he didn't know his place, nor who he was talking to, and continually spoke of newspaper correspondents, and even of editors, just as if we were mere ordinary vagabonds; whereas your readers will requit me of vanity when I say this much, that we are frequently very extraordinary ones.

'Another passenger, who gave himself very unnecessary airs, was a Mr. CARL BENSON, from the city of Gotham, a person of strongly-marked British sympathies, and a venomous enemy of republican institutions. I have reason to suspect him of being in the pay of Lord PALMERSTON, and that he has been hired to abuse our Southern brethren in the English periodicals. From a conversation in his state-room which I overheard, (accidentally, of course,) I gather that he is at present concocting for *Frazer's Edinburgh Magazine*, a scandalous, inflammatory, and would-be pathetic story on the subject of the *Fugitive Slave Law*. He showed his aristocratic disposition during the whole voyage by wearing the oldest clothes, never smoking, and drinking nothing but water; but this may also have been owing to the embarrassed state of his finances; for I was told that . . . .

- [HERE we are constrained to omit a number of assertions and suppositions respecting our correspondent, CARL, and various members of his family, because we have no reason to suppose them accurate, nor, if ever so accurate, of the slightest public interest. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.]

'This young gentleman's criticism was on a par with his other opinions. One day I found him making merry over an article in the *'Young Ladies' Magazine*, a perfect gem, entitled, *The Death of Cesar*, and for which we are indebted to the pen of that sweet songstress of Arkansas, ANNA MARIA MATILDA BIGGS, who had on this occasion confined her aspiring punions by the bands of prose; and, sooth to say, she danced in her fetters most gracefully. On my polite inquiry what there might be in this elegant composition that had so moved his mirth, he pointed disdainfully to the following sentence:

'A gun from the Capitol announced the approach of CESAR.'

'It is unnecessary to dilate on the obvious anachronism. But can a gushing, impulsive, self-educated, inspiration-rapt female be expected to remember these niceties of scholarship like a small book-worm? And what must we think of the man's soul who could pronounce on the merits of a whole article from reading one sentence of it?

'Among our passengers were three Jesuit priests from Canada. I always make it a point to be civil to such people, on the principle that some African tribes worship the d—l: there is no knowing how much harm they may do you also some day. We had also on board four Protestant clergymen, of different denominations. When the first Sunday came, all the seven wanted to preach at once. We were obliged to submit their claims to the decision of the ballot. I gave my vote for the Catholics, in accordance with the true theory of social-democratic liberality and toleration: *'Always go against your own church, and never into any.'*

'We landed at Havre. Of this place I will not say that it *always* rains there, having had pretty positive experience that it *sometimes* snows. The difference in intellectual progress between the Europeans and ourselves was strikingly manifested from the first. This benighted population had

never heard of the '*Oldport Tweakdler*!' I doubt if even a copy of the '*New-York Sewer*' could have been found in the whole town! Of course I made the shortest possible stay in this moral wilderness, and hurried on to the capital of France, where I am now pleasantly enough lodged in the '*Stakiamis*,' as they call it; but you do not sink at all to arrive at it: on the contrary, you have to mount either five or six stories, I am not sure which, for I always get put out in counting the steps. These elevated situations are recommended by the medical students, and others well acquainted with the laws of physiology, on account of the greater purity of the atmosphere. Our street derives its appellation from the fact that the saint to whom it is dedicated (St. PETER, I believe) is represented in the pictures as sliding down from heaven on a sun-beam, and is therefore called *Saint On-a-ray*.

'The disaffection of the people toward the government, and their admiration of and longing for our *really* republican institutions is so openly manifested on all occasions, that he who runs can't help reading. Every tradesman who called on me with his commodities took occasion to contrast their condition with ours, and to wish for a republic like the American. Mr. BENSON, who was present during one of these gratifying demonstrations on the part of a hair-dresser, muttered something about 'black' which I did not quite understand, and assured me that the man was 'coming soft-sawder over me,' and trying to empty my purse by stuffing me with praise of my country. But this explanation must be put down to the anti-republican bias of its author. I really do not think the French generally equal to such a dodge, for in some similar matters I have found them very slow of comprehension. For instance, when I tried to impress on my boot-maker that if he furnished me with a pair of new patent-leathers *gratis*, I might in return benefit his connection very much by mentioning him favorably in the columns of the '*Tweakdler*,' and recommending him to our countrymen visiting Paris: would you believe it? the stupid fellow could not be made to see the advantage of such an arrangement, and obstinately insisted on being paid in the current coin of the realm!

'Although rather pressed for time as yet, I have seen some of the lions. My first visit was naturally to the world-renowned cathedral of *Notre Dame*, (pronounced '*Not a d—n!*') immortalized by its historical associations, and not less by having been the subject of a most original romance from the fertile pen of Madame DEDEVANT, better known by the *nom-de-plume* of GEORGE SAND. This majestic but somewhat dilapidated edifice has recently been undergoing considerable renovations; a process which might be extended with advantage to some of the other churches and public buildings. A countryman, whom I met on his return from Italy, informs me that this is still more the case in that unhappy priest-and-king-ridden country, where *all* the public edifices, he assured me, were very much out of repair. Such are the withering effects of despotism!

'But the last revolution here, partially counteracted though its effects have been by the intrigues of the Prince-President and his reactionary myrmidons, has left some glorious *souvenirs*; (you see I am beginning to acquire sufficient familiarity with the language to express myself in it occasionally;) among others, the triumphant inscription of progress, LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE, which appears in large black letters on all the national property, from the Church of God to the post-office for letters; from the proud palace of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the public wood-yard (*Timbre National*) in the *Rue de la Paix*. I was somewhat puzzled, however, to observe under almost every one of these mottoes an additional one, '*Défense d'afficher*.' Passing by one of these, with a French acquaintance, who possesses some knowledge of our language, and inquiring of him its meaning, he translated it, 'It is forbidden to stick;' but on attempting to explain himself farther, became so embarrassed that I saw there was a sore point somewhere, and forbore to press him. Mr. BENSON afterward let me into the mystery. It seems that, during the commotions which accompanied and followed the revolution of February, some of the apostles of freedom carried their zeal so far as to preach and sometimes practise the doctrine, that all aristocrats and enemies of the people should be disposed of by assassination. It therefore became necessary for the Provisional Government to mark, in the most decided way, their disapprobation of having recourse to such extreme means, which they did by the inscription aforesaid. The radicals at present confine themselves to making fun of the aristocrats, or 'silk-stocking gentry,' on all opportunities, on which account they are called '*mock-socks*.' While on this subject, I may mention that one of the streets in our quarter is called by the significant name of '*Daggers-o!*' Indeed, the names of the French streets, or *rues*, are in many instances exceedingly appropriate. One is called '*Hell-dare*,' from the desperate character of the gambling-houses in it; another, '*Petty Shams*,' from the little tricks of the store-keepers in it to gain custom. Then there are '*Tie-boot*' and '*Left*,' inhabited chiefly by shoe-makers and tailors. The street of the most fashionable shops is justly denominated '*De la Paix*,' ('*parce qu'on y paie le double pour toute chose*,' said my informant,) while, as a contrast, we have the '*Rue de Sèvres*,' in a more economical part of the city.

'The cookery of France has long been the boast of its inhabitants, and the puzzle of strangers. SIDNEY SMITH said of Lord BROUGHAM that he could not take tea without a stragem; I may

say of myself, that I cannot take dinner without a mystery: there is a whole circulating library of them in every dish. However, I have not as yet, *to my knowledge*, eaten a frog, though I would not swear to being guiltless of the consumption of sundry cats and rats. Only yesterday I found the tip of the tail of some unknown animal—literally a tail of mystery—in one of our *table d'hôte* dishes. The practice of commencing dinner with soup, confined among us to the codfish-aristocracy, is here universal; and the poorer classes, rather than go without this national dish, sometimes absolutely make it of old shoes! But the distress among the lower orders here is such as a free-born American can have no idea of. In times of scarcity they are positively driven to consume their bed-clothes; in allusion to which circumstance, the French cooks, with their characteristic levity, have invented a dish called '*blankets of wool*!' The Parisians are very fond of ducks, (*canards*). A particular species much in demand are called *Canards du Constitutionnel*, or 'constitutional ducks,' from their wholesomeness. I have been pleased to learn that P. T. BARNUM, Esq., in his capacity of Agricultural Society President, has made arrangements for naturalizing this valuable breed in America.

'As a Frenchman always begins his dinner with soup, so he always ends it with salad. There are several kinds of this esculent in use; the best is called '*Lay-too*,' because it makes its appearance at that stage of the meal when the eater requires to 'lay to,' or rest, after his pranditary exertions.

'The duties of my responsible position leave me, as you may suppose, little time for mere amusement. But I was induced the other day to accompany Mr. BENSON to a sort of out-of-town hotel, whither the fashionables are accustomed to resort. It is called '*Mad-rid*,' from the frantic style of equestrianism in vogue among its frequenters. There I saw many of the first leaders of ton in Paris, female as well as male; '*grand dams*,' BENSON called them, which, however, in French does not mean *grandmothers*, but *great ladies*. The Baroness of Clichy, the Princess Mogador, and many other women of rank, were pointed out to me. The equipages of these children of luxury were superb; their dress and manners most elegant; but it was painful to observe that they had not been unscathed by the demoralizing influence prevalent in feudal countries: some of them actually smoked cigars! It rejoiced me greatly to remark, among other celebrities present, the resident reporter of the '*Sensur*:' such an incident was truly gratifying, as a proof that men like ourselves find their proper place here, and meet with a due acknowledgment of their merits.

'The same evening we attended a splendid ball, in a very beautiful garden. These balls are called '*Mabille*,' from the French *s'habiller*, 'to dress one's self,' as being emphatically the dress-balls. The students and literary men of Paris frequent them, but they have somewhat fallen off of late, and the society is not quite equal to that of the *Mad-rid*. BENSON told me that the lady portion of the visitors were '*Low-rates*,' or second rates, as compared with the '*grand dams*' above mentioned.

'The post is waiting, and I must close in haste.

'Yours ever, CRANBERRY FOSTER.

BRIEF RECORD OF NEW WORKS, ETC.—'*The Almighty Dollar*,' a weekly journal, appears in columns 'bloody red.' It has a singular look, and quite dazzles the eyes. The sheet has a good variety of matter; among which we observe an uncredited story from this department of the KNICKERBOCKER. Perhaps the '*Dollar*' is a pirate, and therefore sails under a red flag; but we rather guess not. - - - '*Cloverbrook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*,' is the title of a new work by Miss ALICE CARY. These Recollections lie among some sad and touching scenes, and abound in graphic pictures of life in the west, drawn with considerable skill. There is no pretence to elegance or refinement of style, but its very plainness seems adapted to the everyday life and incidents presented to the reader. This book corresponds, in beauty of type and paper, and the peculiar finish of the wood-cuts, with the publications of Mr. REDFIELD we have already noticed. - - - '*The American Almanac*,' indispensable as a manual of reference, and crowded with valuable facts, has recently been issued by Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston. It has deservedly achieved a wide reputation and circulation, both in Europe and America. Its entirely reliable accuracy is one among its many merits. - - - MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND have commenced, with '*Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling*,' a uniform edition of all of FIELDING's works, with illustrations by CRUIKSHANK. A good move, and timely thought of. - - - An excellent edition, very much enlarged and improved by the author, of '*Salander and the Dragon*,' has just been published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. This work deserves, and cannot fail to receive, a very wide circulation. It has one preëminent merit; it is written in a style of great purity and simplicity, and its moral and religious inculcations are of the highest order.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A note lying before us, announcing the approaching '*Anniversary of the Burns Club of New-York*,' set us to thinking, an hour ago, of that noble Son of Song in whose honor it is to be celebrated: and we have sat regarding NASMYTH's beautiful portrait of the poet, (a present from an esteemed Scottish friend,) which ornaments the sanctum, until we cannot resist the inclination to put our musings upon paper. Yes, there he is — ROBERT BURNS, the Peasant-Bard of Scotland! The marks of intellectual beauty in that face are of the highest order: 'the lips, ripe yet not coarse nor loose, full of passion and the capacity of enjoyment, are slightly parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones show thought massively and manfully every where; the large dark eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good-humor and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise;\* a gleam as of the morning-star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world:'

'A KIND, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Is written in that manly eye  
And on that manly brow.'

BURNS's biographers all tell us that the tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features; and one of them mentions the remark of a noble lady, that 'even if you shut your eyes, and BURNS opens his mouth, he will take you captive.' As we look now at that face of the truest, the 'sweetest bard that ever breathed the soothing strain,' we cannot help remembering how he was neglected while living by the country whose chief glory is now associated with his name. Why did not Scotland help BURNS while he lived? Why did 'Old Scotia,' so dear to his heart, permit him to die in obscurity and want? Why did not some of his 'noble' friends, his admirers, soothe his last hours by positive sympathy? — giving him of their earthly store a portion wherewith to cheer his declining days? As he himself sings, they would have

'Got a blessing with the lave,  
An' never miss't!'

but no; they must wait until he had died; and when years had passed by, and he lay silent and low on his bed of dust, *then* Scotland felt what she had lost, even more than what she had gained in the immortal fame of her most gifted son. 'Madam,' said our friend and correspondent, Dr. FRANCIS, to the widow of ROBERT BURNS, 'your husband was a great poet. His fame is as wide as the world. He was a *great* poet, Madam.' 'Ay,' she replied; '*I have heard so since he died!*' There was a world of sorrowful satire in that single remark. How 'short the time 'twixt now and then' in BURNS's history, past and present! *Now* the little town where his ashes rest glories in the honor which they confer upon it. Streets, we are informed by CURRIE, are named after him; the walks are revered where he loved to muse; and his grave, that 'Meeea of the mind,' may be traced by the worn path-ways which pass the unnoticed tombs of the

\* It makes us glad to be able to say, in parenthesis, that the eyes, the mouth, the rounded lower jaw and dimpled chin, are as like 'Young KNICK,' as any man's and boy's could be. We should not have spoken of this resemblance, had it not been remarked by scores of friends, including quick-judging artists, in the sanctum. And perhaps we had better not have mentioned it, as it is. But 'what is writ is writ.'



learned, the pious, the brave, and the far-descended, and lead to that of the inspired peasant; a monument is raised to him on the Doon; a noble statue, from the hand of FLAXMAN, stands in Edinburgh; and BURNS Clubs celebrate his birth-day not only all over Britain, but on the banks of rivers that pour into the far Pacific, the Amazon, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Indus, and the Ganges. Poets, themselves immortal, have celebrated him in verse; statues are made from his chief characters; pictures are painted from his vivid delineations; and even the rafters of old Alloway-Kirk have been formed into ornaments for the necks of ladies, and drinking-cups for the hands of men. But there was something more than mere neglect of BURNS by his own countrymen. It was a long time before his genius was properly appreciated, or at least cordially recognized. When he first went to Edinburgh, we are told, the 'men of mark' at that capital were chary of admitting the merits of a rustic poet, who not only claimed but *took* the best station on the Caledonian Parnassus. It was n't a pleasant sight to philosophers, historians, and critics, to see a peasant, fragrant from the furrow, elbowing his way through their polished ranks to the highest place of honor, exclaiming:

'What's a' the jargon o' your schools?'

There were not wanting certain critics who perceived in his poems the 'humility of his origin.' Other-some pronounced them to be the labors of some 'gentleman,' who 'assumed the rustic for the sake of indulging in satire.' Their knowledge was reckoned beyond the reach, and their flight above the power, of a simple ploughman. Ungrateful, jealous carpers! Had some power given them the gift to look a little into the future, they would have saved themselves the mortification of making an unsavory meal of their ungenerous words. Now none among the most illustrious of his countrymen are too great to do him reverence. BURNS's song, says one of these, 'was of the human heart, of the mind's hopes and fears, and of the soul's aspirations.' He gives us, not the outward form and pressure of society; *he gives us flesh and blood*: all he has, he holds in common with mankind. He was no imitator. 'His light was of nature, like sunshine, and not reflected;' and his shadows of grief or foreboding were from the darkness that enrobed his soul. In ease, fire, and passion, he was second to no one save SHAKESPEARE. His verse was sparkling and spontaneous. He wrote from the impulse of nature; and his strength was equal to his harmony. 'Rugged, westlin words were taken from the lips of the weaver and the ploughman, and adorned with melody and feeling, and familiar phrases were picked up from peasants and mechanics, and rendered as 'musical as AROLLO's lute.' His variety is equal to his originality. His humor, his gayety, his tenderness and his pathos came all in a breath. 'No poet,' says Sir WALTER SCOTT, 'with the exception of SHAKESPEARE, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions.' 'His excellency,' adds CARLYLE, 'is plain and easily recognized; his sincerity, his indisputable air of truth. His were no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; no wire-drawn refinings, either in thought or feeling. The passion he traced glowed in a living heart; the opinion he uttered rose in his own understanding, and was a light to his own steps. He wrote not from hear-say, but from sight and experience. It is the scenes that he lived and labored amidst that he describes; scenes that, rude and humble as they were, yet kindled beautiful emotions in his soul—noble thoughts and definite resolves. He spoke out what was in him, because his heart



was too full to be silent; and he spoke it in his own genuine melody and modulation. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that of all the poets that ever wrote, BURNS, in our judgment, excels all others in the *directness* with which he reaches and secures his reader's sympathy. You feel rejoiced to know that when a boy he felt as *you* did when a boy. *You* loved to read the 'Vision of Mirza;' *you*, too, had heard ADDISON's hymn, 'How are THY servants blest, O LORD!' and the lines,

'For though on dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,'

were music to *your* boyish ear as well as to his. We speak of this as an actual, personal experience. And there was another hymn, which we are *sure* BURNS would have felt, when a boy, as we did when we first heard it read at a conference-meeting; especially the lines:

'ONCE on the stormy seas I rode:  
The wind was high, the night was dark;  
The ocean yawned, and hoarsely roared  
The waves that tossed our foundering bark!'

BURNS had no equal in vivid descriptions of nature, which he loved in all its varied aspects. It was his delight, he himself tells us, to wander alone on the banks of Ayr, whose stream he has made immortal, and to listen to the song of the black-bird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight to ascend some eminence, during the violent agitations of nature, and amidst the howlings of the tempest to apostrophize the spirit of the storm. 'Rapt in enthusiasm,' on such occasions, he says, 'I seem to ascend toward HIM who "walks upon the wings of the wind."' You will feel all this, reader, if you are a true appreciator of the poetry of BURNS. Who, since he wrote, has ever seen a long, leaden, saturate 'strata'-cloud, toward an autumnal gloaming in November, without thinking of these lines from a poem intended as a farewell dirge to his native land, when about to leave it:

'THE gloomy night is gathering fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain.

'The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly;  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave!  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.'

Who, by a single word, like the one last felicitous pencil-touch of a great master, ever painted an object or a scene more faithfully than BURNS? In the first place, you always see *him* when he speaks of himself; whether he sits lonely by the 'ingle-cheek' and 'eyes the spewing reek' from the burning wood, as you perhaps have done during many a country evening reverie, what time

— 'the North his fleecy store  
Drove through the sky:'

or whether he walks along the heathery mountain-side; by the stream running in 'twisting strength' or 'wild-roaring o'er a linn;' over heathy wastes, or through the 'brackeney glens.' Now here are four different stanzas from four separate poems of BURNS's, indicating characteristics of the seasons; and we

desire the reader, who would 'practise writing poetry,' as one of our would-be correspondents phrases it, to note how condensed, how perfect, is the picture in each; and then think how many people who 'practise writing poetry' would have covered six pages of foolscap without expressing one half so much. We take the order of Summer, early Autumn, late Autumn, and Winter:

'In Summer, when the hay was mawn,  
And corn waved green in ilka field,  
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield.'

'When chill November's surly blasts  
Made field and forest bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth,  
Along the banks of Ayr.'

'The wind blew hollow frae the hills;  
By glints the sun's departing beam  
Glanced o'er the fading yellow woods,  
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.'

'In Winter, when the rain rained cold,  
And frost and snow on every hill,  
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bold,  
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill.'

Now just observe the few simple vernacular terms that make up the picture presented in each of these verses. You have the very spirit of summer in the first; you hear the wind blow 'hollow' from the hills in the second; in the third you seem almost to hear the 'surly blasts' of November howling along the melancholy banks of Ayr; and as for the fourth, it almost makes one shiver to read it. The rain, that 'rains cold,' and the 'frost and snow on every hill,' are *visible* objects. Burns doesn't cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter. He doesn't 'unpack his heart with words,' for the expression of true, deep feeling is always brief. There is another winter-verse of Burns's, however, that is even more forcible; as any one will say, who has ever been overpowered by the sublime winter-view from the road that leads over the top of the Kaättskill Mountains:

'While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrents' roar,  
Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows!

Elsewhere, also, we have an admirable limning of winter, and at the same time an evidence, under the poet's own 'hand and seal,' of the deep love he bore 'great Nature:'

'Even Winter bleak has charms for me,  
When winds rave through the naked tree;  
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree  
Are hoary gray;  
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,  
Darkening the day!

'O Nature! a' thy shows and forms  
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms,  
Whether the Summer kindly warms  
Wi' life and light,  
Or Winter howls in gusty storms  
The long dark night.'

To-night, the birds are dumb in the withered bowers; the 'chained streams are silent as the ground,' as though 'DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand;' and without the sanctum, the wintry winds howl along the sky; there are muffled sounds in the snowy air, and window-blinds bang dismally along the deserted street. Yet have we had to-night pleasant solitary thoughts of one

— 'Nurst in a peasant's lowly shed,  
To hardy independence bred,  
By early poverty to hardship steed,  
And trained to arms in stern misfortune's field.'

and the lesson—for it is a fruitful one—we trust will not be lost upon the reader. Let us hope that the true poet, whose genius we have been considering, when he

'went hence and was no more seen,' was welcomed to 'another and a better world,' toward which his aspirations so often tended. Let us hope that his beautiful '*Prayer written in the Prospect of Death*' was answered by the 'All-Forgiving FATHER:'

'O THOU UNKNOWN, ALMIGHTY CAUSE  
Of all my hope and fear,  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!

'If I have wandered in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun,  
As *something* loudly in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done:

'Thou know'st that THOU hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong,  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

'When human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty steeped aside,  
Do THOU, All-Good, for such THOU art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

'When with intention I have erred,  
No other plea I have  
But, THOU art good; and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive!'

BURNS was seldom without fervent and solemn thoughts as to the mysteries of the eternal future. In one of his familiar letters to a friend he says: 'I would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the seventh chapter of Revelations inspire me, for all that this world has to offer:' and these verses are as follows:

'THEREFORE are they before the throne of God, and serve HIM day and night in HIS temple; and HE that sitteth on the throne dwelleth among them.

'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

'For the LAMB that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

It was in view also of such a place of rest that BURNS said: 'I am transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasiness and disquietudes of this weary life; and if I do not deceive myself, I could hopefully and cheerfully resign it:

"THE soul, uneasy and confined at home,  
Rests and exultates in a life to come.'

But the night wears apace, and we must 'ruminate bedward.' - - - We see it stated, in one of the daily journals, that '*Spiritual Knockings*' are at a discount in a certain mid-land town of the 'Empire State,' by reason of a curious discovery which had been made by a believer in the mysterious agency. A credulous gentleman, who had all the windows in his house broken by the potent spirits, was about to remove to some more favorable place of abode, when it was accidentally discovered by a neighbor that his secret enemy was a glazier in the vicinity, who was thus playing upon his superstition, and making business for himself at the same time. This incident reminds us of the second of the two men who represented a lion in a certain play at the Haymarket Theatre in London, in Addison's time! The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and wouldn't suffer himself to be killed as easily as he ought to have done; beside which, it was observed of him that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion's skin; and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, to the effect that he 'had not

fought his best,' and that he 'suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle;' and that he would wrestle with his antagonist, the acting-manager, for any wager he pleased, it was deemed necessary to discard him; the ostensible ground of the discharge being, that he 'reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.' The second 'lion' was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession; but he was discharged for the reason that, in his assumed character of a lion, he every night ripped up the flesh-color doublet of his antagonist, to make work for himself in his private capacity of tailor! - - - Lest some incredulous reader should assume that the subjoined letter is a fabrication, we beg leave expressly to declare that it is a veritable production, here printed from the original, without the slightest variation, in word, letter, or punctuation. It was sent to an enterprising publishing firm in Auburn, in this State, who had announced '*The New-York Justice*,' a legal publication, as 'in press.' The letter, upon inquiry, was found to be entirely authentic, the writer living then, as now, in a certain town in the county of Ontario. His name we suppress, with the exception of the initials:

'MR D — AND M —: I Seed in a little Book the other day an account of a book Cald the-nu yorke gustise which yu sa is in the *pres* I wuld like to no when you will git thru presen on it I want one of them books most orfully I were elected Squire last Spring to our town Meten to take effect the first of january my frends told me that the County Clerk wuld qualifi me I Called on him the first of jan to be qualifide and he said he Culd not du that thing he culd sware me in and I must du the other my Selve here I am green as Cattle never Sude any body — never was Sude: witnes never but once on a guri twist and at that time never thout of bein Squire please rite me when you will have that book presed I will give you your prise if you wont take any les.

'Yours &c

D. D. S —, Square.'

Mr. 'D. D. S.,' *Square*, is a fine specimen of a 'Gustis of Pease' in one of the noblest of our mid-land counties, isn't he? It would have been a rich treat to hear him 'lay down the law' to his *less* informed auditory! - - - Somehow or another, the entering upon a New-Year always brings to the minds of those who *look down* upon the descending side of the hill of life, even from its top, almost painful thoughts of coming Old Age. But need this so to be? Old age need not be felt in the mind as in the body, even when it arrives. Time's current may wear wrinkles in the face that shall not reach the heart. 'Old Age' is comparative. METHUSELAH was a young man at five hundred; and even in *our* day many a man is younger at sixty than another at forty. We like the cheerful spirit and the quiet philosophy of the genial poet, in his seventieth year, who sang:

'I know I'm old — my strength declines,  
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;  
Yet might I fancy these the signs  
Not of decay, but manhood's prime:  
For all *within* is young and glowing,  
Spite of old age's *outward* showing!

'Yes! I am old: the dance, the song,  
Gay crowds and sports no more allure;  
I shun the gay and giddy throng:  
Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure  
*Home's* tranquil joys and mental treasures,  
Than Dissipation's proudest pleasures!

'Yes; I am old: Ambition's call,  
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,  
That once could charm and cheat me — all  
Are now detected, passive, mute!  
Thank God! the Passions and their riot  
Are bartered for content and quiet!

'Yes; I am old: but as I press  
The vale of years with willing feet,  
Still do I find life's sorrow's less,  
And all its hallowed joys more sweet:  
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,  
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches!

These thoughts are not unnatural to one who reflects that life itself is, as CARLYLE expresses it, but 'a momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities; an avenue to death; as death is the gate that opens to a new and more enduring life.' - - - 'A FRIEND of mine,' writes a pleasant country correspon-

dent, (who will always be welcome,) 'made a remark the other day which struck me as being eminently just. Said he: 'If I should rush into a barn and run against a pitch-fork, why would the occurrence be like a figure of speech?' I replied that, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, I was unable to answer, and desired an explanation. He replied: 'Because it would be a *metaphor*.' I was startled; but, on reflection, not at all surprised: for my friend is a man of readiness, with ger-reat intellectooal pow-er!' - - - Our contemporary of the '*Boston Morning Post*' daily journal, in a very cordial and flattering notice of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, speaks as follows of one of the articles which it contained: 'It has a *very* beautiful sketch called '*CHARLOTTE MAY*.' The author signs himself '*FRANCIS CORCUTT*;' but a man who writes as he does, may write in his own name. The composition in question describes the sickness and death of little '*LORRY*,' and we speak advisedly in saying that it is as plainly stamped with the mark of genius as if it had been three duodecimo volumes long. We have not met with any thing so good this many a day. It is simple, unaffected, and unexaggerated. It is *THE* thing. Who is the author! If he can produce more of the same sort, he will be a leader in our literature. It is a perfect gem of its kind. We have seldom read a short production by any body, in which the '*just enough*' was more delicately told.' The author of '*CHARLOTTE MAY*,' one of our regular contributors, laughed loud and long when he perused the above '*first-rate notice in the Boston Post*.' '*FRANCIS CORCUTT*' is no *nom de plume*, but a real name, as our friend Colonel GREENE can easily ascertain, by stepping in at ADAMS AND COMPANY'S express office, and looking at a New-York directory. - - - The public mind has been of late years often directed to the country, the people, and the monuments of Central America. The publications of STEPHENS, the aggressions of British power, the absurd farce of the coronation of a breeches-less Indian as king of the Mosquito Territory, and the recently-issued and exceedingly interesting work of Mr. SQUIER upon Nicaragua, elsewhere noticed in the present number, have made this portion of the continent a locality of unusual interest. A new claim upon our attention, and one of really not a little moment, is presented by the '*importation*' from that little-known region of two very diminutive human beings, said to have been brought from a recently-discovered city in the remote interior, shut in by mountains, and protected by the almost impassable precipices and volcanic gorges which abound there, according to the testimony of all travellers. These *Aztec Children*, as they are called, are now being exhibited at the rooms of the Society Library, and a visit to them will ever be remembered as an interesting event, whatever view may be taken of their origin, or of the story of their arrival here. It is exceedingly difficult to give any idea of them by description, or to communicate to others the strange emotions which their presence awakens. This arises from their utter unlikeness to any human or even apish being which has ever been seen here before. We cannot say that they are more or less dwarfish than such or such a dwarf, or that they unite human traits with those of the most human-like tribe of monkeys: they are *sui generis*; like themselves and like nothing else; and the fact that a pair, a boy and girl, exists, proves conclusively that they are specimens of a *race*, and not mere instances of monstrous deviation from the laws of Nature. We have heard it universally admitted by all who have *seen* them, that they are more strange and wonderfully curious than can be imagined by those who have *not* seen them. Scientific investigation has been able to bring to light little which has not already been told with regard to them; and from



the mere want of some other mode of accounting for their existence, and their presence here, we are compelled to fall back upon the extraordinary and thrilling tale which is told of the discovery of IXAMAYA, said to be their native place, and of their journey thence. Startling as that is, it is the most acceptable story yet given with regard to them. These little creatures are called 'children,' but they have evidently very little growing yet to do; and still they are only twenty-nine inches in height, while in the proportions of their bodies they are utterly unchild-like. Their physiognomy is as peculiar as their forms, being strongly Eastern in its character, and their habits are as strange as their personal appearance: yet nothing about them creates aversion; they only awaken wonder and delight. Truly they are strange phenomena. - - - We don't know about publishing the '*Lines on a Boston Belle*.' 'Is there no offence in them?' we ask with HAMLER's uncle. If there *should* be, how shall we hold up our head when we visit the 'Literary Emporium,' next summer? How shall we keep the rebellious blood from our cheek at Nahant, at Cambridge, and Agawam? How will such lack of gallantry be rewarded at Mattapoisett, when we go there, as we intend to do, to join once more in a genuine country-ball? In no part of Massachusetts can a 'Boston Belle' be assailed with impunity. But after all, come to think of it, we didn't write the poetry, 'ye kno'; 'c-a-i-n't blame us, 'don't ye see!' So here are the lines:

'THOUGHTFUL in her solitude,  
Beneath the moon a maiden stood;  
The child of 'Pilgrim Fathers' she,  
Those Pilgrims, that across the sea  
Hither fled from tyranny,  
Seeking Freedom: in their turn,  
Instead of being burned, to burn;  
And cold, and passionless, and fair,  
Silently she muses there;  
While mellow beams of falling light  
Were nestling on her shoulders white.  
And she was wondering—with her eyes  
So radiant from the moon-lit skies,  
With moon, and stars, and night to shame her—  
Was wondering if the light became her.  
Indeed, a lovelier girlhood now  
Beams in that light upon her brow;  
The haughty lips in shadow hide  
Their stern compression and their pride;  
While the keen glance, as cold and gray  
As her New-England skies by day,  
Has something of the heaven that lies  
Far beyond New-England skies.  
But she is one who cannot know  
An unpremeditated throe  
Of human happiness or woe;  
Her hopes, her joys, her passions seem  
Like currents of an ice-bound stream,  
Whose waves with dull and noiseless tide  
Beneath the frozen surface glide.  
Yet is she conscious, none the less,  
Of her exceeding loveliness;  
The loveliness of shape, the charm

Of dimpled hand and moulded arm;  
The symmetry of form and face,  
That soulless, soul-absorbing grace  
Which in its excellence alone,  
Can defy a sculptured stone.  
She has her dreams—of wealth and station;  
Her reveries—of calculation;  
Her maiden hope of love and marriage,  
To rule a house and keep a carriage;  
And she is pure as falling snow  
Before it touches earth below,  
Or dew-drops in a frosty spring,  
Or any other frozen thing.  
But, in her eyes, the outstretched scene,  
The forest fringe, the fields between,  
The sparkling sky, the moon-lit earth,  
Are nothing, less than nothing worth.  
The river, through the distant haze,  
Glittering in the moon's calm rays,  
Even in that dreamy hour,  
Is to her—a water-power;  
The earth is only made to till;  
Streams only run to drive a mill;  
The stars, the moon, the vaulted sky,  
Hang over them—she cares not why.  
And were she now, as well she might,  
To petrify in that still light,  
Her change to marble would not rob  
Humanity of one warm throb.  
It seems a wicked fancy, this,  
And yet the world would scarcely miss  
The cold existence which had fled,  
With such a statue in its stead? M. W.

OUR friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON,' now sojourning with his family in Paris, is furnishing a series of lively letters to that admirable journal, the '*New-York Spirit of the Times*,' descriptive of the scenes attendant upon the recent *coup d'état* of that unique specimen of a 'Republican,' LOUIS NAPOLEON, the 'nephew of a dead uncle of that name.' 'CARL' thus wakes up on the morning after the 'demonstration:'

'I FELT no inclination to rise on Tuesday morning before nine, nor indeed at nine, but the cook entered for orders. It was about an hour earlier than her usual time of going to market, as a reason for which anticipation she alleged a fear of being shot if she went out later.

"Being shot!"

"Ah, you in your bed there, don't know what's going on. We're all in a state of siege; the Chamber's dissolved; the PRESIDENT has appealed to the people. CHANGARNIER, and LAMOURIERRE, and THIERS, are in prison, and all the soldiers have come up from the provinces!"

"Well, I told GAYLORD CLARK I was going to Paris to see the next revolution, and here it is, sure enough!"

"Enter my valet with the hot water. 'What's all this row about, DESIRE?'"

DESIRE repeats, in slower and more intelligible terms, all that MARIE had stated, with the additional pleasing information that we were prisoners in the house (we live just next door to the President; only one small house and one street between us and the Elysée.) My Irish-American groom, attempting to leave the premises on a commission for me, had been stopped by a couple of soldiers, and on his politely denominating them *canaille*, and making preparations to dispose of them, à la Kilkenny, about half a company surrounded him, and were about to punish him with a *violin* gratis for his war-dance; but the *conscience*, who is the usual Providence of all *loconteurs*, interposed like a *Deus e machina*, and contrived to rescue him from the armed force. Well, we must dress and eat our breakfast, revolution or not; so the toilet proceeds, and about the time of its completion enter JAMES in a white hat, swearing that he will pay off the soldiers for collaring an American citizen! There's a citizen for you! He lived in New-York eleven years, and never took out his naturalization papers, for fear of having to pay seventy-five cents militia commutation-money; he only took them out at last because he could not procure a passport without them; and now he is an American, forsooth!

WE write this subsection of 'Gossip' with the quill of a bald EAGLE, who was brought down from his 'pride of place' while

— 'sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure fields of air,'

along the sides of the Sierra Nevada, in far-off California. Its plume is black as night, and its length over two feet. It was brought to 'the States' by our friend, Mr. Osgood, the artist. We have a strange sensation, a sort of 'feel-as-if-we-could-fly' feeling, while writing with it. - - - It seems but yesterday since we received a long and friendly letter from the late BENJAMIN T. COOKE, of Binghamton, in the county of Broome, enclosing his subscription to the KNICKERBOCKER for the ensuing year. We had met him several times, both at the charming place of his residence and in the sanctum, and had learned to esteem him for many virtues, which were palpable in his blameless character. In the letter to which we have alluded, he spoke of the professional pleasure he derived from the announcement of the 'silver types' that were awaiting their impressions for our forth-coming new volume; and he added, after a brief mention of the fact that he was in a decline, from which he had little hope ever to rise: 'I fear, my dear Sir, that I shall be spared to read few more of your pleasant numbers; but the enjoyment will be transferred to my family: so, hoping that you may long live to write, and they to read, I bid you an affectionate farewell!' In a little over two weeks from the date of this note, Mr. COOKE was in his shroud! Alas! how true it is, that 'the world is a great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures; by the going away of those who have just paid their bills, (Nature's last debt,) and the coming of those who will soon have a similar account to settle!' Mr. COOKE filled many important trusts in his much-loved village. He was at one time the coëditor and proprietor of the '*Broome County Republican*,' and the Post-Master of the village, with a brief intermission, from 1841 to the time of his death. Other and important public trusts were also committed to him, all of which he discharged with ability, integrity, and to entire public acceptance. 'Mr. COOKE,' says the '*Binghamton Republican*,' 'possessed a vigorous, practical mind, and estimable social qualities. He was a generous and faithful friend, a liberal and magnanimous opponent. In his business affairs he was indulgent and confiding, almost to a fault, and his word was with him as sacred and binding as his bond. If an 'honest man' be the 'noblest work of God,' the deceased was emphatically entitled to that high appellation.' We offer to the family of the lamented deceased our sincere sympathy with them in their

great bereavement. - - - THE subjoined *Sapphic Ode* will commend itself to all lovers of true poetry. Since CANNING'S '*Knife-Grinder*,' nothing more truly sublime has appeared in the literary world:

'An! needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?  
Keen blows the night-wind; your hat's got a hole in't,  
So have your breeches!'

Every reader will remember the Sapphic lines commencing, 'When the fierce north-wind rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,' 'or words to that effect;' but we have no hesitation in saying that *that* performance can in no degree *compare* with the subjoined; and this unbiased judgment we leave with the reader. We regard ourselves as fortunate in being made the medium of first presenting this unique specimen to the public. Observe the melody of the last verse but one:

'Stop sinful mortals stop and give attention  
While I relate a melancholly story  
How one man had by a him his Head broke  
Another burnt up

'The Lord hath spoken and who hath regarded  
The twelfth day of march in the town Pharsalia  
GARRET BROWN went out with his Ax to chopping  
Fearless of danger

'When falling a tree a lim flew and hit him  
And breaking his head destroyed his senses  
And in about thirty hours after  
Life was departed

'Thus was this poor man in an awful manner  
Call'd out of time in to eternity  
Leaving behind him a wife and six children  
Objects of pity

'This Sollum warning Be ye also redly  
It seems to appear was so little heeded  
The Lord determined to repeat the warning  
Yet still more dreadful

'The next night after Mr Brown was buried  
A young man in health was busy at labour  
Quite late in night, and all the forenoon after  
Tending a Saw-mill

'Then tired and sleepy he went to his lodging  
Lying down to rest he thought of no danger  
And as he supposd completely in safety  
Quietly Sleeping

'When all but this man from the House was absent  
The House took fire and soon was discoverd  
The cry Fire was heard the people came runing  
Too late to quench it

'While friends and neighbours stood aghast with horror  
Awful the sight was to see the House aflaming  
And still more awful and dreadful to think of  
CHARLES ANGEL in it

'Not being presant when the House was burning  
I went the next day while some brands ware smoking  
And vewing the place saw in little fragments  
Bones all to lime burnt

'Solum the thought was far beyond expression  
To think that this was all I ever should see  
Of an acquaintance whome in health I had seen  
A few days before

'Now careless mortals do by this take warning  
And mind the scripture be ye also ready  
For in such an hour as you little think of  
Death may call for you

By DANIEL SMITH.

The Editor was requested to 'punctify and corect speling;' but conceiving

that much of the out-gushing vigor and natural dignity would be lost by such an emasculating process, the request has not been complied with. It is a poem that 'as it stands' can 'be read again and again,' and always with a new admiration! - - - The remarks which ensue, from the pen of a sound-judging and close-reasoning American *savant*, will commend themselves to all persons possessing true national pride and feeling. It is a gratifying fact, that the 'School of American Design,' at our noble 'Free Academy,' under the competent supervision of Mr. P. P. DUGGAN, (whose important mission abroad, and its valuable uses, we recently mentioned at length in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER,) is educating so many native artists of design; for this school will go far, before long, to supply the desideratum indicated by our correspondent:

'THE Arts of Design, as a distinct matter of education, have been confined to France until within a few years. NAPOLEON consulted the best interests of the empire when he made the arts of design part of the common-school education of France; for even the eye of the French blacksmith became imbued with the grace of the 'line of beauty,' until his sturdy arm, obeying its impulse, forged forms which would have made a Cyclops blush. France warred with half of Europe without creating a heavy national debt; nor have her merchants and bankers ever been forced to a general bankruptcy: and why? Simply because the artisans of the nation held the whole world under contribution for *French designs*. One pound of American flax is returned to us in the form of French laces worth one thousand dollars; more than nine hundred and fifty dollars of which are paid for the design.

'In 1848, upward of one million dollars' worth of French furniture was imported into New-York by its wealthy citizens. Why not use American furniture? Are not our woods more beautiful? Is not our workmanship more durable, and equally good? Yes; but 'the design,' the beautiful and classic patterns of the French furniture, caught the fancy of the purchaser; and France benefited by this importation, into one American city, in a single year, more than it would cost to endow schools of our own to educate our mechanics in the arts of design.

'Within our recollection, England had no schools of design, and the patterns of her porcelain and China-ware were crude copies from the Chinese; a pagoda, a boat with six oars; a mandarin with a large umbrella, and all in 'true blue.' Until the time of WEDGWOOD, the English artisans designed nothing, and copied the French but badly; and many of her Royal Academicians of this day received their first instructions in WEDGWOOD's school attached to his porcelain manufactory. What parlor, even at this time, contains a handsome piece of furniture, a chandelier, vase, or candle-labrus, or even a carpet, the pattern of which is not a modification of some French design? Even the waste-paper of France is ground into *papier-maché*, and by the aid of design is sent to ornament the parlors of the princes of other countries. For this, France receives more than the value of the cotton-crop of the United States, and parts with nothing but the labor of her artisans. New patterns of French calicoes sell in our markets for six times as much as those made here, and simply from the superiority of their designs. In six weeks after their arrival, and sale at nearly one dollar per yard, the manufacturers of New-England are ready to duplicate them at *one shilling*; but then the novelty is over, and the French design has profited France five times the value of the fabric, from its excellence of design alone. And all this is true, not only as relates to the advancement of taste, which renders the drinking-cup of the French cottager a pleasure-giving ornament, but as a question of political economy, and one that is worthy the deliberation of our best statesmen,'

'A SHREWD Yankee,' writes an occasional correspondent, 'residing in one of the interior villages of Connecticut, had heard much speculation and discussion going on among the bar-room orators of a little market-town which he was in the habit of occasionally visiting, touching the advantages that were to accrue to them from a proposed rail-road that was to pass within a short distance of his house. He prudently said nothing, but eagerly listened to the variety of projects discussed, 'eordin' to law,' by which each one was to make his share of 'plunder' from the company; but none of them seemed to reach his own case, until it was mentioned that rail-road companies were liable to particularly heavy charges whenever they were obliged to invade the sanctity of a grave-yard. A bright idea immediately struck him; and, hastening home, he seized a shovel and

pick-axe, and quickly transplanted the mortal remains of his wife, which were quietly reposing upon a neighboring hill-side, hopelessly out of the reach of any possible rail-road disturbance, to the very centre of the line of stakes running through his meadow; and, rejoicing in his 'cuteness, he quietly waited to reap the fruits of this new species of culture. But a rather different result occurred from that which he had anticipated; for the parents of a lady whom he was about to make the successor of his first wife, got wind of the affair, and forbade him all farther intercourse with their family.' - - - Our friend DEMPSTER, the admirable Scottish vocalist, has set to very beautiful music '*The Maid of Dee*,' from the tale mentioned in 'Alton Locke,' of a girl who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and found next day a corpse, hanging among the stake-nets far below. To our conception, it is very striking and picturesque:

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

'The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see:  
The blinding mist came down, and hid the land,  
And never home came she!

'Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee!

'They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea:  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.'

A CORRESPONDENT in D—— county, Ohio, relates the following incident as occurring in a village-church in his neighborhood: 'At the close of the service, last Sunday, the following announcements were made, with due solemnity, by one of the fathers: 'Prayer-meeting at Brother Wood's next Thursday evening; also, a 'shooting-match' at Brother RAHN's on Christmas. We hope the lovers of the good cause, and good venison, will turn out generally on both occasions. With respect to the latter, we may remark: Brother RAHN is a worthy man, though poor, and any assistance in this way will be thankfully received.' An actual fact, without the slightest exaggeration.' - - - THERE is a solemn thought in this passage of a letter left behind her by the lady of a British officer, who in a moment of 'earthly despondency' laid violent hands upon her life: 'In another world I am convinced I shall enjoy great happiness, and see all things *gradually* as they *really* are. Knowledge I have ever sought to acquire. How glorious it will be to be able to grasp it in all its ramifications in an *eternal* hereafter! Half the dull, plodding, senseless people of earth never think on, much less can they comprehend, what is meant by God, Heaven, and Eternity.' - - - THE editor and proprietor of '*The Albion*' weekly journal has presented his subscribers with a large and very superior steel-engraving, representing '*Columbus Propounding his Theory of a New World*.' What '*The Albion*' presents in this kind may always be assumed to be of no common excellence, and invariably in unexceptionable good taste. - - - WAL, 'de nex' ting on de peppergramme,' as 'JULIUS' CHRISTY would say, is the following conundrum; and, reader, in the words of that inimitable 'darkey,' we ask you to 'propel, and fro' you' se'f upon de subjec' ob 'lueidatin' de same:' 'Had St. PETER lived before the Deluge, and been present at the escape from Sodom, would he, like the over-curious Mrs. LOR, have looked back? And s'posin' he *had* looked back, would he have been changed into a pillar of salt, or salt-PETER? And if the latter, would he have exploded?' 'E'yah! e'yah! dat's what we want to know!' - - - SINCE the



occurrence of recent events in France, many 'odorous' comparisons have been instituted between NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and LOUIS NAPOLEON, not greatly to the advantage of the latter. A poetical correspondent dwells upon the career of the 'Great Captain,' and draws some rather strong inferences as to what would have been the result, could he have escaped from his island-prison. We have space but for this stanza:

'OH! could NAPOLEON have bu'st the chain  
That bound him to his prison,  
He'd ha' scared the nations once again  
With that eagle-eye o' his'n!'

Is n't this one stanza about enough? - - - *'I sigh for the Scenes my Boyhood Knew,'* is the title of a song which, from to-day forth, will have less effect upon us than formerly: and this is the reason why. In passing up Broadway this cold winter afternoon, we stepped into the studio of Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, (Number 607, Broadway,) a young 'county-man' of ours; and after examining some very striking portraits of his, strong in delineation, faithful in coloring, and exceedingly well-handled, (especially a 'screeching likeness' of Mr. DAVID LEAVITT, Sen., of Brooklyn,) we were requested to sit for a moment longer, and were informed that we should 'see what we should see.' A landscape was placed upon an easel, under a good light. 'Do you recognize that scene?' asked Mr. CARPENTER: 'do you know it?' 'Know it!' we exclaimed; 'KNOW it!' Why, that is one of the sweetest scenes 'our boyhood knew!' Those swelling hills, blending so gracefully together; that verdant plain, stretching *homeward*, at so little distance; the white dwellings, gleaming amidst the verdure of that soft valley; ah! *these* are what 'OLLAPOD' saw from the same point of view, and which he describes so graphically in '*Ollapodiana*.' And how faithful, how artistical, how DURAND and KENSETT-like, are the simple features of that scene! In looking at it, and going back to 'days that were,' we thought, with TENNYSON:

'O, would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!'

But after all, it is only a very quiet, natural picture (by THAYER, another 'county' man, like ELLIOTT) of a simple, natural scene; yet it stamps the artist as a landscape-painter of keen perception, true feeling, and most felicitous touch; and, as DOGBERRY says, 'it'll go nigh to be *thought so*, shortly,' or else we have jeopardized 'our guess.' We knew Mr. THAYER, by repute, as an excellent portrait-painter, but his landscape surprises us even more than it delights us. And those who may visit the sanetum hereafter, will confirm our judgment. - - - The following veritable epitaph should have been 'embalmed for posterity' in company with the exalted specimens of tomb-stone literature which appeared in our last number:

'THIS child, who perished by the fire,  
Her christen-name it was SOPHIA;  
Also her sister, MARY-ANN:  
Their father was a clever man!'

Yankee 'clever,' we suppose. - - - We have a communication from the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, author of '*Alban*,' repelling, as 'shocking' to himself, certain inferences drawn from the work by a correspondent, in these pages. In all such matters, our motto is, '*Audi alteram partem*;' and Mr. HUNTINGTON may avail himself of the implied privilege, should he so elect. - - - We misconceived the purpose of the Boston publication, illustrating the '*Western Wilds and Uncultivated Wastes of our Country*,' so faithfully delineated by our friend, Mr. GEORGE HARVEY. The pamphlets were intended to accompany the large illustrations,

which were exhibited by means of an optical apparatus and Drummond lime-light, which Mr. HARVEY employed in his lectures upon this country in Great Britain. They are numerous; were painted expressly for the purpose, partly by Mr. HARVEY himself, and partly by some of the best English artists; and are of a high order of merit. By the aid of these illustrations, and the descriptions to which we have alluded, it strikes us that a travelling exhibition, in the different towns of the United States, might be rendered very attractive and profitable. In the right hands, it could not fail to be so. - - - 'PRAY, may I ask,' said an English bibliophile of distinction, at an agreeable party where we had the pleasure to meet him the other evening, 'may I ask, whether in America the law-matrimonial entitles a man to marry the cousin of his widow!' 'Oh, yes,' answered a legal gentleman of eminence, who was present, 'that is admissible; but there has been some doubt in our courts as to the propriety of a man's marrying the sister of his deceased wife.' 'Oh, ay;' replied his querist: 'In England, it is somewhat different. There it has been, and is still held, that no man can marry the cousin of his widow, because, before he has a widow, he must die himself!' The 'catch' was adroitly plied, and, when exposed, created roars of laughter. The recently-agitated question touching incidentally the marrying of a wife's sister, was what diverted the reflection of the guests. - - - We laughed 'somedele' at this illustration, by a friend, of '*The Uncertainty of the Law*.' 'An acquaintance of mine,' said he, 'some years since, kept a fashionable watch-maker's establishment in Broadway, and considered his store-fastenings so secure, that he used to leave his customers' watches, brought to him for repair, hanging in the window. The store was in a very public place, and adjoining a large hotel, so that he thought it impossible that it could ever be robbed. One night, however, when the cold and sleet, added to the darkness, gave house-breakers an extra chance, they *did* enter his store, and stole eleven of his customers' watches, and, among others, the watch of his lawyer. The next day he apprised the customers of their loss, and advised with his lawyer as to the probability of his being liable for the value of the watches. The lawyer replied: 'If any of them sue you, come to me; but don't let any one know that any *other* one has sued you.' The watch-maker took his lawyer's advice: he refused to pay for the stolen watches, and each customer in turn sued him. His lawyer defended him; and as each customer was not aware of any *other* one having sued the watch-maker, they each brought their actions in the wrong way, and all alike. The lawyer succeeded in freeing his client from all these suits. A few months afterward, the watch-maker met me in the street, and seemed much excited. He commenced berating his lawyer soundly, as 'tricky' and 'untrustworthy.' 'What has he done?' said I. 'Why, you recollect those eleven watches that were stolen from my window!' 'Yes,' I said, 'I do; but I heard that your lawyer had beaten them all, and saved you from loss.' 'So he *did* with ten of them, but one was *his* watch; and after he had beaten the rest, he came to me, and said I must pay him for *his* watch. I told him he had beaten the other ten, and of course could not recover against me. 'Can't I?' said he. 'We'll see about that!' So off he went, and sued me, and I had to get another lawyer; and hang me! if he did n't get a judgment, and yesterday I had to pay it!' 'Well,' said I, 'which of the lawyers do you intend to employ for the future?' 'Why, you don't think I will ever employ E—— again, do you?' 'You had *better* employ him,' said I; 'for he evidently knew how to take good care of *your* affairs, and he seems to understand *his own*,

too!' - - - A CITY-BARD wants to give 'Old TEMPUS' some good advice through our pages. He says TIME is no longer a 'fast' man; that the telegraphs beat him, and COLLINS' steamers are 'gaining on him.' But he says:

'YET, old TEMPUS! don't give up,  
But try 'em on some other tack;  
Show 'em they can ne'er live up  
To you upon a rail-road track.

'From your wings pull out the feathers,  
Doff your jacket—cut your hair;  
Take all the patent-office gathers,  
And my word, you'll soon be there!'

'I WISH I owned an interest in that dog of yours,' said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then 'back up again,' and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, 'Shall I pitch into him?—shall I give him a nip on the leg?' 'An interest in my dog!' said his master; 'what could you do with it?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'I'd shoot *my half* within the next five minutes!'

'Now comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The Storm-Wind, from Labrador,  
The Wind Euroclydon—  
THE STORM-WIND!'

'Ay; *does n't* it come, though!' exclaims 'Young KNICK,' as he looks out upon the blinding, driving snow, weaving its 'frolic architecture' in curling capitals, in all forms of grace, over the eaves of every house in the street; the street, that terminates in cloudy gloom at either end, like the bridge in the 'Vision of MIRZA!' What a day it is—this eighteenth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two! And what a carnival there will be in Broadway to-morrow, when, muffled to the ears, we peregrinate down-town to the printing-office with this 'Gossip' in the capacious pocket of our 'dread-naught!' *Now* comes back the memory of 'old days' in the country! We've been engaged for half an hour in drawing wood into the old homestead-mansion, on a hand-sled, and setting it up end-wise in the corner of the great generous fire-place, whose wide jambs seem to open, even now, their hospitable arms to welcome us. There is the big two-bushel corn-basket of chips, too, that 'OLLAPOD' and 'Old KNICK,' with twin-faces and twin-mittens, have dugged from the vast snow-'placers' of the mountainous Onondaga region. That wood and those chips—sweet-maple and sweeter birch, and beech, and bass-wood—will furnish melted snow for a saccharine ice-cream dessert, when the 'Spitzenberg' and 'Seek-no-furders' and 'Greenin' apples are warm in that willow-basket, and the sweet cider is 'right,' in that blue pitcher. And after a sound night's sleep, we shall rise by candle-light, in the morning, and *then* you will see what that wood was brought in for! The 'log' has been placed; the 'back-log' has surmounted it; the 'top-stick' crowns the apex; the 'fore-stick' rests against the 'and-irons; and the intermediate 'cob-house' of timber, fired by the faithful 'kindling-wood,' is all a-blaze, and roaring up the chimney. You've *lost* something, if you have n't seen a scene like this, reader; but you can't recover your loss by 'advertising' in the New-York papers; potent as that method is, in *other* cases. Friends, it is a great thing, at some period of your life, to have lived in the country. - - - THE recent death of Dr. T. OLCOCK PORTER, an elder brother of WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., editor of 'The Spirit of the Times' weekly journal, was an event as unexpected as it is universally lamented. No man, recently deceased in this community, left so many warm and admiring

friends. Accomplished as a scholar; as a gentleman, of the most winning manners; as a man, universally beloved for the kindness and gentleness of his heart; as a steadfast friend; as all these, our late friend was loved and is now mourned by all who ever knew him. From a just and eloquent tribute to his memory by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT, Esq., in the 'Spirit of the Times,' we segregate a single passage, which vividly portrays the character of the lamented deceased:

'DR. PORTER was a man who might have been great by the exertion and display of his talents, which were of a high order, but that he was one who preferred being loved to being admired; who was born to be the idol of a circle, rather than the wonder of a sphere. His reading was varied and extensive; and, particularly in the ancient English authors, he was an elegant and finished scholar; an excellent classic, a thorough and judicious historian; his criticism, for which his independence, clearness of perception, and candor, rarely qualified him, was of the highest order; and we can say sincerely that there were few men living to whose judgment we would more readily resign our own, as to the merits or defects of a new book, a new actor, or a new drama, nor any by whom we should have been more proud to be praised, than he whom we now deplore. The characteristics of his intellectual abilities were elegance, ease, and polish, clear judgment, fine taste, and high appreciation of all that is beautiful and true, in letters, art, and science. Of his moral qualities the most remarkable were, that regular benignity, which was written on his fine face by the hand of God, as if by the fingers of man in a book; that perfect truthfulness, candor, affection to his friends, and charity—in its most extended sense—toward all mankind, which literally caused every one who knew him to love him, and which will call tears from many an eye unused to weep, and awaken regrets in many a far-distant heart.'

It is a most gratifying fact, that Dr. PORTER's relatives and friends may still have the satisfaction of looking upon a 'counterfeit-presentment' of their deceased friend. ELLIOTT, the eminent American artist, had almost entirely completed a portrait of him, for which he sat, for the last time, not four days previous to the sudden illness which terminated in his death. It is an exceedingly faithful and effective likeness: but *that* of course. - - - KOSSUTH is an orator, and parts of his speeches are always striking, and in good taste. But we *do not* see how he is going into battle with that lock of WASHINGTON's hair on the top of a flag-staff. He can't put it there so that it will look well, 'any way he can fix it.' We've pondered upon the subject a great deal, and we really do not see how it can be done. - - - We like the idea of the '*Clerk's Journal*,' and we like the clever manner in which it is conducted. It *deserves* success, and should *command* it. The clerks of New-York are, as a class, a fine set of intelligent young men; and they should support their very handsome and interesting journal with liberality. - - - MR. MCCONNELL's new work is in the press of SCRIBNER, and will appear in the spring. It will describe, by a representative of each, the classes, in their order, who have successively 'left their mark' in developing the civilization of the great West and South; combining their prominent characteristics, and tracing their influence upon the present aspect of western society. From the eminent ability of the author, we anticipate a work of rare interest and value. - - - MESSRS. GEORGE H. DERBY AND COMPANY, of Buffalo, who have become eminent for the publication of very many valuable school-library books, have in press a charming volume by Miss METTA VICTORIA FULLER, with the pretty and simple title, '*Fresh Leaves from Western Woods!*' We speak advisedly, having seen a portion of the beautifully-printed sheets. It will soon be published. - - - We postpone no less than six pages of 'Gossip,' including many things we had 'set our heart upon,' until the next number. Favors, in prose and verse, from old and new contributors, now in type, await insertion; and a number of brief literary notices of new publications are also among the deferred material. But there's a 'good time coming' for all. We have a *new audience* of some six thousand, and we do not intend that they shall be disappointed in us. We shall take care to reciprocate this unexampled favor of the public.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## A TALK UPON ANTIQUITY.

BY F. KENNERLY.

### ‘THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.’

Don't turn aside, reader, nor pass on to something else, because so unpromising a topic awaits your meditations. I mean to be very popular, not theological.

The ‘Fathers of the Church!’ Who has not heard of them?  
‘Every body.’

And who has much definiteness of idea respecting them? No answer! Then I say: ‘Very few—very.’

For myself, until I took up the subject to examine it, my own ideas were very much afloat in regard to these ‘potent, grave, and reverend signiors.’ Even now, perhaps, I may only ‘report progress;’ and yet my investigation of the subject has been very patient, and of long continuance. Certain it is, that the world has a vagueness of idea in regard to these worthies that is truly remarkable.

Did any body, except philosophers appointed for that purpose, ever have the curiosity to search into the ‘moving *why*’ of their conception of things? As, for instance, in the admission of great ideas into the mind. Let me illustrate what I mean:

In my boyhood, being ‘raised’ in a country town where there was an ancient mill, and an equally ancient mill-dam, I was accustomed to associate the idea of Niagara Falls with this same mill-dam, tumbling over its rocky precipice a fearful distance of some six or eight feet, and roaring tremendously of a still night, in the cool fall of the year.

This statement may excite the risibles of some readers; and yet there was philosophy in the *rationale* of it. I was an unsophisticated youth, living ‘remote from cities,’ and had never been beyond the smoke of my good grand-mother's cottage; in a word, I had never seen either great bodies of water or vast elevations of land; and it was very reasonable

and quite philosophical that old 'Billy Hood's mill-dam' should be a type of great things in that line—at least to my youthful comprehension. And when I came to hear of 'Falls,' where else should I go to picture forth a mental image of a cataract but to the tumbling dam of that reservoir back of the 'Academy,' where all the geese in the village were accustomed to lave themselves and to set up a cackling?

Goldsmith was my first author in the matter of the mighty cataract, and *he* said that the 'Fall' was some one hundred and sixty or seventy feet perpendicular, and that Indians had often ventured down (he might have said *up* and down while he was about it) in their canoes in safety. As to the one hundred and odd feet in perpendicular altitude, I had no idea corresponding to that, save what might be drawn from the trees of the forest. I had never seen a precipice.

In after years, my eyes *did* see the mighty original, and my ears *did* hear the roar thereof; and *then* only did I fully and entirely conceive that the village mill-dam was 'no patching to it,' as they say out west.

Well, now the 'Fathers' have ever existed in my humble imagination after some such fashion as this. The *idea* of antiquity is very hard to get at. There are men whose comprehensions on that head do not transcend the day and date of their own grand-father's burial. Talk to men of limited knowledge, and still more limited experience, of the world's doings, of the days of the 'Commonwealth,' or of the 'Conquest,' or of 'Alfred the Great,' or of 'Charlemagne,' and you will find no echo of intelligence in them. The eye will be dull, and the understanding stupid, now that you have got beyond the reach of their mental vision. Their grand-father they knew, because they had seen him, and could remember him; but farther back they knew not, their minds having never travelled the road.

It is a great idea, that of antiquity; one of Dr. Watts's 'grand ideas;' and such as requires a certain habitude of mind, in order to seize upon it to any practical advantage. As to myself, I could entertain the idea of antiquity after some sort, but no doubt very inadequately. I had read the 'Commentaries of Cæsar,' and was many a time and oft 'kept in' while pursuing my acquaintance with one Caius Crispus Sallust; but how I ever got to *feel* that these authors were of an age of eighteen centuries and more, it were hard to say, unless that it crept upon me by degrees. But, as I before remarked, it is quite possible that to this hour my notions of an antiquity of two thousand years are almost as imperfect as the idea a boy of ten years has of a million, or even the half of that number. Here stands the fact: A man forms no conceptions, or even imagines any existence, which he has not, to a certain extent, experienced in his own individual habits and observations:

'What may we reason but from what we know?'

I might pursue the theme, and say that we know nothing but such as the mind, assisted by the senses, can grasp and identify. Mere mind, without the use of sense to compare and to harmonize, eyes to measure, and locomotion to adapt suitably to space, is an insufficient determiner of abstruse things. Nothing but the 'poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' can suffice for the enkindling of thought, apparently without some such home-

spun accessories as eye-sight and ear-shot, time, space, size, color, contingency.

My own dull mind, for example, knows nothing but what it learns; and learns, too, through the senses, in patience and pains-taking. Failing to measure Niagara Falls through its early and rather absurd associations, it only came to embrace the idea by seeing with the eyes, and hearing with the ears; by being individually present before this great phenomenon of Nature, and allowing the thinking properties within to expand sufficiently to appreciate such greatness of idea as the wonder called for.

Am I understood?

Now, the 'Fathers of the Church' came looming down upon my understanding something like this mighty cataract I have spoken of. There was something grand and patristical in the very sound of their names. And when, in the progress of years, I came to learn that the Council of Trent, which sat from 1545 until 1563, issued its solemn and momentous edict, that the tradition of the 'Fathers' should be received with the same reverence and esteem as the Holy Scriptures themselves, my notions of them came to be vested with some sort of supernatural dignity, which forbade all intermixture of these authors with other writers of a far distant age. Cæsar, and Sallust, and Cicero, were only heathens; very respectable men in their way, to be sure, but in no wise binding upon conscience, as objects of especial veneration. What the grand conclave of the 'Mother-Church,' in general council assembled, did enact knowingly, and with all the facts of the case before them, I, in my ignorance, and overshadowed by the weight of high authority, did succumb to: and somehow or other, the terms 'tradition' and 'authority of the Fathers' got mingled up, in my imperfect mode of thinking, with the Scriptures themselves; and

'How to distinguish and divide  
This hair from south to south-west side,'

was, according to my preconceptions, a matter of no small difficulty.

There was something 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' about these venerable men, as they sat enthroned upon my imagination with all the attendant pomp and circumstance of high antiquity, and a certain air of high authority, which no man may idly contemn or reject, or from the influence thereof declare himself free. There is such a thing as an ignorant worship; and such was my own case, as I am free to confess. One can readily conceive how that education, and its almost ineradicable bias, should so exalt these writers, and shed a controlling weight of influence upon the mind.

If a child should count a million, he might perhaps come to have some notion of the vastness of idea necessary to a conception of it. So with the student of history, be it the history of the Fathers, or whatever else it may be. It is necessary to pursue a subject *gradatim*, in order to arrive at distinct notions. One may possess improper notions of a thing, as I myself did, in relation to these 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' worthies, the Fathers: and these improper and incorrect notions may, and certainly do, have their controlling influence in forming the judgment and in warping the mind. It came to pass, in the progress of things,

that I applied myself to the pages of Mosheim and Neander: wearisome pages they are, and 'dry;' but yet they are a very excellent sort of mental aliment to one who wishes to know 'what's what,' free from all the impediments of Fancy and her irregular sketchings.

The pages of Mosheim and Neander tell a curious tale in relation to these same 'Fathers;' and any one who feels that he has 'kinks' of imagination, such as had tangled up my own skein of historical narrative, would do well to take Dr. Murdoch's edition of the former, 'with copious notes,' and sit himself down with a quiet mind to the perusal. I stand fairly exorcised in this behalf, and no longer regard with solemn awe these mighty names of hoar antiquity. All sense of bodily apprehension has quite departed from me; and 'Brutus will start a spirit,' now quite as effectually as the names of 'Cyprian,' 'Tertullian,' or of either of the 'Gregories.'

Look at them, reader, as they stand, 'armed all in proof,' in their places upon the shelves of this library:

'ONE hundred dogs bayed deep and strong;  
Clattered an hundred steeds along.'

Yes, there they are, one hundred volumes in folio; two feet in height, one foot in width, and nearly half a foot in thickness, each volume, and weighing—no matter for the *avoirdupois* proportions; I have no balance at hand; but they are very bulky indeed: a delicate person could hardly lift them: their authors were 'heavy men.' And these are the 'Fathers,' whereof one hears so much. 'Tis the 'Benedictine edition' this—'*Patrologia patrum*!' What a grand sound the name has when uttered in the original! Perhaps you do n't read Latin and Greek, worthy friend, with whom mentally I 'shake hands' over these pages. Well, neither do I; at least, not so *well* as I do the vernacular. These 'Fathers,' you must know, have never been translated, but remain shut up in their 'dead' original. Men however *have* read them, even if I do not. There was Archbishop Usher, who spent full eighteen years of his valuable life in the perusal of 'the Fathers.' Let us take one from his comfortable nest upon the lower shelf, and lay it open upon the table.

'Phew! what a dust!'

The heavy leathern backs creak like the hinges of an unused door, as I remove one of the ponderous tomes from his long resting-place, and allow the day-light to shine upon its learned pages. What a book it is! Yes; and there are ninety-and-nine more of similar proportions and ponderosity. See the Latin of this time-stained page; how learned it looks! And how full—'full as an egg is of meat;' crammed, from the title-page to the word 'Finis;' this monstrous *tomus*. Wonder if the 'Harpers' could send forth one of these 'Leviathans' per month, to meet outstanding orders? Hardly, I suspect. There stands Jerome and Augustine, weighty and solid enough; the one in five, the other in nine of these huge folios. Origen takes up four; that is to say, what remains of his writings; and still more bulky than all is John Chrysostom, whose works fill up thirteen volumes, all told! Bold publishers would they be who should undertake such a 'job,' especially if considered with a reference to the 'Trade Sales' and a market for their literary produce!



Somebody has said that a 'great book is a great evil:' and here we have the 'evil' multiplied an hundred-fold. Whether 'evils' or not, these 'Fathers' are great books; great in dimensions, great in specific gravity, great in age; and as for the learning necessary to comprehend them, who shall say that it is not 'considerable' also?

A question arises:

How do we know them to be so old? How are we to be assured that full sixteen hundred years and upward have gone gliding by into forgetfulness since this author, whose musty pages lie open before me, handled the pen and dealt in ideas, even as I do now?

Suppose I dilate a little upon this: Printing was invented about the middle of the fifteenth century; say in the year A. D. 1444, or thereaway. Now, previously to this period, books were multiplied by the slow and tedious labor of the pen. At that rate, these 'Fathers,' so voluminously extensive, would require a goodly number of nimble fingers to finish out a single 'copy' of the work. In such an Herculean task, a single transcription of such an author as Augustine, for example, would constitute an *edition*. Yet the thing was done, however difficult and tedious it might seem; and on the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, the monasteries and monkeries throughout Europe were ransacked to see what could be found in them. Cosmo de Medici, of Florence, together with his brother Lorenzo, and other individuals of good taste, were famous for this kind of ransacking; and they brought many valuable writings to light, which, but for such timely care, might have been lost. They searched into the oaken chests and the well-secured depositories of the olden time, and the valuable relics so discovered were soon permitted to visit the eyes of mankind through the new and popular medium of the printed page.

From the time of Augustine, or soon after, until the revival of letters, there had intervened a dreary night-time of ignorance and darkness, which lasted for nearly a thousand years. During all this term of mental bondage, in which the blessed light of human intellect seemed to have well-nigh become extinct, these same religious houses, the abodes of monkery, were the sole depositories of whatever little learning there was left. Even kings and princes were without culture; illiterate were they, and untaught. To read and to write was the province of the inmates of monasteries; and even this was, for the most part, the extent of the education there attained. Without knowledge themselves, these monks became copyists, and considered that they were well employed in transmitting from age to age the learned labors of others. Among the books so handed down were the 'Fathers of the Church;' a title bestowed upon the supporters of Christian doctrine in the earliest ages of Christianity. Of course the Bible, and particularly the New Testament, in the original Greek, was the most usual and the most valued book for transcription; it being believed, according to the calculation of things in those superstitious times, that the favor of Heaven would be conciliated thereby. Second only to the Scriptures in dignity and importance, as well as in the 'spiritual efficacy' of such a task, was the transcription of the 'Fathers,' many a one of which has received such subscription as the following: 'This book, copied by M. N., for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year —, etc. May the LORD think upon me!'

Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, and the works of Plato, together with all the host of the 'Ancients,' have descended to us in this manner. During the middle ages, the 'trade' of copying was extensively carried on both in the east and west of southern Europe; and when Dr. Faustus, or whoever he was that invented printing, first set his types to work, we can imagine something of such a general hubbub among the monkish scribes as there was in Scotland some years ago, when the power-loom came into use, which brought death and destruction among the weavers; or the use of rail-roads and steam-engines in our own country, to the utter detriment of hack-drivers and stage-coachmen. Within the foot of Italy's 'boot,' in the province of Calabria, there were some fifty of these houses of monkery: a fact which gives us some idea of the extent of the prevalence of the religious orders, and shows us, at a glance, that the transcribing business was no trifle, although, in the matter of original authorship, those ages were so barren and unfruitful. That there are so few manuscripts extant of the Classics, and so many of the Scriptures and of these 'Fathers,' is to be accounted for by means of the fact before named, that the work of transcription was deemed, in itself, meritorious; the Scriptures occupying the first rank in point of divine favor, and the copying of these 'Fathers,' who were esteemed the pack-horses of 'tradition,' came in second-best, as 'labors of love,' and as propitiators of the kind favor of Heaven.

We read of a man, in those early times, giving a load of hay for a single page of Holy Writ; and we also learn that, in the year A. D. 1300, a Bible sold for thirty-three pounds sterling, which, making all allowances for 'differences of exchange' in the lapse of some five centuries, may have been equal to some two or three hundred dollars of our money. But the wonders of the printing-press soon brought to naught the labors of the pains-taking scribe of the 'dark ages,' and now these manuscripts are valueless except as matters of mere curiosity. Within our own time, almost, there has been a still more thorough ransacking than ever of old libraries throughout Europe; and some eight or nine hundred manuscript copies of the New Testament have been hauled from their hiding-places, for the purpose of collating and comparing them with our own printed copies, and so making 'assurance doubly sure' as to the integrity of the text.

Having striven to bring my own mind into a shake-hand sort of an acquaintance with 'antiquity,' and having cursorily detailed the process by which these venerable records of years past have been handed down to us—step by step, and link by link, as in a vast chain, reaching through the long vista of forgotten ages, and descending even to the present hour of time—I next come to another question:

'What is the service which these ancient sober-sides render to us?—or are they, in any wise, serviceable?—since it is acknowledged, on all hands, that nobody reads them, or only some occasional Dominie Sampson or other, whose antiquarian tendencies lead him to despise any thing short of a folio for his perusal?'

'The use of them?'

'Well, in the first place, I will tell you what, according to my notion, the true use of them is not; and, in the second place, which will about

bring my paper to a close, I will try to deduce from them such value as they really *do* possess.

These 'Fathers' are to be regarded as the pack-horses of 'tradition : ' I don't like the word very much, but yet it is sufficiently expressive, and will answer : the 'pack-horses ; ' that is to say, the medium through which the vast and intangible tide of floating rumor has been wafted down through a succession of ages, until it has reached our doors.

'Tradition! there is something exceedingly non-come-at-able in the very name. One hardly knows how to define it, much less to gather up instruction from its teachings. Tradition, floating along for a thousand or for two thousand years! Who believes in such a thing?'

Softly, my good Sir; you'll tread upon people's toes by such a flat-footed disavowal as that comes to. Why, there are men who consider these one hundred volumes of dead folios as little else than an amplification of Holy Writ; an expansion, so to speak, of the words of the inspired record itself. It was by an imbibed supposition of this kind that I myself had come to entertain, previous to all examination of the subject, such an instinctive dread of these mighty men in armor. If they did not 'start spirits' that I had ever seen, it was clear to my prejudiced mind that, upon an emergency, they *might* do so.

'We reverence and receive with equal affection and belief,' says the Decree of the Council of Trent, 'whatever the HOLY SPIRIT through the apostles has delivered to us, as also the *traditions* preserved by the Church, and so handed down.'

To say that the 'Fathers' are to be of use to us in the sense here 'decreed,' is against our present notion of things altogether. There would be a very considerable reluctance on the part of the discerning nature within us to accept of this worm-eaten remnant of folios, '*pari pietatis affectu ac reverentia*' with the words of the inspired canon itself.

But secondly, as to the use they *are*, not of what they *are not*. They are useful, infinitely useful, these grand, old, solemn gentlemen, in that they confirm, corroborate, strengthen, and sanction the teachings of the divine record. Not calling upon us for 'equal reverence,' by any means, but placing us under a debt of gratitude for the honest testimony which they render to the integrity of the BIBLE. Shedding, as they do, a mass of direct evidence upon the point so much contested by many, namely, Christianity as a fixed fact — a fact not lightly to be gainsaid nor discrepitated.

We learn from them that from the second to the fifth or sixth centuries there came a succession of strong men, who lived, wrote, figured, and died; and, what is more to the point, who expended their energies, as they did their lives, in the elucidation of topics connected with New Testament doctrines. This of itself is of immense value to us, living at a distance of nearly two thousand years from the period when these events occurred. Viewing the matter even in a lawyer-like aspect, we cannot but regard with interest the nature of the historical confirmation thus adduced.

In addition to this, there is another consideration to be set down upon the side of good service which the 'Fathers' have rendered, and will continue to render to the coming generations of mankind. They *quote* largely from the New Testament in their writings.

Now, so many various authors, quoting at different times and for different purposes from a single document or collection of documents, subserve a most important end in the verification of that document. So extensive are these quotations, made too by the 'Fathers' of the first three centuries of the present era, that there is no doubt whatever that the New Testament could be replaced from their citations, had it been blotted from existence as a separate and distinct book, or series of books. Indeed the thing has been tried.

Some time during the last century, perhaps about the middle of it, Sir David Dalrymple, a Scotch jurist of eminence, a man of piety and learning, being in conversation with some friends upon the subject of the 'Fathers,' made the statement that the New Testament could be restored from their quotations. The assertion was discredited. Whereupon he went home and applied himself vigorously to the work, to see if it could be done; collecting all the chapters and half-chapters, verses, etc., to be found in the 'Fathers' of the first three centuries. After a labor of two months, he found *all* the New Testament, with the exception of eleven verses, and these probably could have been found by farther perseverance and research.

But I find I have been growing talkative. I would n't like to make myself wearisome, even though the subject has become interesting, and the nib of my pen has warmed up to a better relish of the task. Perhaps there may be material for *another* paper in the KNICKERBOCKER. Who knows?

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T H E L I T T L E S L E E P E R .

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BY J. CLEMENT.

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Few the days the fair one numbered,  
Ere were closed his lustrous eyes;  
And he calmly, sweetly slumbered,  
Like a cherub from the skies.

From the body, frail and sickly,  
In the solemn hush of night,  
Stole the spirit, soft and quickly,  
Back to native realms of light.

Still the sweet one, unawaken'd,  
Dreamed and smiled when night had fled,  
Knowing not the soul had taken  
Wings, and up to glory sped.

Folded on his heaveless bosom,  
Slight his ivory hands were pressed;  
And thus slept the heavenly blossom,  
Truant from the Land of Rest.

*Buffalo, December, 1851.*

## LAST NIGHT I SAW THEE IN MY DREAM.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

LAST night I saw thee in my dream,  
As bright, as fair, as young,  
As when, in long, long-vanished years,  
Mid blissful sighs and happy tears,  
With faltering lip and tongue,  
I breathed to thee those thrilling words  
That stir but once life's inmost chords.

They float again before mine eyes,  
Those memories of the past;  
The twilight of that shaded room,  
Whose quaintness, and whose softened gloom,  
Their spells around me cast;  
And threw within thy soul-felt glance  
The glowing depth of love's romance.

The breeze that through the casement sighed,  
And waved thy golden hair;  
The flowers upon thy bosom worn  
At starlit eve or early morn,  
The summer-scented air,  
Arise once more to soul and eye,  
As if thy spirit lingered nigh!

The volumes where thy favored page  
Contains thy pencilled line,  
Lie treasured amid graver lore;  
But while o'er sterner thoughts I pore,  
Fond memory turns to thine:  
And yet it were too sharp a pain  
To ope those long-closed leaves again.

Those pictures, that the painter's skill  
To life-like tone has wrought,  
Still need Time's dark and mellowed hue  
To make them beautiful and true:  
So, in the land of thought,  
The love, half dimmed by past regret,  
Has twilight rays that never set.

Nor would I ask to see thee now:  
No! rather in my heart  
I'd guard the well-remembered grace  
That lingered round thy gentle face,  
Than see thee as thou art:  
Too sadly would thy presence bring  
Past visions of thy girlhood's spring!



## THE LUNATIC ASYLUM OF BORESKO.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

Our host had kindly provided us with clothes cut after the fashion of the country, that we might parade the city without exciting the gaze of the natives. In a retired spot, almost obscured by shrubbery, stands a noble building, erected for a lunatic asylum centuries ago, by a private individual. As we gazed at the vast structure, a gentleman, who suspected we were foreigners, invited us to visit the interior. We accepted his politeness with hesitation, human suffering being apt to produce abiding and painful recollections. The lower wards we found occupied by patients whose malady is peculiar to this strange and remote country. The emperors thereof have from time immemorial kept, in different parts of the empire, two magazines; one for the gratuitous distribution of wealth to all persons who will come for it; the other, for the gratuitous distribution of public trusts, titles, and other honorary distinctions. The magazines are a thousand miles from the capital. The roads to them are numerous, but full of obstructions, of which the most ordinary consist of couches for the indolent; guns, dogs, horses, and fish-lines for the sportive; eating and drinking-houses for the sensual; slips of paper to be inscribed across the back by the confiding; trinkets, laces, furniture, equipages, and splendid houses for the luxurious. These lures against progression are assisted by the disgusting dust and roughness of the roads. Some are so miry that the traveller will sink out of sight and be lost; though occasionally the person thus sunk will burrow onward, and emerge through some subterranean trap-door into the magazine of wealth, from which he will eventually depart, loaded with riches, and so purified personally as to delight all beholders.

The roads to these magazines are free to all men, and abound with admonitory guide-boards; and as the desire for wealth and distinction is general in Boresko, no person would remain poor or undistinguished, were he not subject to a species of madness, by which many of the travellers will select a road that all sane persons know will lead neither to the magazine of honors nor of wealth; and after travelling thereon assiduously, with great pain and labor, will lament their ill success, and attribute it to the malice of rivals or the persecution of PROVIDENCE. Another portion will remain stationary, and expect the magazines to seek them; while multitudes lose all their time in an endeavor to discover some new and short road, that will be less tedious and vulgar than the common thoroughfares. As soon as any of the maniacs become troublesome and clamorous (which often happens) against the perfidy of friends, the prejudices of the world, and the neglect of merit, they are seized by the police and hurried to the asylum; but they are never convinced that their want of success is attributable to their own perversity, and hence are rarely cured.

The magazines also are gained by few persons who depend wholly, or

chiefly, on muscular efforts; indeed, a man's chance of success seems inverse his reliance on his own muscular efforts. Nor is success obtained by haste, but rather by steps formed as if in illustration of the Latin proverb, 'Make haste slowly.' Instances are however known of persons who, by a single bound, have entered both magazines at once; but most men who essay such leaps, retrograde more than they advance, not unfrequently crippling themselves for life.

After satisfying our curiosity with these maniacs, the conductor took us to the second floor, which is inhabited by a worse description of patients, but whose disease also is peculiar to Boresko. The conductor stated, what we had not known previously, that about ten miles from the capitol, a high rock overhangs a precipice whose depth is as fearfully below the surface of the surrounding country as the summit of the rock is above it. The rock affords a sublime view of the city, and the summit is always brilliant with sunshine and delightful in temperature. The atmosphere, too, possesses an exhilarating property which affects the human frame like nitrous oxide. While inhaling it, each person possesses in imagination whatever he desires at the moment; riches, health, power, a lady's love, or any other object. This peculiarity causes the place to be called the pinnacle of hope, and thither brokers retreat from the disappointments of adverse speculations; politicians, from the success of rivals; physicians, from angry contests with each other about the medical treatment of some distinguished patient whose case has perversely baffled the skill of art; and lawyers, to avoid the dismay of unsuccessful clients. In short, the rock is sought by all persons who try to assuage present griefs by future anticipations. Occasionally, however, a madness seizes on some of the visitors, and they jump from the pinnacle into the abyss at its base, where noxious vapors reverse all the reveries of hope, substituting therefor fearful apprehensions. No contrast is greater than a man on the pinnacle, confident, impatient, supercilious, erect in stature; and the same man in the pit, timid, irresolute, servile, and bent in stature. Some shrewd observers insist that in the pit a man usually loses his morality, while on the pinnacle he becomes faithful in his conduct.

To jump occasionally into the pit is usual to all persons who frequent the pinnacle; but the mania consists in rapid alternations from the pinnacle to the pit. The moment the disorder is fully developed, so as to annoy the family and friends of the patient, he is seized by the police and conveyed to the asylum.

The boisterous mirth and boisterous lamentations of these diseased people exciting our sympathy too strongly, our conductor removed us to the third floor, which is occupied by patients whose disorder consists in disregarding present events, and pondering inordinately on what may occur in future. When the mania expends itself in the contemplation of future good, the disorder is harmless, and the subjects are permitted to remain unconfined; but the patients in the asylum are those who occupy themselves inordinately with future evils. The first whom we saw was a man in the middle period of life, and whose countenance depicted the lowest degree of animal spirits, or despair. He was lying on a richly-furnished bed, and vainly endeavoring to obtain by sleep some cessation of anguish. The room was elegantly decorated with all that

wealth could contrive to promote comfort or please the senses; still the throbbing of the wretched man's heart was so violent, that we heard it as we stood half-concealed at the door of his splendid cell. A disease of the heart usually terminates by death the miseries of these maniacs; and the disease is produced by the violent apprehensions of evil which they constantly suffer.

The maniac was a money-lender. His fortune was large, and, except his mania, his health was uniformly good. He possessed a discreet, amiable, and, considering her age, beautiful wife, whom he much loved, with three dutiful and affectionate children, whom he also loved. He had scarcely ever suffered any loss of property, or a severe misfortune of any kind, except as the universal fiat of nature had taken from him by death a few kindred and friends. In the height of this prosperity, and amid the envy of all his contemporaries, he became gradually a victim to the mania of looking inordinately into futurity. The more intently he pondered on the future, the more he increased his fears, till his imagination showed him that a large portion of his loans depended for solvency on contingencies which he could not control. One debtor would be unable to pay unless wheat, which was then unusually dear, should maintain its present price for the space of two months longer. Another had been for years engaged in a losing manufacturing business, and was able to meet his payments only by the contracting of new debts, which might momentarily be prevented by any contingency that should reveal his true position. Another was endorser, for more than he could pay, of a friend whose solvency depended on a speculation which presented no hope of a favorable result, except by desperately engaging still more deeply in the adventure. Another was continually in danger of ruin by fire, against which he, in the folly of self-confidence, made no provision. Another was dangerously ill of a fever, and his estate would be rendered insolvent by his death. The money-lender saw, also, that a coincident loss of several debts at some unpropitious period of the money-market might so impair his resources as to incapacitate him from fulfilling his own engagements; hence, that not his fortune only was in jeopardy, but his punctuality and pecuniary sagacity, which he prized more than wealth. Events which were thus possible, his solicitude induced him to deem almost certain. All that was in danger he accounted lost, contrary to a wise king of France, who lightened apprehension by exclaiming, 'All is not lost that is in danger!' The man who had indiscreetly involved his destiny as surety for a speculating friend, suffered not more anxiety for the result than the melancholy money-lender. The man whose solvency depended on the price of wheat, watched the daily fluctuations of the market with not more solicitude than the alarmed money-lender. The man who paid his engagements only by the acquisition of new loans, trembled for the continuance of his credit not more sensitively than the money-lender; while the wife and children of the sick debtor listened to the prophetic looks and hints of the attendant physician with no greater trepidation than the wretched money-lender. In him was aggregated the particular trouble of each of his debtors, till his sufferings became as intolerable as they were interminable; for the payment of a debt of whose solvency he had been solicitous, led only to a re-loan of the

money to some new debtor, who produced a new solicitude. Absorbed by his reflections, the conversation of his family became burdensome to him. He lost his appetite, all relish for recreations, all power of sleep, and gradually became the miserable object which we were contemplating.

The next inmate to whom our attention was directed was a merchant. He had acquired great wealth by successful shipments and importations. At every voyage he was compelled to elect whether he should load his vessel with cotton, flour, or other commodity; and he gradually acquired a habit of comparing the profits of every venture with the profits which would have resulted had he exported some other article. His anxiety in this particular became stronger as he advanced in age, until he occupied nearly all his vacant hours in such retrospection. He much inclined, at this time, to load a ship with flax-seed, but ultimately loaded her with sugar for a distant voyage; sugar being of much less uncertain issue. The voyage proved highly successful, but had he shipped flax-seed, the profits would have been trebled. The misfortune (for so he deemed it) fell on him like a blight, and the continual contemplation of it deprived him of all complacency in his gains from the sugar. A farm, too, in the suburbs of the city, that he had sold some years previously at an enormous profit on its cost to him, was subdivided into city lots by the purchaser, who realized a large fortune by the operation. In the midst of this new source of depression, he was offered a high price by government for a piece of vacant ground that was wanted for the site of a new dock-yard; but, warned by the sale of his farm, he rejected the proposals of government, who purchased another locality; and no prospect presented of again realizing for his lot the price which he had rejected. The blow was greater than he could bear. Retrospections of evil crowded on him, whether he sold or withheld from sale; whether he bought or refrained from buying. He became timid, irresolute, and morose, a torment to himself and family; and was eventually deemed a proper subject for the asylum to which he was removed.

'Can riches and prosperity cause misery in your strange country?' we involuntarily exclaimed to our conductor. 'Certainly,' said he, 'if no other cause exists: just as a man will become weary if he walks too far on velvet, or lies too long on down. But permit me to show you one ward more;' and we reluctantly followed him into a long aisle, with cells on each side, that were filled with fanatics of a kind providentially unknown in our temperate latitude, but common in Boresko, where every person believes the moon is made of green cheese. We supposed the assertion was used in levity, but we soon received abundant proofs that the tenet is believed literally. It forms a part of every system of medicine, but is the chief staple in the formation of patent remedies. Communists and socialists employ little other material, and it enters largely into the minor socialism of life insurance, health and assistance societies, and building associations. Every system of divinity possesses some of it, and every branch of irreligion much more. Phrenology has erected quite a science on it in Boresko, astronomy employs it copiously, and psychology, mental philosophy, metaphysics, and geology. In short, to say nothing of animal magnetism, and kindred modern discoveries, no intel-



lectual speculation exists in Boresko that exempts you from believing, in a greater or less degree, that the moon is made of green cheese.

While men subordinate the belief to useful ends, the delusion, if Americans may be permitted so to characterize it, is encouraged by the fancy rather than resisted; and as every man needs some toleration for his own occult nonsense, he tolerates complaisantly what he deems occult nonsense in other men. Occasionally, however, an individual, impelled by temperament, or by too intent a contemplation of his own green cheese, becomes no longer content to subordinate it to any useful purpose, but subordinates thereto, as to a higher law, all the sensible realities of life, all utility, and all the social interests of himself and others. The moment the delusion acquires so fatal a hold of any individual, he is forthwith seized and taken to the asylum: persons thus possessed being unsafe members of society, intolerant, and committing occasionally the most savage outrages on the reputation, and sometimes on the lives and fortunes of themselves and others.

Leaving these maniacs to the ecstasies which many of them evidently enjoyed, we were departing from the asylum, when we were attracted toward another gallery by the majestic mien of its occupants, and the fierceness of their contentions. They were political leaders. Boresko is imperial in its executive, but the people march annually (in some districts semi-annually) to the palace, and dictate the laws. To march at the head of such a procession, confers no little power and influence, beside many pecuniary perquisites, and the position is free to the ambition of all aspirants. The whole skill of the operation consists in a nice and early perception of the wishes of the people, which the leader then announces as his projects, and calls loudly on the people to follow him, and obtain success. To superficial observers, the leader originates all the opinions of the multitude who follow him, while truly the poor man is the most mentally enslaved being in the crowd, and, from long subservience, often loses all accurate discrimination in political matters of right from wrong. After, however, being thus followed for several years, and hearing incessantly from hostile partisans that the people are mere machines, at his beck, such a leader occasionally becomes a victim to the delusion which he has created, and gradually imagines that he possesses some personal attraction, whose potency drags the people after him. The fatal delusion soon manifests itself in him by an occasional indulgence of his own opinions, irrespective of the opinions of his followers, and even in opposition thereto. From habit, surprise, or discipline, the people may not immediately desert him, which but increases the delusion that he is followed for his own wisdom; and he will deviate more and increasingly toward his own predilections, until he will be left with no followers, except a few stragglers as crazy as he is; a result which usually exasperates his malady. He thenceforward commences to rave at the deserters, accusing them of apostacy and ingratitude. He becomes scurrilous toward his old friends, troublesome to every body in tediously defining his position, turbulent and desperate; and if not seasonably secured and lodged in the asylum, will rapidly, like Grecian Helen,

—‘become more  
The world’s aversion than their love before.’



Fatigued with these various scenes of madness, and almost afraid of contamination from some of them, we thanked our polite cicerone, and almost literally fled from the asylum, whose painful secrets we determined to investigate no farther.

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THOUGHTS AFTER A STORM.

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BY A NEW 'IONE.'

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THE Storm-King is abroad: his messengers,  
 The Winds, sweep o'er the earth with giant force,  
 And bear the soul upon their rushing wings.  
 Amid such scenes, it cannot be confined  
 Within the bounds of self, but must away,  
 To roam through space, and question of the clouds  
 And whirlwinds what may be its destiny!  
 It feels a sympathy with boundless power,  
 And fierce impulsive stirrings fill it now,  
 That it ne'er knows in quiet, sunny hours;  
 For then earth seems so fair, we here would dwell  
 Content for ever. But, when tempests come,  
 Their stern, resistless might will rouse the mind  
 To grasp at higher joys than those of sense,  
 And make it own a kindred majesty  
 With things that thrill with fearful, trembling awe,  
 Its inmost being. Then this mortal life  
 Appears a dream — a shadow; and the thought  
 Of all its vexing doubts and troublous cares  
 Is pitiful, compared with the vast strength  
 Of the immortal soul! What reck's it now  
 Of petty pains, that make existence seem  
 A bitterness? The hopes that failed; the love  
 Whose other name was sorrow; e'en the heart's  
 Deep yearning wish for truer, purer bliss  
 Than earth can give — the soul forgets all these.  
 Its hopes are high and holy, and no blight  
 Can fall on aught of nature so like Heaven:  
 Its love is infinite; for it loves all  
 That God hath made in the wide universe,  
 And this wild longing for a nobler life  
 Is felt no more: it sees within itself  
 The elements of greatness, that shall need  
 Eternity for action. Oh! I love  
 The night, and storms, and whirlwinds, for they break  
 The spell of earthliness that else would bind  
 The spirit down to dust!

E'en as I write,  
 The storm has ceased, and silence fills the air,  
 That late bore to my ear the tempest-song.  
 So shall a sweet, deep peace fall on my soul,  
 And leave it dwelling, with calm, trusting love,  
 On the great thought of God, who made alike  
 The Storm of nature and the Soul of man!

*Binghamton, New-York.*

## THE LOYALIST OF THE VENDÉE.

## I.

Now, as there is a God in heaven, and JESU is His Son,  
And to Our LADY grace is given, and to the Holy ONE;  
Now, as, in sooth, the Church is Truth, and if it be her will  
That false should fail, and right prevail, and good outlast the ill:

## II.

Then by this Heart, and by this Cross, and by our own Vendée;  
By every feeling man can feel, or prayer that man can pray;  
By hope in HIM round whom we kneel, I charge you all to swear  
One last oath with LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN, to dare as he will dare!

## III.

And if my words vaunt overmuch, and if I seem to say  
That I shall be the boldest or the foremost in the fray,  
Full many a name of older fame there are around, I know,  
TALMONT, FORET, LESCURE, D'ELBEE, and brave CATHELINÉAU:

## IV.

And many a gallant dalesman, and many a mountaineer,  
To whom their Church, and King, and France, and Gentlemen are dear;  
Not strong like theirs my strength may be—my zeal shall be more keen;  
For they have only *heard* of that Paris I have *seen*:

## V.

Where Fraud, and Crime, and MARAT reign, and the triple colors wave  
O'er the churches of Our LADY, and the blessed GENEVIEVE;  
Where Agnus, Pix, and Crucifix, are made the wanton's spoil,  
And the bells which called to vespers, now call to blood and broil:

## VI.

The Priests—those gentle Priests and good, your fathers loved to hear,  
Sole type below, midst work and wo, of the God whom we revere—  
There's not a street, trod under feet, they have not dyed with gore;  
There's not a stone that does not own one martyrdom, or more.

## VII.

The KING—I saw the accursed cap on his anointed head;  
And scoff, and scorn, and gibe, and jest, and mocking words were said;  
But he took the nearest hand, and he laid it on his breast,  
And he bade it count the pulses, and bade it thence learn rest.

## VIII.

The QUEEN—her proud lip curled with scorn, through all those field alarms,  
Till SANTERRE came beside her, with the DAUPHIN in his arms:  
Then her mien grew still and stately, though she shook in every limb;  
Her fear was for her infant—her calmness was for him.

## IX.

And then and there I swore SANTERRE should rue that bitter wrong;  
And then and there I swore SANTERRE should learn my name ere long;  
And that this year should Paris hear of the loyal hearts so true,  
In the Vendée and the Bourbonnais, and the woodlands of Poitou.

## X.

Now, swore I right, or swore I wrong, it is for you to show;  
 For here is the white standard, and yonder is the foe:  
 And by your aid, that oath I made—oh, keep it as your own!  
 May yet restore (like JOAN's of yore) the Lilies and the Throne!

## XI.

Your pardon, Sirs! the rebel stirs; his vanguard is at hand;  
 Let others will, let me fulfil what orders you command;  
 What if my years are but nineteen? oh, think what I have seen:  
 Oh, think of that insulted KING, and of that hero-QUEEN!

## XII.

Then follow me, where'er it be: I make within the foe!  
 And if I flinch, or fail one inch, there straightway strike me low:  
 And if I fall, swear, one and all, ye will avenge my loss!  
 Now charge! for DE LA ROCHEJACQUELIN—for the Heart, and for the Cross!

## L O S T I N T H E T U L E .

## AN INCIDENT IN CALIFORNIA.

WE were gliding rapidly up the San Joaquin. The night was murky, for the moon had not yet risen, except that now before us, and now remote upon our right, the quarter seeming to shift as we wound our way along the tortuous stream, a glare of light, girdled with dense volumes of smoke, relieved the general gloom, and proclaimed a distant conflagration in the *tule*.

Fire raging in uncontrollable majesty in these juncous marshes, covering them for miles in extent with a sea of flame, is no unusual spectacle to the Californian. Yet familiarity cannot divest it of its grandeur. The ocean waves, tempest-lashed, surge in maddened battalia but to break upon the rocky promontory, or to be thrown back in contemptuous discomfiture from the unyielding ledge. But the march of the fiery billows is resistlessly onward: progress is their life. The affrighted beast, roused in his lair at their terrible approach, summons all his swiftness for the flight; the drapery of nature melts away before their consuming breath; it is as gossamer in a furnace, leaving the charred earth to attest, by its sterile nakedness throughout entire districts, the immensity of their might. These periodical fires furnish displays of sublimity and power which no frequency of occurrence can render common-place or uninteresting.

Weldon and myself leaned upon the hand-rail, smoking our cigars in speculative mood as we gazed over the side. Some observation of mine broke the spell, and, as apposite to the occasion, started the talk upon perilous positions. I was reminded of, and recounted to my companion, an incident which is never recalled but it produces a nervous thrill, (without affecting exaggeration of speech,) excruciating as is to me the shriek-

ing play of the file upon a saw. It occurred some ten years ago, in the interior of Pennsylvania. I was out on a bright, bracing autumn-afternoon of 'one of those heavenly days that cannot die,' for a ramble. I had taken a somewhat extensive circuit over stubble-fields, startling now and then a covey of partridges, or filling with suspicion the bosom of some wary old crow, which, to convince me that he was alert, would at intervals regale me with a devil-may-care caw; and through woods where swaying boughs creaked mournfully, as if bewailing their spoliated foliage, which, eddying, rustled sad monition; while some frisky squirrel, high upon a topmost limb, scarce checked his antics, as if never doubting his security. I do not summon these minutiae to fill up the picture: I relate them because the impression made by that moment of terror has riveted upon my recollection all the accessories. I am not ambitious of word-painting; of shooting humming-birds with the bow of Ulysses.

Day was waning, and as I had several miles to walk in my return, I chose a rail-way track, as an easier and shorter road. I was acquainted with it, and knew I must go through a long dark tunnel. Also aware of the time when the trains up and down passed at this point, I unhesitatingly entered the cavernous mouth, gliding from the light of the outer world into a darkness confirmed by the approaching night. Ordinarily, a few feeble rays could be discerned at the farther extremity, but now all was gloom. I stumbled on, groping my way as best I could; tripping at some stone stubbornly imbedded, or guiding myself with outstretched hand along the cold and slimy side. The ground, too, was damp and oozy—a kind of slippery paste. I half-regretted my selection of route, but the choice was made, and I felt my way slowly along. Through somewhat more than a third of the bore—so I judged, from having come upon a springlet, which issued from a fissure in the rock, falling with a splash quite audible in the prevailing quiet, and which marked about that distance—I was struck with an indistinct notion of a buzzing in the air, but it conveyed no definite idea. Still I could not dismiss it. In a minute or two it seemed swollen into a well-defined hum, but I merely noticed it.

Louder still, and seeming to near: and hark! Good God! can it be that it vibrates along the rail? Pshaw! a mere distempered fancy, bred by the enlivening influence of this ghoulisn corridor. Half-angry at my credulity, I stooped with my ear to the iron bar to listen, impatient to convince myself of error. The result was startling; the resonant metal proclaimed the unwelcome truth! What was to be done? At first I was scarcely self-possessed enough to think; the horror of so suddenly-presented a jeopardy as that which evidently impended, overcame me with the force of paralysis. But it was only for a moment. Buoyancy of spirits quickly succeeded: confusion of thought gave place to reflection. To retrace my steps would be unwise, if not impracticable, lessening the distance between me and the engine I knew to be approaching. By a rapid advance, it might be possible to clear the tunnel before overtaken, yet it was a question. I strove to run. It was dimly dark, and at every few steps there was a projecting wooden sleeper. Nearer, nearer; fast and furious, came on the untiring steed! Escape by flight had become impossible. Should I throw myself flat in the middle of the

track, and trust to being swept over unharmed? Attached to the engine might be a scoop, and then I should be crushed. Was it possible, by planting my back against the wall, and shrinking within the narrowest compass, to avoid the destruction which menaced? The space was very small between the rail and side; it was a desperate risk, but it must be run. The locomotive was within the tunnel; was thundering forward apparently with unslackened speed. Promptitude was imperative. I drew myself up into statue-like rigidity; essayed to shout, but the effort was impotent; drew my coat closely around me; curbed every muscle; even breathed restrainedly, so dreadful was the suspense. I felt as if a hair's-breadth would decide my doom; felt, or fancied, the swiftly-parted air whirled into my face! The ponderous wheels were beside me, grazing me; there was a full-toned rumble. In a moment it grew threateningly sharp; the clatter thrilled my frame: then it had passed, and I was SAFE!

'No doubt intense agony,' remarked Weldon, 'must have cumulated in a few brief moments: yet I know not whether dangers that suddenly present themselves, and are soon over, no matter how imminent, are not less dreadful than the torture of prolonged suspense: when each new phase of peril seems more darkly portentous than its predecessor, is the additional turn of the rack. Such suffering was mine, not far from this very spot, and amid the labyrinths of this very *tule*.'

'I have heard you were once lost in the marshes: I forget now where or when. How did it happen?'

'I must confess, through a lack of prudence, combined with false notions of the face of the country.'

'It was shortly after your arrival, then?'

'Yes; in the fall of 1849. Stockton, you know, at that time, was a town of tents, the growth of a few short months. The newly-invaded solitude had scarcely received the first rude imprints of advancing civilization beyond the limits of the encampment, for it was nothing more. The freshly-opened trails toward the interior had not yet, except in one or two instances, been developed into well-marked roads. Elk and antelope approached fearlessly the outskirts, which at night were noisy with the bark, in discordant chorus, of bands of prowling cayotes. Vividly do I recollect that primitive picture. The steam-boat was not yet upon these virgin waters, and you were forced to crawl lazily along the sinuosities of this crookedest of rivers, in treckschuyt-fashion, upon some cockroach-infested old launch. Into the stream the leaping salmon fell with sudden splash, while upon its undulating surface

"THE black duck, with her glossy breast,  
Swung silently."

'The town first showed itself upon its sluggish slough, an expanse of canvas; a kind of whitey-brown exhalation it seemed, risen fog-like from the surrounding fens, surmounted by flags of every date and hue, from fresh to faded. The levee was crowded with a disordered deposit of various merchandize. Here were long rows of pack-saddles, and cigarito-smoking muleteers loading their animals. Here was the rude Mexican cart, with its great solid wooden wheels, creaking along at a snail's-pace after a yoke of gaunt and goaded cattle: while some burly American teamster was piling his wagon with wares, swaggeringly independent and



glumly assiduous. Emigrants were roaming through a perplexity of baggage, or negotiating for the carriage of their traps to the romance-invested *placers*. Monte-tables were surrounded by shabbily-habillimented players from 'the diggings,' who were losing with the utmost nonchalance the first fruits of their golden harvest. Traders bustled about their lucrative pursuits as if each moment was worth a glittering ounce.

'I had engaged a full freight for the Tuolumne, at a high rate, and was ready to depart, when I was notified by the driver, who should have watched the oxen, but who had been 'crapulous' the preceding day, that they were not to be found. This was provoking enough, for the freighters were as impatient of delay as those Æneas saw crowding the shores of Styx, and urged and swore alternately, as if very much in earnest. So, after bestowing a malediction or two upon the neglectful lubber, (who, by-the-bye, was a Chilian, and doubtless repaid me with interest in suppressed *carajos*,) I immediately dispatched a skilful *vaguero* in search for the estrayed animals. About noon he returned unsuccessful, and, being anxious to get upon the road next morning, I determined to penetrate the *tule* and look them up.

'It was the middle of October, and a thick watery haze, which had curtained the heavens and obscured the sun for several days, prevailed. That luminary, indeed, presented a dull coppery appearance, very peculiar, such as is said sometimes to precede earth-quakes and volcanic eruptions, and which I had observed before upon the Pacific coast of South America. Throwing a *sarape* across the saddle, and buckling on my pistol-belt, with its trusty revolver, I mounted a fine-limbed, powerful gray, a recent and pet purchase, and galloped off. Several well-trodden 'trails' opened upon the margin of the *tule*, and, without hesitating to select, I entered one, marking my course by the sun. It had never occurred to me that a pocket-compass might prove useful; but in the end I learned to estimate the value of the faithful needle in the all-pervading uniformity of a bog as extensive as many a German principality. I rode on in no very good humor, peering about inquiringly, running my eye along innumerable lanes through the long dense growth of reed, (in height from seven to twelve feet,) made by the wild and stray animals that crossed and re-crossed each other in the most irregular and puzzling manner. Occasionally a slough would intercept all farther progress; and this would have been oftener the case, were it not that there had been no rain for many months.

'Not finding the objects of my search, and the day declining, I concluded at last, reluctantly, to relinquish the pursuit, and make the best of my way home. Suspecting no difficulty in effecting an exit, I trotted briskly over the soft loam, satisfied that I should be in camp before dark, and disposed, by the incitings of a pretty vigorous appetite, to speculate upon the probable character of the supper-fare; thinking, as it usually consisted of very tough beef, very heavy bread, (served hot to enhance its value,) pickles, tomato-ketchup, beans, and a dirty-brown decoction, christened 'coffee,' which looked like a mild infusion of pulverized coffin-lids, it might be now and then slightly varied with considerable advantage.

'I soon became surprised at the little apparent head-way I was making, and was unable to reconcile it with the rate of speed I had maintained.

Night was nearing; the sun was dipping low, and was barely to be seen in outline through the thickening shroud. There would be no twilight; when the darkness came, it would pall the scene suddenly. Neither did the moon rise until toward morning, and, if belated, I should be in an exceedingly unpleasant situation, to make the best of it; so I spurred on, sanguine of a timely extrication.

'The vapors, dank and chilling, began to rise, and my *sarape* was brought into requisition. Yet there was no appearance of an opening upon the plain, although I was confident of having come over considerably more than the necessary space to return, supposing the course to have been direct. I grew seriously alarmed. For aught I knew, I might ride all night the same eternal ambit, without gaining a foot aright; indeed, be lost for days, should the smoky weather continue, suffering greatly from exposure and hunger; I might even starve; for even of such casualties I had heard from the trappers.

'In this state of distressing incertitude, though constantly moving, the darkness suddenly shut down upon me. The sky at first slate-colored, became duskier and duskier: not the twinkle of a star was to be seen. I felt my fate for the present fixed. The ground I was traversing was pretty firm, but the water-courses were numerous, and my horse, unable to see, might become mired, when I would be compelled to abandon him, should it fortunately be in my power. This reflection had scarcely crossed my mind when he stumbled, and was thrown upon his knees, nearly dislodging me from the saddle, and imparting to my nerves an intensely disagreeable shock. Upon my feet in an instant, I discovered a bulging object in the path, which proved to be the bloated carcass of a mule, upon which a horde of cayotes had been regaling, and, disturbed in their repast, hovered howling about, sometimes approaching in their covert, slinking way. The interruption determined me to halt. I was extremely thirsty, yet afraid to venture in search of a slough, so with a pocket-knife I cut some rushes, extemporized a couch, hobbled my horse, farther secured him by a tie of the *riata* upon the saddle, which was converted into a pillow, and flung myself down, not to sleep, but maintain watch and ward until morning.

'Slowly and dimly passed the hours. The wolves loped inquisitively around; a legion of frogs kept up their infernal crocotation; and once or twice some deer stalked by on their way to water. Day at last came lagging up the east; a moist, cold, dirty dawn, with the mist thicker than yesterday. Heavy from vigil, and suffering from cramp, I got up, saddled, and mounted.

'I could not decide the course proper to pursue: I was completely bewildered. In the midst of my hesitation, a clue was furnished me. A flock of geese, in marshalled array, as they move when on the wing for continued flight, passed over. Their track being naturally southward, enabled me to infer the other quarters, and select that which I was convinced must be the right one. I followed it; but I could not proceed in a straight line, the sloughs often compelling me to turn or deviate. Thus in the end I lost all notion of the cardinal points, and was again at fault. The pervading stillness which prevailed aggravated my loneliness, and disheartened me in no ordinary degree. No breeze rustled the reeds;

there was no wing-flutter of startled bird; no 'sough' of water; not even an insect-chirrup. A motion, a voice, any evidence of vitality apart from the seditious sameness, would have enlivened me as never did the glow of glancing lights, the inspiring harmony of bounding feet, or the rugged enthusiasm of some old martial song. A solemn Idumean hush was over all.

'The longings of hunger began to prevail, and grew at last distressingly importunate. No sustenance had passed my lips for eight-and-thirty hours. At a later period, I experienced to the full the pangs of protracted abstinence. At one moment a greedy desire for food; then avidity, yielding to a dull and sickening sense of emptiness.

'In fruitless wandering sped the day. Agitated reflection, and fitful, perturbed slumber, wore away the night. How leaden-footed were those dismal hours! Cheerlessly the light of morning broke again. The strong gripe of another day of unspeakable misery was upon me.

'I will not dwell upon the contradictory sensations that agitated me that day, as hope and fear alternated: it will ever loom gloomily in the calendar of my past. With the dim light I managed to find water, and assuage thirst. I remember that the puddle, although it had a sluggish efflux, was black, thick with vegetable matter half-decayed, and covered with a viscid slime; but it was not regarded then. Tobacco for a while had afforded invaluable solace, but it occasioned at length distressing dryness and heat of the fauces, and I was compelled to relinquish its use. I substituted a coin for the purpose of provoking salivation, for at last I drank the water sparingly, having been seized with violent retching, which I supposed it had produced.

'I recollect finding myself at one time upon a spot slightly elevated and clear of reeds; a kind of island-oasis in the seemingly interminable ocean of desolation around. There was grass, and it seemed that in the spring it had been rife with flowers, for the crisp capsules hung on withered stalks, and there were yet some in bloom; while bunches of wild sage filled the air with an herby odor. I paused awhile, allowing my horse to snatch a few mouthfuls, and was tempted to remain for rest: but inaction would bring no relief, so I passed on.

'Night again approached, filling me with maddening apprehension, and almost unmanly despair. A sense of impending destruction, not by some terrible and terminating stroke, but by an agonizing, lingering death, overwhelmed me. If such was to be my fate, I welcomed, ay, *cherished* the idea, that insanity would seize upon me, and cloud the last dreadful moments of my life! I seemed bereft of every possibility of deliverance. Hope with her suggestions, soothing though illusive, fled me utterly.

'Toward dusk I mustered sufficient energy to fasten my horse insecurely to a hassock, but in an attempt to release the saddle I was foiled. I was too weak to loose the girth. I was feverish, and must have water; no matter how impure, so it were water. I could have lapped from a carrion-tainted pool. I tottered in search of it, feebly nicking the canes as I went, as marks to guide me in my return. Finding a slough larger than any yet encountered, after some difficulty I discovered a place where it was practicable to drink. The margin was trodden by numerous hoofs, and from the cavities thus formed I scooped the muddy fluid. I straggled back and dropped upon the earth in utter desperation.

'I lay awake in a state of great excitement for several hours, until, becoming overpowered, I fell into a broken slumber. Some noise aroused me. I felt slightly refreshed, while a flicker of hope exhilarated me. A few stars were visible, shining with sickly glimmer. My mind was tossed in a series of fluctuations: at one moment comparatively elate, it was sunk the next by some conclusion of despair.

'The mildewed ear blasted its wholesome brother.'

Once memories of home, of beloved faces, of kindly words and affectionate ministrations, keenly possessed me, and I do not blush to avow that I wept: not tears of weakness, not selfish tears, but the gushing of a heart deeply stirred.

'A rustling near by attracted my attention. An animal, a few yards off, had stopped to gaze: it seemed a doe. I hurriedly grasped the pistol; my trembling touch was on the trigger: I fired. With a bound the creature turned and fled. I think it was slightly wounded, but I do not know: my aim was unsteady. I did not rue the failure: a sense rather of sarcasm predominated. I had no strength, no fire; my fate was sealed; what could I want with meat? Was suffering so sweet that I should strive to prolong it? I had heard of dying wretches sucking the warm life-stream even as it flowed from the gaping gash, and going mad. *That* indeed would be a comfort.

'After another interval—how long I know not, having lost all conception of time—a measured sound fell upon my ear. It resembled the regular stroke of oars; and yet—I might *yet* be saved! I heard them distinctly thumping in the row-locks. I arose, flung away blanket and pistol, and eagerly made toward the slough. The cheering sounds came with increased clearness: a boat was evidently approaching. Then flashed the stunning possibility that, after all, I might not be rescued. Disordered fancy, as if anxious to appal, pictured the boatmen returning my supplications with gibes, laughing at my entreaties, gloating over my agony. But a little longer, and I believe I should have been irrecoverably crazed.

'As the skiff neared, I shouted: the men rested on their oars and halloed back. I proclaimed that I was perishing, and urged them, for God's sake, to help. I promised large reward and lasting gratitude. I have no doubt the appeal to their humanity would have sufficed, but the prospective guerdon stimulated them. With difficulty I was dragged through the quagmire and taken aboard. It is needless to add, that I was completely exhausted; that my appearance had undergone an entire change; that my nervous system had lost its balance: that I was, in short, like one snatched from the dead. A few days of quiet served to restore me in part, when I departed for the interior, where the bracing mountain air and game-diet expedited a complete recovery.'

Poor Weldon! But the other day I observed an announcement of his death by erysipelas upon the Stanislaus. Many months had elapsed since I saw him, although, in answer to inquiries, I heard of his well-merited success. Courage, candor, and generosity were his in an unusual degree. How often

'DEATH prefers a shining mark!'

San Francisco.

YADUSAG.

## THE DEAR ONES GONE BEFORE US.

BY ELWIN R. CAMPBELL.

THERE, when Life's brief voyage is over,  
 When this narrow sea is crossed,  
 When the elements recover  
 All of thee that may be lost;  
 There those dear ones gone before thee  
 Through those portals, thou shalt meet;  
 Softer skies shall hover o'er thee,  
 Brighter flowers shall bless thy feet.

GEOFFREY W. CUTLER

LIFE is but an empty bubble  
 Floating down the stream of time,  
 Whirled about by eddying trouble,  
 Dashed upon rude shore and clime.

Soon its substance frail is shattered,  
 And each evanescent hue  
 Upon the billowy spray is scattered,  
 Or mingled with the ether blue.

That frail bubble, richly freighted,  
 Thus dashed and broken, shall arise,  
 And, to other spheres translated,  
 Shall paint the rainbow in the skies.

Its hues on earth, so evanescent,  
 Shall light the pilgrim's holiest shrine;  
 Its halved circles round the crescent  
 Shall with rays of glory shine:

All its earthly, fleeting sparkle,  
 Gathered to those realms on high,  
 Mid eternal orbs shall darkle  
 In the illimitable sky.

Why then ceaseless should we grovel,  
 Toiling all for pelf or fame,  
 Inmates alike of hall or hovel,  
 Following the ignis-fatuus flame

That through the sloughs below misleads us  
 From the path of right and duty,  
 While evil spirits there shall feed us  
 With wild dreams of wanton beauty?

And when lured thus far astray,  
 Where light and truth are both denied us,  
 From above there comes a ray,  
 That alone aright will guide us.

Spurning earth, let's look above us,  
 To that over-arching dome,  
 Where those angel-stars that love us  
 Shall light us as we're coming home.



For in those brilliant orbs that shine  
With Heaven's pure, celestial ray,  
Are links to bind us to the shrine  
That lights up one eternal day.

When our footsteps then are stealing  
From the paths of love and right,  
The true to us they are revealing  
In their own pure spirits' light.

Those of earth by love enshrined  
Are now beaming lights immortal,  
And in that brilliant cluster twined  
Around Heaven's spotless portal.

Those bright orbs now beaming o'er us  
In that blue o'er-arching sky,  
Are the loved ones gone before us,  
To point us to their homes on high.

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## THE POETRY OF PRÆD.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE great object and purpose of poetry is, no doubt, to exert a truly beneficial effect upon the moral or the intellectual man. Its grandest aim is to inculcate a useful lesson or enforce a pure philosophy by clothing sound thoughts in an attractive garb, and recommending them to the indifferent mind by a certain melody and rhythm. And poetry, therefore, must be studied as a profession, and cultivated as an art, if its noble end is to be realized and its genius fully displayed. The great poet must be a man *sui generis*. He must understand and follow out the motive of his being in reference to his one high pursuit alone. And yet there are those, richly deserving to be ranked among the 'tuneful throng,' who have never yet done this; there is a verse which can move the heart and purify the mind, though it never loudly asserts its claims upon public admiration; a verse whose spirit, though it may be deficient in poetic grandeur, yet, by making us laugh and weep in sympathy together, softens the asperities of human life, and renders us far happier in each other's society. Truly does the ocean of song ever send forth a most glorious sound, but we feel that the cheerful ripple of the bright streamlet is sweet and pleasant to the ear. To fully enjoy the creations of a great poet, we must, as it were, be poets ourselves. Unless our own emotions are assimilated to those of the writer, we cannot, unimpassioned as we are, appreciate those thoughts upon which his mind has long dwelt with the fervid enthusiasm of inspiration. And thus it is not difficult to analyze that sensation of satisfaction with which we turn to a certain familiar

kind of poetry whose melody seems the echo of all the better feelings of our every-day life. We have all of us tastes and predilections peculiar to ourselves; certain fancies, perhaps, to which we rarely give utterance in language, but always cherish in our hearts. And when we meet with these very ideas arranged in the becoming dress of poetic imagery, they seem at once so natural that we desire to become better acquainted with the poet, and to make him our friend. Will, then, the readers of this magazine allow me the pleasure of introducing to them such a poet; a poet perhaps already partially known to a few, yet almost entirely forgotten in the literary world—WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD.

That indefatigable compiler, Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, published a few years ago, in the city of New-York, a compilation of several of the productions of this English author, but little read on this side of the Atlantic, yet in his own country very generally appreciated as at once an imaginative and a humorous writer. A few copies of this edition may still be met with in our book-stores; but as far as any acquaintance with his effusions is concerned, the name of Præd is to most of us quite unknown. As to Mr. Præd's private and public life, but little can be told. Eton was the stage upon which he made his début as a literary character, and the 'Etonian,' of which he was the principal editor, certainly bears witness to a higher order of genius than usually falls to the lot of the school-boy. We hear of him next at Cambridge, where he soon acquired distinction as a successful versifier; and subsequently to his graduation we find him connected with Mr. Macaulay at London, in the conduct of 'Knight's Quarterly' Magazine. A short time before his death, he entered Parliament, and was fast rising to eminence when he died, a comparatively young man, in July, 1839.

As to Mr. Præd's character, if we can read it in his works, he must have been a most agreeable companion and delightful acquaintance. He evidently wrote chiefly for his own amusement and that of his friends; and while his productions are characterized in general by a pleasant gayety and sparkling humor, there runs through them a vein of imaginative beauty and grace indicative of true poetic talent. Often, too, in pathetic passages he will touch the cord of sympathy in such a manner as to evince no want of good feeling and generous sentiment, and his playful criticisms on society show that he was well acquainted with the ways of the world. There is no effort apparent throughout his writings, but the flow of his verse is ever smooth and natural; and as we read, we are constantly lured on by finding ourselves almost unconsciously sympathizing with the emotions of the poet. Such, we think, was Præd's poetical character. For a confirmation of our opinion, let us turn to those passages of his poems which will best illustrate his peculiarities of style.

His most celebrated production is that entitled 'Lillian,' which, as an imaginative piece of composition, has hardly been surpassed. The circumstances under which it was written were very singular. A female friend, at an evening-party in Cambridge, endeavored to confound the poet by proposing as a subject for his muse this apparently inexplicable riddle:

'A DRAGON's tail is flayed to warm  
A headless maiden's heart.'

On such a foundation was he to build! Yet, upon so strange a theme did he rear the most beautiful of his creations. He begins with a description of his dragon:

'THERE was a dragon in ARTHUR's time,  
When dragons and griffins were voted 'prime,'  
Of monstrous reputation.'

The monster is represented as making great havoc among the valiant knights of the country, but as evincing symptoms of disgust whenever a monk came in his way:

'IRON and steel, for an early meal,  
He stomached with ease, or the muse is a liar;  
But out of all question, he failed in digestion,  
If ever he ventured to swallow a friar.'

The poet then goes on to describe the manner in which the beast 'chanced to fall in with the Headless Lady.' This lady's father had once unconsciously offended a fairy in disguise, who in return had cursed him as follows:

'THOU hast an infant in thine home!  
Never to her shall reason come,  
For weeping or for wail,  
Till she shall ride with a fearless face  
On a living dragon's scale,  
And fondly clasp to her heart's embrace  
A living dragon's tail.'

The imprecation is fulfilled. The father died, and 'the witless child grew up alone.' Then follows a most exquisite description of the heroine:

'BEAUTIFUL shade, with her tranquil air,  
And her thin white arm, and her flowing hair;  
And the light of her eye, so boldly obscure;  
And the hue of her cheek so pale and pure!'

It is by such a creation that the poet overcomes the first great difficulty of his subject: for

———'HENCE the story had ever run,  
That the fairest of dames was a *headless* one.'

By her 'wild, and sweet, and roving song,' she had made a complete conquest of the dragon aforesaid, whom she met in her wanderings, and who soon became her constant attendant and humble servant. But the second part of the fairy's prophecy is to be accomplished. A knight who had heard of Lillian's strange situation, enlightened as to her destiny by an oracle, at length comes to deliver her. He slowly approaches the spot where the dragon lay, by the side of his mistress. He gazes with mingled love and wonder at the strange spectacle; and then, instead of rushing upon the beast with spear or battle-axe, instead of attacking him according to the most approved methods of ancient romance:

'INSTEAD of drawing his sword from his sheath,  
He drew a pepper-box!'

Throwing the contents of this most novel implement of offence into the eyes of the monster, the latter rises suddenly in his rage into the air; but, 'blinded with pepper and blinded with wrath,' falls heavily to the earth again in a trance, from which he did not awake until the knight had 'lopped and flayed the tail he wore.' The maiden, who had gazed with mingled terror and delight upon the young warrior in his burnished armor, now lifts up the 'pilfered scale' and binds it about

her 'in mimicry of warlike pride.' Instantaneous and wonderful is the effect :

'GONE is the spell that bound her!  
The talisman hath touched her heart;  
And she leaps with a fearful and fawn-like start,  
As the shades of glimory depart;  
Strange thoughts are glimmering round her;  
Deeper and deeper her cheek is glowing;  
Quicker and quicker her breath is flowing;  
And her eye gleams out from its long, dark lashes,  
Fast and full, unnatural flashes;  
For hurriedly and wild  
Doth reason pour her hidden treasures  
Of human griefs and human pleasures  
Upon her new-found child.'

Thus we have the final fulfilment of the imprecation. The maiden's heart is warmed, and the lover, of course, receives his reward.

From this imperfect glance at 'Lillian,' upon which the poet's reputation chiefly rests, let us turn to the remainder of his effusions, and consider them under two heads: first, those which are more particularly humorous in their character; and secondly, those more distinguished for their quiet grace and beauty. In the 'every-day characters' we find, perhaps, the best illustrations of the first class. In the 'Vicar' we meet with the following :

'He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;  
And when, by dint of page and line,  
He 'stablished truth or started error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep;  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;  
And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.'

And again :

'He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking;  
He did not make himself a bear,  
Although he had a taste for smoking.  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning.'

The character of 'Quince' is, we think, a very natural one. We may now and then meet men who correspond exactly with the following :

'ASYLUMS, hospitals, and schools,  
He used to swear were meant to cozen;  
All who subscribed to them were fools,  
And he subscribed to half a dozen.  
It was his doctrine that the poor  
Were always able, never willing;  
And so the beggar at his door  
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.'

There is a simplicity in the concluding verse which redeems, to a great extent, a slight impiety, which might offend 'the most fastidious :

'WHETHER I ought to die or not,  
My doctors cannot quite determine;  
It's only clear that I shall rot,  
And be, like PRIAM, food for vermin.  
My debts are paid; but Nature's debt  
Almost escaped my recollection.  
TOM! we shall meet again; and yet  
I cannot leave you my direction!'

In the 'Troubadour' we find a most excellent description of Richard Cœur de Lion, which contains, in a few lines, the gist of that strangely-

mixed character upon which historians and novelists have delighted to dwell :

'A Ponderous thing was RICHARD's can,  
Add so was RICHARD's boot;  
And Saracens and liquor ran  
Where'er he set his foot.  
So fiddling here, and fighting there,  
And murdering time and tune,  
With sturdy limb and listless air,  
And gauntleted hand, and jewelled hair,  
Half monarch, half buffoon,  
He turned away from feast to fray,  
From quarrelling to quaffing;  
So great in prowess and in pranks,  
So fierce and funny in the ranks,  
That SALADIN and SOLDAN said,  
Where'er that mad-cap RICHARD led,  
ALLAH! he held his breath for dread,  
And burst his sides for laughing!'

The poet encountered at a ball a young lady belonging to that large class of persons who delight, in their conversation, to dilate endlessly upon the fluctuations of the atmosphere and the phenomena of storms; in short, whose sole theme is 'the weather.' He essays in vain many subjects of general interest, and at last leaves his fair partner in despair. After setting forth her beauty of person, her prospects of fortune, and her accomplishments, he concludes with the following offset to all these advantages :

'BUT to be linked for life to her!  
The desperate man who tried it  
Might marry a barometer,  
And hang himself beside it!'

But humor is not the only sphere of the poet. There is a lively grace in most of his effusions, which always charms the reader, and sometimes, mingled with it, a most welcome pathos. This spirit, strange though it may appear, seems to be the peculiar gift of humorous poets. Beside the sparkling stream of wit flows the more peaceful current of graceful and tender feeling. We watch with pleasure the course of each; yet when the two unite, the conjunction is by no means unnatural. While our fancy is pleased, the best feelings of our nature are gratified, and often a most useful moral lesson is inculcated. Let us exemplify this in the writings of the poet before us. In the 'Vicar,' before alluded to, that benevolence of heart which is best seen in an humble sphere is thus described :

'And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier pottage:  
At his approach Complaint grew mild;  
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,  
The clammy lips of Froer smiled  
The welcome which they could not utter.'

From a lively piece, entitled 'Good Night,' we select this passage, which will, we think, be appreciated by every one, whether of a sentimental or a practical turn of mind :

'THERE are tones that will haunt us, though lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;  
There are looks that will part from us only  
When Memory ceases to be;  
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,  
Though toilsome and steep be the way;  
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten  
With a light that is clearer than day.'



In 'Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine,' the contrast is carried out with great spirit and skill :

'I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,  
And an infant's idle laughter;  
The old year went with mourning by,  
The new came dancing after;  
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,  
Let Revelry hold her ladle;  
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,  
Fling roses on the cradle;  
Muses to wait on the funeral state,  
Pages to pour the wine;  
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,  
And a health to Twenty-Nine!'

In 'Memory,' which should be quoted at length, there is a grandeur as well as beauty of sentiment which most forcibly indicates the true poet. We select two verses :

'SLEEP where the thunders fly  
Across the tossing billow;  
Thy canopy the sky,  
And the lonely deck thy pillow:  
And dream, while the chill sea-foam  
In mockery dashes o'er thee,  
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,  
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

'Talk of the minstrel's lute,  
The warrior's high endeavor,  
When the honeyed lips are mute,  
And the strong arm crushed for ever:  
Look back to the summer sun,  
From the mist of dark December;  
Then say to the broken-hearted one,  
'Tis pleasant to remember!'

It would be a pleasure to us to quote to a greater extent from 'The Bridal of Belmont,' 'The Troubadour,' 'The Red Fisherman,' 'The Legend of the Haunted Tree,' 'Gog,' and, indeed, from all of the longer productions of the poet, but our present limits forbid. We only say, that in each and all we find the same happy union of pleasantry and pathos, satire and good humor. We conclude, therefore, our brief critique, if so it may be called.

We do not claim for Mr. Praed the highest order of poetic attainment. He was not a philosophical poet, like Coleridge, nor a reformer, like Hood. Versifying was his exercise and amusement, not his profession. Rhymes were to him rather play-things than the tools of an art. But his poetry is the poetry of our every-day life; his verse the utterance of certain emotions, common perhaps to us all, but no less to be cherished in the heart. For it is not the language of a cynical philosophy, but a voice which calls upon us to laugh rather than sneer at the follies of the world, and now and then, perhaps, to shed an honest tear in sympathy with a simplicity and gentleness of disposition not yet, we are thankful, entirely ideal in this selfish sphere. And now, readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, have you been bored by the short conversation which you have held with our friend Mr. Praed? I know that literary criticisms are in general tiresome, but I have been brief; and am I asking too much when I beg you to join with me in the hope that the works of this popular poet may soon be published in full in England, and you and I may read them in spirit together?

*New-Haven, January 16th, 1852.*

## H Y M N

## ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A CHURCH.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

## I.

O Thou, whose hands omnipotent  
The pillars of the earth uphold;  
Who with a blessing kindly bent  
O'er Israel's holy fanes of old!  
Great SOURCE of Being! stoop to-day  
From Thy far-off, eternal throne,  
While, in THINE awful name, we lay  
With reverent hands this corner-stone!

## II.

For 't is to THEE the fane we rear  
Whose sacred walls shall on it rest,  
That song and prayer, from year to year,  
May rise from many a grateful breast.  
The forest huge of dateless time  
Hath shorn its strength to arch the dome;  
The towering rock of age sublime  
Bowed down to build our Sabbath-home.

## III.

And years shall pass, while duly still  
Our thronging feet its aisles shall tread;  
Then, as with reverent hearts we kneel,  
Oh, be Thy blessing on us shed!  
Instruct our souls, by cares distraught,  
How they the better way may learn;  
Inspire them with serener thought,  
When grief or passion in them burn!

## IV.

Years still shall pass; and, as they glide  
Adown the narrowing stream of time,  
Our children's children, side by side,  
Will hearken to the Sabbath-chime;  
And bending hitherward their feet,  
Their homage at Thy shrine to pay,  
Will talk of us who bore the heat  
For them, and burden of the day.

## V.

Years still shall pass! Hoar age shall file  
With noiseless tooth the massive stone,  
Till low shall lie this sacred pile,  
In shapeless ruin overthrown:  
While from a higher, loftier dome,  
Our spirits o'er the wreck shall gaze,  
And in the soul's eternal home  
Its being's SOURCE for ever praise!

T O ——— .

AFFECTION makes us timid, dear!  
 And though my feet may fly thee,  
 My conscious soul still draws more near,  
 And trembling lingers by thee:  
 And I am always near to thee,  
 Whate'er, where'er thou art;  
 For though I cannot follow thee,  
 I see thee with my heart.

A. S. M.

### Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

*'La luz de la razon es un admirable don del cielo, guia soberana para acertar en el camino de la felicidad d, y no imagines que es opinion de los hombres sujeta à capricho, à variedad, ó à error. No, es una voz divina, un eco de la verdad eterna!'*

T. DE ALMEIDA.

*'Would n't you like to take a look round town this evening, Sir? I know the ropes as well as any man, and where the 'buffers' are. I'll take care that nobody RINGS INTO YOU.'*

BEAU HICKMAN.

THERE is a curious variety of literature, which, as it is found in every country, will bear, and consequently merits, examination and classification: I mean those *vida tunantesca*, hop-and-go-dirty, tag-rag and bob-tail, outside romances and biographies, which so generally hold a sort of slovenly immortality in the red republic of letters. Such, for example, is the life of Bamfylde Moore, Carew, Defoe's Captain Jack, Jonathan Wilde, etc., the highest *popular* type of which in English, is Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, La Vie de Cartouche, Memoires de Vidocq, Casanova de Seingalt, with an immense library of others in French, and the so-called *picaresque* Spanish novels, such as Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, and Quevedo's 'Adventures of a Sharper.' Of which, in a literary point of view, the latter are by far the best.

It may be objected, that a vigorous continuation of illustrations might demand that I also include Gil Blas, Schiller's Robbers, and in poetry a few dashes from Don Juan, the Corsair. To which I indignantly reply, that I allude to the roots which stick in the mud, and not the umbrageous branches which lift their shady summits, laden with golden fruit and similar sauce, to the cerulean firmament above. True, they are not by any means the neatest works in existence. But as Science kindly permits her votaries vivisection, and the analysis of kakodyle, so Literature may, at times, allow her children the privilege of *criticism*, and even of discussing such productions as these.

But if you think that I intend discussing them, you're mistaken. Yet, as I was glancing over, this evening, one or two of these melancholy, dirty, dreary, forlorn, cloudy, sorrowful productions, which, as a class, have a decided flavor of greasy leaden spoons and warm dish-water, I could not help thinking how far mistaken their authors were, to imagine that because low life presented certain incongruities and peculiarities, not

to be found in the land of soap and towels, it must necessarily be intensely redolent of wit and humor. A sad mistake, and yet not an uncommon one, among would-be fast men.

If I can ever get to the idea I meant to have started with, I would say that the reader who has ever examined the putrefactions of this nature, found in the Spanish strata, must have observed that, when other resources fail, the hero not unfrequently takes to showing strangers around the town, running errands, conducting intrigues, *carrotéeing* on commissions, and other similar efforts of genius; functions which, at the present day, are fulfilled on the Continent by a class of outlaws, known as *valets de place*, or *Lohndiener*s.

The only valet-de-place I ever met with, who pretended to have a religion, was an old fellow who, for aught I know, is even yet hanging round the Grand Hotel of the '*Drei Mohren*,' or '*Three Niggers*,' in Augsburg. And, to tell the truth, I only *heard* of this one. The Wolf wanted a valet-de-place for something or other, when the Frenchified head-waiter informed him that he was heart-broken and agonized at being obliged to say that the gentleman must wait half an hour before the proper functionary could be found. 'But is there not another valet-de-place about?' asked Wolf. '*Mais oui*, yes, there was another old fellow,' replied the waiter, shrugging his shoulders, closing his eyes, and shaking his head slowly, as if apologizing for some incurable defect or vice: 'but he would not suit Monsieur: he is, unfortunately, *pious*!'

After all, it might have been only a malicious lie on the part of the head-waiter, to blacken and destroy the poor old man's character. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because the waiter, observing the facility with which we both swallowed this almost incredible choker, proceeded to 'paint the lily' by narrating a romantic little fiction about the old valet's being at that very instant in church, and, very probably, praying——on his knees!

Now I put it to the reader, was not this 'cutting it entirely too fat,' although it did happen at the time to be Sunday?

Not but that a valet-de-place can '*come*' a religion in double-quick time, if expedient. I have known one to be suddenly converted to Judaism when reminded, after a long tramp, of the curious coincidence of its being Friday, and nearly sun-down. But if he suspects his employer of religious tendencies, his own devotion becomes truly edifying. I shall not soon forget the incident which occurred to Mr. S., a worthy Hinglishman, *doing* the Continent with family and servants. S. had been informed, on credible authority, that any persons who should venture to smoke while passing a sentinel, or omit to take off their hats before a church, would be, if not immediately shot or arrested, at least the subjects of great scandal to all loyal and pious citizens. For which reason, Mr. S. kept a bright look-out for churches, and bowed in passing with so much unction, that the pious Catholic by-standers were loud in his praise, and unanimously swore that, though an Englishman, he was evidently a Christian, and not a Protestant. So that all went very well for a day or two: when one morning, in a fit of absence of mind, passing by the house of Lola Montes, then Countess of Landsfeldt, he glanced hurriedly up, and, mistaking the building for a small church, or at least a chapel,

quickly removed his hat, in which act of devotion he was at once seconded by all the gentlemen of the party, including the *valet-de-place*, who, in the excess of his piety, almost bowed to the ground.

'But such devotion endureth never.' Which observation, as you were about very justly to remark, reader, is what the pious Friar *Gerundio de Zerotes*, in his sermons, would term a '*Perogrullada*,' or Peter Grullo's truth; *id est*, a truism, or a well-known truth, which is a truth known to every body:

'No hay puta ne ladron,  
Que tenga su devocion.'

To which a Roman *valet-de-place*, or commissario, might reply from Machiavelli, '*Non vi bisogna che tu abbia tutte le qualita che ho detto (religion) ma solamente che tu MOSTRI d' averle.*' 'Tis not absolutely necessary for a gentleman to be religious, but highly expedient for him to appear so.' Which wretched maxim being thoroughly despised by all genuine, jolly good-fellows, I turn over to the readers of Chesterfield or Pope, the admirers of Bernini in sculpture, of Boucher and Vander Werff in painting, and that most exquisite of idyllo-mythologic styles in architecture, known as the Rococo, or *Baroque*, of the golden age of Louis XV.

But to return to my *valets-de-place*. One morning, in this same city of Munich, while returning from the Royal Library, with a wearisome big folio under my arm, urged partly by fatigue and partly by a nervous eagerness to dip into the contents of said book, I entered an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned coffee-house, and, while waiting for the *bier* which, in a genuine Bavarian *kneip*, is always brought without order immediately to the guest, busied myself with leafing over my new acquisition. At the next table sat five of the same scamps I have been speaking of; and having already employed two or three of them at different times on little affairs, I was profoundly greeted by the whole party on my entrance. Knowing me, therefore, to be a stranger, and presuming on my ignorance of their abominable *patois*, they kept on conversing in the same high, South-German pitch, without reserve or caution.

'A' what did you yesterday, *Bua?*' said the oldest and keenest of the five, to a somewhat younger comrogue.

'I had a young English yellow-bill (green-horn) to trot about town,' was the reply; 'and I must show him every thing, all at once. And I went to have his passport *viséed*, and found that he was to leave town early this morning. So, when we came to the *Glyptothek* (gallery of statues) and the *Pinacothek*, (picture-gallery,) I told him that they were closed on Monday, and that no one could enter without a special order; but that if he would give the porters each a florin, and promise to say nothing about it, I could get him in: which he did, and I afterward shared with them. And he read all the while in his red-covered guide-book, and at last hit, I suppose, on the place which tells that the *valets-de-place* are such great scamps, and in league with all the shop-keepers.'

Here the narrator was interrupted by a general roar of laughter, and the party, draining their *mass'ls*, clapped down simultaneously the *deckels* or lids, as a summons for more. And while puffing at his pipe, he continued:



'So, looking very cunning, he asked me if I could tell him a good place to buy some linen. So I drew up indignantly, and told him that the business of a cicerone was to show strangers curiosities, and works of art, or to interpret French and English, but not to hunt up shops, and that he must ask the landlord for that.'

'Then he appeared quite astonished, and, changing his tone, said that he did not want any linen, but would like to buy a new carpet-bag, and some other little items, and would take it as a great favor if I would, only for once, just recommend an honest dealer. And I answered, 'that I had never done such a thing before, but as he was to leave town to-morrow, (for which I was thankful in my heart,) I would take him to a very honest man in the Kaufinger Gasse:' which I did, and we squeezed three prices out of him, of which I got one. Then, as he had full reliance on my honesty, and was too tired to go himself, he sent me to ask of the banker what was the premium on English gold. So I guessed what was coming, and when I had learned from Herr von Hirsch's clerk that it was 3.18, I returned and reported 1.18. Then he sent me with a rouleau of guineas to sell for him, so that, praise the LORD and our Lady of Altotting! I made a good day's work of it.'

'*Bischt a gauza Kerl, du schlaua, sackrischa, abgedrehte Beschti!* complete finished fox that you are!' cried the elder valet. 'Heaven send such days daily, and eight times a week in Lent! HURRAH FOR STRANGERS!'

These last three words he expressed distinctly in good German, for my gratification. I continued to pore over my book.

'And you, *Casperl!*' was now asked of another, 'blows the wind straight or crooked?'

'Pretty fair. My bird yesterday was a Frenchman, and not so much of a fool as one could wish. He trotted through the picture-gallery with his cane run up the sleeve of his coat, and the end hidden in his handkerchief, in order to save the three kreutzers (two cents) which he ought to have given the porter for taking care of it. But he looked hard, and talked loosely about the Venuses, and such like, so I soon found where the shoe pinched. Then he gave me a glass of beer at Schnitzerl's, and talked all the while, fast as lightning, about the nobility and immorality of Munich. Then he asked me if I thought a gentleman could make any bonnes fortunes here, among the beautiful ladies. So I would not answer him at once, but began by explaining how deeply we *valets-de-place* were implicated and concerned in all the secrets of the nobility and gentry, being their confidential messengers!'

Here a general burst of laughter unanimously proclaimed the richness of this last lie, on the strength of which, the party ventured a drink all round, and again clapped the mug-covers.

'My Frenchman listened attentively, but was not green enough to pin his faith to any thing. But when I hinted at a certain charming Countess, who, to my positive knowledge through her *femme-de-chambre*, had been very susceptible and sentimental since the death of her late husband, who had left her in *very moderate circumstances*, I could see my Frenchman begin to kindle.

'*Eh diable!*' said he; 'but how must we arrange it, then, to console the fair widow?'

"Oh, there are fifty ways; but, Monsieur understands, the thing must be done delicately, *doucement*: the family pride—honor, you know!"

"Here my Frenchman struck his heart, and shut his eyes and mouth, smiling horribly:

"*Au reste*, Monsieur knows that in our free-and-easy city we have less fiddle-faddle and ceremony, and acquaintances are more readily made than in Paris. I will contrive that you knock at her suite of rooms; the girl will admit you, (but I must pay her something handsome, of course;) you will see Madame, and inquire if there are not apartments in the house to let. She adores the French; and if, with the appearance and manners of Monsieur——"

"Here my Frenchman gave a yell of delight, and jumped with joy. I kept on:

"For if I were not perfectly certain, from Monsieur's aristocratic air and elegant style, of his success, I would never have ventured to aid him in obtaining such a splendid '*bonne fortune*.' Of course, Monsieur knows that the valets-de-place generally do nothing of the kind for the ordinary run of strangers, who come and go, and *pay* and *share* alike."

"Here my Frenchman broke in with, '*Sois content, mon garçon*.' Be content, my boy; if you can play Leporello well, I am quite as capable of the *rôle* of Don Juan.' And as he, of course, with his head full of the Countess, could look at nothing and think of nothing else, I had an easy day's work of it. So, in the evening——"

"But who the devil *was* the Countess?" simultaneously cried the entire company.

"H'm—h'm! that is my business. However, one *Lohndiener* must not play against another, and spoil trade; so I'll tell you, if you'll do as much for me another time. It was Frau Von ——, who keeps the fancy-store in the —— strasse."

"So!" cried one: "but she really *has* a title."

"Yes, and so has the Baron SULZBECK, and the swine who runs errands at the *Ober Pollinger*. But the title is all *wurst*, (of no importance;) and you know what '*poor, proud, and pretty*' comes to in Munich. Well, my Frenchman had sense enough to know, that though a man may be close in other items, he should n't be mean where women are concerned; so I got from him a gold Caroline for the waiting-maid, one for myself, and, if the *Frau* only plays her cards well, Heaven knows how much for us all."

"*Nu', dös war nöt übel*,' (not so bad,) '*Pompös*, (splendid,) '*Gratulir*,' (I congratulate you,) were the compliments elicited by the recital of this master-piece of honorable talent. But the silence which ensued was presently broken by the *oldest* villain himself, who remarked:

"I didn't make much money myself yesterday; but what I did get was easily earned, for I was paid for doing nothing."

"So; *wahrhafti*!" '*Really*!' cried the confederacy.

"Yes; I served Government; that is, the police, curse their souls! Four or five days since, the Herr Inspektor came to me, and said: 'Tomorrow, a tall gentleman, a Badensor, now on his way hither from Zurich, will arrive at your hotel. He is a political refugee, and will attempt, under the assumed name of Starkenberg, to re-visit his wife and children

in Carlsruhe. Give him early in the morning this note, and, when he demands a valet-de-place, see that the man whom I shall send here, and no other, serves him.' So I waited, and when the gentleman arrived, gave him the billet.'

'But you read it first!'

'*Versteht sich*—of course. It was a forged invitation from the Herr ———, whom the police watch so much, to attend a private, liberal, or revolutionary meeting in the evening; place not designated; to be told him by the *valet*, in whom, he was informed, he might implicitly confide.'

'Ha! ha! ha! poor devil!' burst forth again in chorus the *confratres*.

'Yes; they twisted him like wire—*beautifully*!' continued the good old man. 'And you ought to have seen the fellow they sent for *valet*. You know him; the '*lange Barte?*' *Herr Jes!* the rogue, with that smooth tongue of his, could wheedle oil out of flints. So he took my poor Badensor to the club, where he was arrested immediately after, with the student S——, and is now, I suppose, enjoying pleasure and repose at the expense of Government.'

This last humorous adventure was by no means lost on the audience. Suddenly one exclaimed:

'I can tell you, that not a man in Munich drives a prettier, safer, or more constant business than myself, since I have gone into the picture-line.'

'But, all the devils! where did you ever learn any thing about such stuff?' inquired the patriarch.

'*Ja*, that's all to come; for I know as much of pictures as a swine, and not much more than yourself, though I have visited every gallery in Munich daily for the last ten years. But there are a lot of young artists here who paint old pictures, and give me good commissions for getting them off. So, when a fat-headed Englishman gets me to show him round, I let him gabble as much as he likes, (for every valet knows that it is most profitable to let strangers tell you every thing for which you are paid to tell them,) and when I get a little into his confidence, say: 'I wonder that you gentlemen can take such interest in pictures. Why, I know an old woman here in town who has several fine ones, nearly as good as those in the gallery.' Then my gentleman, whether he suspects me to be a scamp or not, generally asks where they are; but I try to dissuade him; tell him that she lives in a dirty, out-of-the-way house; that the pictures are very old, and so on; and generally end by taking him off to my own den, where my wife, who plays the part of old woman, sells him something, for the benefit of myself and the artists. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, and to add to the romance of the thing, I hide the pictures away in lofts, lumber-rooms, and garrets. Sometimes my eldest daughter, who is a nice girl, and sly as a mouse, takes the part of virtuous poverty, and, with tears in her eyes, sells *Milord* an old painting, her father's dying-gift and only souvenir, which *Milord* sometimes gives back again, and which *Miladi*, after a hard bargain, always insists on doing. Again, for the sake of variety, I occasionally move the establishment out of town, to some neighboring village or farm: so that, what with one thing and another, I do pretty well. Gentlemen, I drink your healths.'

Here a somewhat noisy pause ensued, which was broken by one of the quintette inquiring, in a low tone:

'Casperl, you have been employed by the gentleman yonder, with the big book: what is he for a stranger?'

'Ja, he does n't live next door. He is an American—understood?'

'AME-RI-CAN—the devil! But not a *born* American?'

'Yes.'

'So-o-o!!'

The reader must know, that in Germany every man who has even visited our country is termed American: consequently, on announcing one's Hail-Columbianism, he is generally asked, '*Aber eingeboren?*—but were you born there?'

'But,' remarked one of the company, 'every body knows that the Americans are either black, green, or red, and the gentleman there is quite white. Strangers who go there remain as they are; but, even in the first generation, their children are almost boot-black. Some, indeed, really become so.'

'Fact?'

'Yes; when I lived in Suabia, by Heilbronn, there was a neighbor of my father's who was away many years in America, and he returned very rich, with his only daughter, who was, indeed, not exactly black, but something the color of a half-cooked dough-nut. And her father said that she would have become quite so, as dark as iron, had she not been fed every day on peaches and cream, which, in that country, preserves the complexion.'

'Then the gentleman with the big book must have been remarkably fond of fruit,' remarked Casperl.

'They say,' resumed the Nestor of the gang, 'that America is a land of gold, butter, and pan-cakes, very glorious to behold. And it must be a part of China, of course, because tea grows there; and, as the world is round, it lies the other side of England.'

'But how do you know that tea grows there?' asked Casperl.

'Because I have heard that the English once fought with the Americans, who are a sort of English, you know, and speak the same language, only better. And it was all because the Americans would n't grow tea for them at the price they offered.'

'That is not improbable,' rejoined Casperl; 'for the English at our hotel drink fearful quantities of the nasty slop, and generally dispute the bill. But are the Americans all like the English?'

'*Gott bewahr!* They were once, but of late years so many Germans have gone there, that, before long, every thing will be in that country as it now is here in Bavaria, or rather in SWITZERLAND.'

'What is the reason that English travel so much,' asked Valet Number Four, becoming discursive.

'It is,' answered the sage, 'partly because comfort and happiness are unknown to them at home, so that they must travel to find them, and partly because they are all slightly insane, and consequently restless. I have often heard the waiters at our hotel say, that the English tumble, and toss, and wake up a dozen times in the night: and such people always travel.'

(N. B. If the reader ever tried a South-German seidlitz-box bed, with an eider-down cover, he may understand why the bold Britons alluded to were so restless.)

'But is England really such a wretched country?' inquired Casperl.

'*Versteht sich*—of course!' replied another. 'Why, you know that the only days on which we amuse ourselves here are the feasts and Sundays. Now, in England they have no feasts, and on Sundays they close the houses, go to church, and are very miserable, so that it is the dulllest day in the week. Even the theatres and balls are closed!!'

'*Pah!*' replied another; 'that I should call treating the day with great disrespect. But then Protestants and heretics would as lieve break the Sabbath as not, I suppose?'

'Of course,' answered the patriarch. 'Not that I care for Sunday myself, or have any religious scruples, but I do like to see people amuse themselves on that day as Christians ought.'

'The English, I know, are all a little crazy,' remarked Casperl, 'because they are so eager to see every thing that none of their countrymen have seen: and whenever I take one to look at any out-of-the-way curiosity, I always tell him that he is the first stranger that ever beheld it. Beside, you must have noticed that their clothes are always cut very close, and narrow, and uncomfortable, like straight-jackets: and this is done by order of their physicians, that the madness may be restrained. Ah, you may rest assured that, with all their money, they are very unhappy!'

'Talking of rich people,' said Number Three, 'what is the reason that the Russians, though so very wealthy, are so confoundedly keen? I can make more any day out of a simple English gentleman than a Russian duke.'

'*Ja, dös weis i' wirkli' nôt:* that I really don't know, unless it be that they gamble so much, as do the Poles. They say that Russians learn the cards, with their prayers, before the A, B, C.'

'That,' said Casperl, 'is because they believe the queen of hearts to be the Virgin MARY. They are so suspicious and mistrustful, that it is the only way their priests can find to make them believe in *any thing*.'

'I don't know that we Bavarians are much more intelligent, if you come to that!' said Number Three. 'You must all of you have often seen the *Waffen*, or coat-of-arms of our city; there's one painted on the University-window, and another carved in stone over the Carlsthor—*gelt-ja?*'

'What! the MUNCHNER MANNER!' (the mannikin or dwarf of Munich.) 'Certainly,' replied the rest in chorus.

'Well, the mannikin is a monk. Now, the name of our city of *Minga*, which other people call *Müncha*, the English *Munich*, and some few out-of-the-world North Germans MUNCHEN, comes from the word *Mönch*, (monk.)'

'*Wahrhafti*—indeed!' cried the rest. 'Where did you learn that?'

'From an English gentleman. Now, can any of you tell me what it is that he holds in his right hand?'

'Why, a beer-mug, of course,' chorused the party.

'Yes, and so I thought, with all the town, until lately. But the truth



is, that it is a book, though what sort of a book is more than I know: and this I heard a very learned man say.'

'Oh, it's a Latin book, of course,' remarked Casperl. 'But are you certain it's not a beer-mug?'

'Yes; I looked and found it so, because it has no lid.'

'Neither have the beer-glasses in Baden,' replied Casperl, who evidently mistrusted this new light.

'But they are of *glass*, I tell you — transparent glass; while that which the Mannerl holds is deep brown.'

'That's because it's full of beer — *brown-beer*,' replied Casperl, driven to the Voltairian system of defence.

'Fudge! As if a monk ever kept a full mug in his fist! Why, he would empty it, like yourself, in a second.'

To this settler the skeptic could make no reply, and the party, rising, paid and departed; which I, after noting the heads of their conversation, did likewise.

#### T H E S A P L I N G ' S A P O L O G Y .

TANDEM FIT SUB-OCULUS ARBOR.

DESPISE me not that, lithe and slim,  
Of tender rind and slender limb,  
No giant arms I upward cast,  
Defiant to the rushing blast;  
That 'neath my broad, umbrageous head,  
No flocks in sheltered rest are spread;  
That venturous, from my dizzy height,  
No eaglet takes his earliest flight.  
The loftiest oak, whose rugged form  
Meets as in sport the howling storm,  
And claps in glee his hands on high  
To hear the winds go moaning by;  
That very oak once humbly bent,  
When the young fawn against it leant;  
But many a genial summer shower  
And summer sun have lent their power  
To nourish and, by slow degrees,  
To crown, at length, the king of trees,  
That gives, by close, concentric rings,  
Proofs of innumerable springs;  
Years, whose long calendar may tell  
How many a nation rose and fell,  
While 'neath the gentle dews of heaven  
The stately oak hath stood and thriven.  
Me, then, despise not: future suns,  
As bright as the departed ones,  
May shed their quickening rays on me,  
Till I become a giant tree;  
And many a songster of the grove  
From my tall branches sing his love.

## ST. GEORGE'S KNIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

HARK! the trumpet's notes are ringing  
From St. STEPHEN's bannered height,  
Where Castilian Count FERNANDEZ  
Summons all the Christian might.  
For the Moorish king, ALMANZOR,  
From Cordova marcheth here;  
All around the 'leaguered city  
Clangs the cymbal, gleams the spear.

Every man is in his saddle,  
Marshall'd for the coming fight;  
And along his steel-clad squadrons  
Rides FERNANDEZ, stalwart knight.  
'PASCAL VIVAS! PASCAL VIVAS!  
Castile's pride and manly boast,  
All my knights are girt for battle,  
Thou art wanting to our host.

'Thou that erst wast ever foremost  
In the strife where heroes fall,  
Hear'st thou not my eager summons?  
Art thou deaf to honor's call?  
Hast thou from thy knightly comrades  
Fled on this eventful day?  
Shall thy wreath of victory wither,  
And thy glories pass away?'

But PASCAL VIVAS is far distant:  
He hath sought the woodland scene,  
Where St. GEORGE's lowly chapel  
Rises mid the forest green.  
At the portal stands his charger,  
Lance and shield are resting there,  
And before the holy altar  
Kneels the knight in earnest prayer.

Deeply sunk in his devotions,  
Paying penance duly sworn,  
He heedeth not the din of battle,  
Faintly on the breezes borne;  
Heareth not his charger neighing,  
Nor steel that in its scabbard shakes:  
But, with sudden start uprising,  
Lo! St. GEORGE from slumber wakes.

From his sacred shrine descending,  
He grasps the weapons of the knight,  
Quickly mounts the eager charger,  
Hurries forth to join the fight.  
Who may bide his fearful onset,  
Holy champion, HEAVEN's shield!  
Lo! the crescent sinks before him,  
And the Moors have fled the field!

PASCAL VIVAS hath completed  
 At the shrine his earnest prayer,  
 And, descending to the portal,  
 Findeth steed and armor there;  
 Rideth slowly to the city,  
 And, in wonder wholly lost,  
 Heareth joyous shouts of triumph  
 Greet him from the Christian host.

'PASCAL VIVAS! PASCAL VIVAS!  
 Pride of Castile's knightly race,  
 Thou hast ta'en the Moorish standard,  
 Thou shalt fill the victor's place!  
 Lo! thine arms are hacked and bloody,  
 Pierced with many a dint thy shield,  
 And thy charger wounded sorely,  
 Who bore thee o'er this well-fought field.'

PASCAL VIVAS, wonder-stricken,  
 'Gainst their shouts has vainly striven,  
 Casts his eyes submissive earthward,  
 Then in silence points to Heaven!

L. C.

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## EDITH.

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BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

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He entered unannounced, and his foot-fall made no noise on the soft carpet. He stood still a moment, for he saw before him the being who held his destiny in her hands.

The rooms were separated by an arch and columns only; and Edith sat there, with a single gas-jet burning but dimly above her, and shedding, as it came through the ground-glass, a soft and moon-like light about the room, while it threw into shade the curtained and mirrored vistas beyond. Her dark eyes were bent on the carpet before her, but unconscious of their own gaze. The volume she had been reading had fallen unnoticed from her fingers to the floor; and her arm, hanging at her side, rivalled in whiteness the lace that but partially hid it from view. The other arm rested on the sofa, and her head leaned forward, and rested lightly on the ends of her taper fingers. There were no rings in those delicate ears; no bracelet on that graceful wrist; no ring on the slender fingers: and much I love to see beauty so adorned.

A grave, almost sad expression rested on her face. Her breath went and came, and her bosom rose and fell slowly: each respiration left her with a sigh, and the interval was so long, that it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe. Selwyn moved toward her, still unobserved. His heart beat faster as he approached; he breathed more heavily. A possible future without her! The thought weighed on him like an incubus,

and he hesitated before opening the gate that might either lead him to a precipice or a paradise.

‘Edith!’

The emotion with which her name was uttered lent a thrilling tone to that deep, low voice. She started, and looked up, and met his earnest gaze; but her eyes drooped again to the floor, and the warm blood came to her face and neck, then left them paler than before: but no word followed the glance, and they remained a few moments in silence.

‘Edith!’

‘Ten years ago, a little black-eyed being, you flitted in my pathway for a moment, and then passed away, like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of a troubled sky. The music of your merry laugh rang on my ear like the echo from silver-bells. The playful archness of your ever-changing ways seemed to rob guile of its meaning; but there was at times in those sparkling eyes a look of earnestness beyond your years, that made the beholder pause and ask a blessing on your voyage of life. You were flowering into existence, and the many-colored petals of thought, of hope, of affection, were opening to life; and the gardener, Imagination, took the plant, which gave promise of such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being; and he tended, watered, and watched over it, taking here a leaf, there a branch, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew; and, as it grew, it turned, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and it became one of the Penates, and its image was niched in the wall of my soul.

‘You came again, Edith, when the girl’s form had rounded into womanhood; when the laugh had lost its merry echo, but was deepening to the heart. You came again, Edith, and I found my fancy had not over-painted, my imagination had not done justice to your being. Your earnest eyes gazed out upon the plastic world, and sought and recognized all things beautiful and good in nature, art, and sentiment; and thoughts of wondrous depth oft came, and flashed like lightning on the subject that we analyzed; and the quick play of weird and airy fancies, too, as if you sought to hide with flowers the fruit your soul-tree bore. Years have rolled by since then, Edith, and I have always met the same kind, frank, and genial welcoming; no more: no word, no act that hate itself could misconstrue; but, Edith, I have been awakened from this dream of friendship, and, O God! the all I cast upon the hazard of this die.

‘Edith! I love you!’

Edith’s eyes were still cast down. When he first spoke, her bosom heaved with a quickened motion, and, as he went on, she pressed her handkerchief and hands there, to hide the agitation that was mastering her; and as the last words left his lips, eloquent with the deep tone that passion had given them, the tears welled from her eye-lids.

They might be tears of pity only — *might* be tears of love.

Selwyn bent to his knee before her, and, taking her hand in his, said:

‘Edith, a word before my fate is sealed. I bring no *selfish* love to offer at this shrine. If in the deep recesses of your woman’s heart *another* reigns supreme, or even ——’

She raised her eyes to his, and their gaze met in a long earnest, deep, absorbing look, that joined their souls for ever, and revealed the love she had cherished in her heart for years. He clasped her fair head, sobbing, to his breast; his arms were pressed around her form; his soul blessed her in silence; a psalm of thanks-giving went up to heaven from his heart, and his warm lips pressed their first kiss upon her smooth white brow.

‘Now, Peter, we are ready.’

How proudly those beautiful bays arched their graceful necks, pricked up their ears, and pawed the crisp snow, as they shook into a merry jingle the circles of silver-bells round their bodies, and depending from their heads in a graceful sweep beneath the martingales, impatiently waiting for the motion of the reins or the crack of the whip, as if ‘Peter’ were a god, and they proud to do his bidding.

‘All ready, Peter!’

And off they started; not suddenly or with a jerk, but prancing and pawing their way, as if they too knew the freight of happy hearts they were drawing, and sympathized in their gladness.

And who were the happy beings behind our beautiful bays, to whom the present was like sunshine, the future without a cloud?—the present profound peace, the future without a sigh?—the present a garden of flowers, the future an immortality of fresh greenness and fruit?

Two were affianced hearts and affianced hands, and two in a few days were to stand near them at the altar, when the vows which had been for long years spoken in their heart of hearts before God, were to be shaped into words before man.

First, there was Edith, of the queenly brow and dark earnest eye, with the ringing laugh, that came not often, but, when it did, it came from her heart, and found its echo in your own; it resembled the spring-blossoms of the fruit-trees, which fill the eye with a sense of beauty; but they spring from roots which shoot down far into the earth. So it rang gayly on the ear; but your rougher nature was softened under its sweet influence, and you felt that its roots were in her soul.

Then there were Sidnie and Jenny, the chosen friends for her bridal; the first with a calm, gentle, serious face when in repose, which turned, as it became lighted with a smile, (it seemed like magic,) into as mischievously loving a countenance as the sun ever shone upon—the mischief that could not harm a worm, but would leave her face to make room for tears if it hurt the feelings of the meanest. And Jenny, the fair young Jenny, with the white brow and curling light-brown hair, and a neck that might send the sculptor to his studio to work—no need to *dream* of ideals now—the thoughtful, impulsive child of nature, weighing her words in serious moods, but, when the gayer ones came round, no lark’s song more impulsive. The words came first, and, as the after-thought showed the odd fancies that her words might paint, her blushes gave them color and relief. Oh, she was more loveable so than thousands who never say a thing amiss, and measure every word!

And Selwyn sat there, in the prime of his manhood, with the happy three: his bark had been tempest-tossed enough, and weathered many a gale of passion and ambition, but now the haven of rest was in view, the



sails mostly furled, streamer flying, the music (of his beating heart) sounding from the quarter-deck. With him all was peace, calm assurance of his present and his future, the will, the strength to guide and protect the dark-eyed being at his side, the heart that overflowed with affection, that loved as it never had loved, as it never would again.

Our bays had left the town behind them, and were on the broad, smooth, white avenue; their slender limbs moving quick and regular as clock-work, their silver-bells echoing so musically in the still, cold air; their heads not so erect now, their ears laid back: and on they went, with the speed of light, as if they had a human enthusiasm, and were earnest in their work. And dogs ran out from the way-side cottages, barking, jumping, and frolicking in the fresh, light snow; springing in and out between the hoofs of the horses, as if they were beings of air, and could not be harmed; frisking about in the snow-flakes, throwing them up, and barking again as they fell about their ears. The air was still as the sleep of a child, and exhilarating as the first glass of the foaming wine. The hoofs trod on the crisp snow, and the runners slid over it with a *crunching* sound. All things were white; fences lay hid under broad fields of snow, on which the sun-light shone, reflected, and sparkled; but it was like the grace of Heaven to some sinners' hearts—it lay there unmelted and the same.

The trees had veils of white snow-lace hanging about them, as if they were arrayed for the bridal with the coming spring. And the happy hearts in our flying sleigh, what of them? Wit, humor, repartee flew from lip to lip, and from ear to ear, with all the *sparkle* of the scene about them, with all the *warmth* of the June sunshine; and white, and brown, and gray warm furs were around and about them, and hanging from the sleigh in graceful folds; and great odd weird eyes stared out from the furs, as if the life had been taken from the animals with their skins, and retained in them.

Oh, they were gay and mirthful, and merry and arch; and they laughed and talked lightly of their love, with graceful words: but it was like the white foam on the ocean, covering unfathomed depths; like the myriad forms, the graceful beauty of the weed which rests lightly on the surface of the sea; like the airy forms of the fairy snow-flakes, covering a warm earth full of hidden flowers and fruit; like the mist seen from the mountains, hiding for a moment the profound depth of the green vale! On went our gallant bays, as if the goal were before them, covered with thousands to welcome their coming, and the race was for life.

Sudden and startling as the cry of 'fire' in the still night, as the thunder-clap from a sunny sky, came the thrilling whistle of a locomotive, ringing over the fields with an unearthly echo; and, suddenly as a flash, the spirited bays sprang aside from the horrid sound. A moment the runner hung on the edge of the steep bank; another, and they were all dashed from the sleigh, while a shriek rent the air! One of the horses fell, and brought the other struggling upon him. Peter was swung round through the air, but held on to the reins as if it were a death-gripe; and darting up from the place where he was thrown, he sprang to their heads, before they could rise and make off. Jenny was thrown down the entire bank, but her wrappings of fur and the snow saved her unhurt, and she sprang

up toward Edith. Sidnie's head struck first, and for a moment she was unconscious, but the cold snow on her face revived her. Selwyn caught at the sides of the sleigh, to keep himself from falling upon Edith: the wrench on his arm was a powerful one, but it brought him to the ground on his feet.

And Edith, poor Edith! she was thrown upon a rock that the snow had but slightly covered, and lay there inanimate and unconscious as the rock which had perhaps given her the death-blow. Selwyn sprang to her side, and snatched her up with the eagerness of terror, but the gentleness of a child. In a moment he had reached the bank, and enveloped the pale, breathless form in a fur-robe. Then he called to the driver of an empty sleigh that was passing, and cried:

'Here, driver, quick! here's gold, *gold*—quick! as you love HEAVEN, to ——— street!'

In a moment they were seated, and away again. Selwyn clasped the body of poor Edith to his breast, but a tremor shook the strong man, as if he were a child. He had shut his eyes as he placed the furs round her fair form, for fear he *might* see blood, though he did not dare to own the fear even to himself. He might have felt her pulse, to see if she lived. No, he could not do that; his soul clung to the uncertainty, to this agony of doubt, in preference to learning that which might unhinge his reason in despair.

Dead! Dead! The blackness of darkness seemed to be closing on him like the door of a dungeon, as he shrank back, appalled from the frightful word.

'Faster! man, faster: for God's sake, faster!'

The horses sprang into a run as they felt the lash on their backs. Houses, fields, snow-drifts, flew past them, but the minutes seemed ages as they went on. Not a word was uttered; no one dared even to look at the other, lest the answering glance should be despair—*death*.

The city is reached at last; spire after spire is left behind. All things make way for the furious career of the sleigh; all lookers-on think the horses are beyond control, and so they pass. Another minute, and, covered with foam, they are drawn up at the door.

Selwyn lifted the still, motionless form that rested on his breast, as if it had been a child's, and bore it up the steps. The door opened; he went on, and up again to the chamber, and, laying his priceless burden gently on the bed, fell on his knees and said, or rather groaned:

'Oh, God of Heaven! have mercy on ——— Oh, God! oh, God!'

And he placed his hands over his face and burning eye-lids, buried them in the bed, and groaned aloud:

'The strong man in his agony.'

AN hour has passed; the surgeon is still at the bed-side; two fractured ribs have been set, and *life* is there, but Edith has uttered no word, made no cry, no movement when the crushed bones were re-placed, and she lay there pale and motionless, the faint, faint pulse the only indication of life. Selwyn stood over her with his arms folded, motionless and silent as the dead, but despair in the lines of his face.

Suddenly a faint flush passed over her cheeks; then she opened her

eyes a moment, looked up in her lover's face with an earnest gaze, and said:

'Tell Peter not to drive so fast, please, dear Selwyn.'

He fell on his knees and caught her hand, but the light had faded away again; the eyes were closed; she was motionless as marble, and as white; and so another hour of dreadful doubt passed on.

Again a deep flush colors her face, brow, neck, with an almost purple hue; her pulse beats with a bounding motion, as if it would burst; a groan of pain escapes her lips; it passes away, and she opens her eyes calmly as before, and her consciousness has all returned.

Then Selwyn knelt by the bed-side and took her white hand in his, and she looked in his face, with a fond but sad and melancholy smile, and said, in a weak, soft voice, almost a whisper:

'I remember all, dear Selwyn; are *they* hurt?'

'Oh!' she groaned again, as the bounding blood shot through her veins, and then left her paler, whiter than before.

Then she opened her eyes once more with a look of infinite pity for *him*, and in a weak, whispering voice, said: 'Be strong to bear, dear Selwyn: I am dying.'

He knew it already in his heart, but the uttered words startled him with a shock of pain.

'God help us, Edith; but the surgeon is here, dear, *dear* Edith. How is it with you? Can he do nothing?'

'Nothing, Selwyn—nothing. I feel it here, thank God without pain now, but bleeding deep down beyond his reach—— Selwyn!'

Her eyes sought his with a look of holy, infinite love; a look that passed into his soul, and rested there, a sweet, sad light, that clung to him through life.

'Selwyn! *Wednesday* was to have been the day of our bridal, and—and—— I shall be in heaven within the hour, Selwyn.'

A shudder passed over his frame, but, with the effort of a giant, he subdued the outward and visible form of his agony, pressed the white hand to his lips, rose on his feet, and beckoned to the minister, who had been sent for with the surgeon, to approach. Then he drew out the ring that had been prepared for the '*Wednesday*,' gave it to him, and pointed to Edith. He then raised her gently from the bed, and passed his arm round her slender waist. His right hand held hers, her pale head rested on his breast, and her eyes were turned up toward his with a look as if her soul was passing to his own.

The minister opened the book and said:

'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and before this company, to join together this man and this woman, in holy matrimony.

'I require and charge you both, (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,) that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it.'

Then the minister continued, and said:

'Selwyn, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and,

forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?'

Those who were present sobbed aloud; tear after tear rolled down the cheeks of the minister; and Selwyn groaned, rather than said: 'I will!'

Tears came to his eyes also, the first tears of his manhood; not tears of relief, such as well up from a woman's heart: no; they burned their way to his eye-lids, and left a scorched and acrid path.

The minister said again:

'Edith, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?'

Edith's gaze was withdrawn from Selwyn's face: she looked at the minister, and closed her eye-lids in token of approval. She could not speak.

Then the minister joined their hands together, placed his own upon them, and said, in solemn tone:

'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

The fair head leaned more heavily against Selwyn's breast, and he bent down and kissed the pale, white brow of the soulless form before him.

Edith was dead!

Selwyn laid her on the bed again, and stood at her side. His soul seemed to leave him in maddened frenzy to seek his Edith; it seemed to have left his body still with consciousness: he felt numbed and cold, and the blood gathered round his heart, but lent no heat to it; thick blackness seemed to be gathering about him, shutting out all things, coming nearer, nearer, and narrower, until it seemed as if it would crush him, and he wrestled as a strong man with a giant to throw it off; and as this night-mare of the soul passed away, and he opened his eyes again, there lay the cold, marble-like temple which had held *his* holy of holies, that God had closed on him forevermore.

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Long years have gone since then to the past eternity. Little ones, who were prattling their nursery rhymes, now govern the nations. Trees, whose green foliage shaded the forest-grounds, rot in old ships on the ocean. Seeds, then springing from the earth, now cast their broad shadow over the fields. Many whose fame echoed from shore to shore, and in whose dreams Immortality had marked them for her own, lie unremembered beneath the sod. A few who sank to unnoted, unhonored graves, now shed their light over the nations; and once more we look back and see that mankind had 'entertained its angels unawares.'

The gay young companions of the fatal ride listen to the prattle of little ones who cluster round grand-mamma's arm-chair. But most of those who made the moving, living, breathing 'world,' are where the lapse of time is unnoted and unknown: where the hour and the thousand years are alike.

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Do you see that old man upon whose face three-score-and-ten has made its mark; whose hair is all white with the snows of the winter

of age, but whose step is yet firm and quick, whose glance is earnest and absorbed, unheeding the crowd about him? Do you note the profound, yet calm expression of sadness, of sorrow over his pale face; a sadness of the soul that seems to be part of his existence, and pervades him like an atmosphere? Do you see him turn at the importunity of that sick beggar, with a quick, penetrating glance, listen to her story, and walk away with her to her cold, wet, fireless *home*, that he may winnow true suffering from pretence, and aid accordingly? It is SELWYN—the lover of a quarter of a century past; the lover, husband, widower, in a breath.

‘Twenty-five years ago!’ There is the sound of a knell in the sentence. What is *not buried* in that lapse of time? The hopes, faiths, beliefs, expectations, as well as the living beings about us.

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FAR away from the cemeteries where fashion has set her stamp, and death looks gay; far away from the grave-yards which look so lonely and sad; far away from the noise or echo of man’s busy life, deep in the far forest, rises, among the trees which shadow it, a white marble shaft, pointing to that heaven where the wife of a moment has gone.

There is nothing but ‘EDITH’ on its smooth surface to tell its tale to the wandering beholder. Few ever see it but the venturing hunter: it comes upon him like a mysterious *presence*: he lays his gun on the grass, weaves his own tale of the strange monument, and the blithe, merry birds fly about unharmed by him for hours as he dreams. And every year in the autumn-time, when the day comes round that Edith first owned her love; when nature has put on her gayest attire to hide for an hour the gloom of her coming death; when the trees are all decked in their carnival hues, and scatter their bright leaves like smiles to the frolic winds before they enter on their long, cold Lent, their wintry fast, the old man kneels at the tomb of his Edith, and thanks God that he has tempered his judgments with mercy; and his heart swells with gratitude that, though it has been shut like the door of a vault to love, HE has opened it with sympathy for the sufferer, and has permitted him to be a comforter to the afflicted, a light to some who are groping in darkness, and enabled him to make some suffering corner of this earth less a Hades—more a Paradise.

And then a tender and sad memory will come, like the recollection of a dream of the Edith of his youth, and of his manhood. And he thanks HIM again that he has sent him on this road toward his haven of rest, where perhaps he will recognize and join in eternal thought, in eternal joy, in eternal progression, toward the infinite, the being to whom he felt his soul of souls was united, with a love that time and suffering had purified from all it might at first have held of earth. And each year he leaves the tomb stronger to guide, and help, and bear, and feeling nearer to that heaven where well he knows that, if he does not join his Edith in actual recognition, he will meet more than his ideal; he will meet the *infinite* of love and beauty, of which his earthly love was but an emblem: and alone, yet not lonely, toward eternity he is ‘passing away! passing away!’



## K E - U - K A • R E V I S I T E D .

BY W. H. O. HOMER.

LOVED Lake! I have seen thee once more,  
And the hills that slope down to thy wave,  
And gazed on thy picturesque shore,  
While Nature a welcoming gave.  
Old woods, like the sun-bow arrayed,  
By the breath of October were stirred,  
And music to soothe me was made  
By wind, singing ripple, and bird.

How sweet was the murmuring roll  
Of each wavelet that broke on the strand!  
And I thought I was wafted in soul  
From earth to some magical land.  
Circling over thy bosom of blue,  
The light, graceful gull was afloat,  
And grandly Bluff-Point loomed to view,  
From the deck of our beautiful boat.

Though changed since the summit I trod,  
In the deep green of summer-time dressed,  
It towered a grand altar of God,  
And mist rose like smoke from its breast.  
My hat waved in air at the sight,  
And I cheered in my fulness of joy,  
While back came a sense of delight  
That I knew when a wild, dreaming boy.

The red man may well with a sigh  
Look there on a paradise lost,  
While the bones of his forefathers lie  
Exposed to the gale and the frost.  
His pines, so majestic of old,  
Stand dreary, like battle-thinned ranks;  
The stone of his altar is cold,  
His trail blotted out on thy banks.

Ke-u-ka! thrice-blessed would I be,  
Could a home by thy waters be mine;  
No monarch beyond the blue sea  
Would drink such a draught of Life's wine.  
My harp, draped no longer in black,  
Would wake to a rapturous strain;  
The dream of romance would come back,  
And my spirit grow youthful again.

The child of my love has an eye  
Like the deep azure tint of thy breast,  
And her cheek wears the roseate dye  
On thy mirror by sunset impressed.

I caught the bright gleam of her hair  
 In thy swell, edged by Morning with gold,  
 And the snow of her forehead so fair  
 In the flash of thy foam did behold.

How grandly the wood-belted hills  
 In thy surf dipped their gray, rocky feet,  
 While leaped down a thousand bright rills,  
 Like children their mother to greet!  
 Three cheers for the steamer Steuben!  
 May she aye be a stranger to wreck,  
 Not forgetting that jewel of men,  
 The captain\* who paces her deck!

*Deck of the Steamer Steuben, October, 1851.*

## NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A DAY IN THE BALSKAMMERTHAL.'

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850.†—On the morning of this celestial day, we bade adieu to the obliging hostess of the 'Hotel zum Krebs,' at Donauwörth. All day the sun has shone brightly on the 'dark-rolling Danube,' while a light breeze and fleecy cloud or two have kept us cool and comfortable under our awning. 'Mais commençons par le commencement : ' I heard last night the steamer come working up the river, appraising us thereby of its being a non-condensing engine, a very disagreeable draw-back to our enjoyment, as it prevents us from hearing each other speak, and frightens the sweet Calliope from her propriety. It is, in fact, the one sound, unknown, unfortunately, in Hogarth's day, which was required to put the coping-stone to the distraction of the 'Enraged Musician. Already after breakfast, the arrival of the Munich train, which set down a couple score passengers for the steamer, taught us what we were to expect; and I took care to secure for my father a seat on the small after-deck of our little craft, over which was an awning; and it proved fortunate that I did so. I had, however, very nearly

\* CAPTAIN JOHN GREGG.

† NOTE.—The Journal from which these pages are selected was written merely for the purpose of keeping alive in the writer's mind the impressions left on it by a tour made in the year 1850, through Central Germany, Eastern Switzerland, and Northern Italy. The times, it may be remembered, were somewhat exciting, there being 'wars and rumors of wars' on all sides, while in the writer's own native country of Britain, reports were rife of important political changes, some of which have, in their essence, been since carried out. As the comments here and there scattered in the Journal were made at the time, it has been necessary either to suppress them, or greatly to modify them. With this exception, the Journal is a faithful transcript of what passed under the writer's own eye, as also of the political feeling of the many intelligent Germans he was so fortunate as to meet; and is the more entitled to credit, that it was written either at night, on arrival at the resting-place, or during the actual occurrence of the incidents themselves. These pages need not be perused with the hope of finding in them any solution to the great questions that agitate Germany at present: they are simply sketches of travel in a highly interesting portion of the most civilized portion of the globe.

lost all, by not being aware that, as the steamer belongs to the railway company, it is necessary to go through all the awful formalities of a Bavarian railway-office, in the shape of weighing of baggage, filling up of printed billets, etc., etc.; all of which takes up five minutes or so for each passenger. By-and-by in came the train from Nürnberg, and with it a host more, so that eventually we mustered, including those of the Donamwörthers, who favored us with their company, some ninety strong.

We now had a fair specimen of German travelling. In the first place, every body seemed to know every body, even to those who came on sixty miles down the river: ladies, farmers' wives and daughters, priests, esquires, for aught I know, a sprinkling of counts and barons, certainly two chevaliers d'industrie, and an infinity of German originals, of whom it was difficult to predicate with certainty. Of the thirty or forty Munich folk who had been with us at the hotel in the morning, all had partaken of a hearty déjeuner à la fourchette before coming on board. Nevertheless, before the vessel was two minutes cast off down the river, these people fraternized with their brethren from the North, and the Kellner groaned and sweated under Bavarian beer, bread and cheese, etc. All seemed to mix on an equality, many of the ladies going forward to have a chat with the farmers' wives. They are really a warm-hearted, social, amiable people. There is a readiness to oblige, and a true, natural, earnest politeness that quite enchants me, who have a deal of the cosmopolite in my nature. In fact, although England possesses inestimable blessings in her civil and religious freedom, yet there are various parts of the German character that I should like to see introduced. We are apt to laugh at the German fondness for high-sounding titles, but I incline to think that it proceeds from a desire to gratify on the part of the speaker. Even a philosopher must and does feel secretly, perhaps unconsciously, flattered at being addressed in the set phrase which implies an acknowledgment of the presence of a superior intellect; and upon an analogous principle it is supposed to be pleasing to a person having any distinguishing title to be addressed by it as often as may be. Most of the Anglo-Saxon family assert their titles themselves: a much worse practice. 'Because I am Countess Cocknose, or Mrs. Codfish, I do not choose to know you, who are Miss Tailor or Mrs. Tinsmith:' all that is tinsel. 'The man of independent mind, he looks and laughs at a' that.' Education and character should be universal passports, and people will some day find this out. In Germany it is supposed that man's first duty, after that to his MAKER, is to make himself agreeable to his fellow-man.

The Danube, after leaving Donamwörth, runs among marshes and shifting channels, through which navigation is difficult, unless after rains, which happened to be our case. The bends are very sudden, and the vessel runs occasionally so close along the bank, that a person might with facility leap ashore. The usual speed is about fourteen miles an hour, but that distance is never actually accomplished, owing to the frequent stoppage of the engines to enable the vessel to drift past some particular shoal. The stream is rarely more than four feet deep, and hereabout, after drought, the Danube, like the Elbe, must be perfectly fordable. The left bank is hilly, and, having a southern exposure, is planted with hops

for the beer. This beer-manufacture gives two-thirds of the revenue of Bavaria. The quantity is immense that a regular Bavarian beer-soaker will get through in a day. Twenty-four flasks is an ordinary quantity!

The ferries here are remarkable for their simplicity and effectiveness. A couple of posts are fixed opposite each other, and a rope carried across the stream at an elevation say of fifty feet. Upon this runs a messenger-rope, which is made fast to the boat, and she sidles across with her heterogeneous cargo. What is the use of a bridge? An accident is unknown. A little below Donamwörth the Leck falls into the Danube: it is a dull, sluggish stream, about one hundred feet across, and making no perceptible increase to the waters of the Danube. A little distance up its valley, a view is obtained of Rain, a small, insignificant town, but strongly fortified during the Thirty Years' War. Before its walls the monster, Count Tilly, received his death-wound; while at Ingoldstadt, a few miles further, he yielded up his tyrannic soul. The storming of Magdeburg will be a black stain upon his memory, while history fulfils *one* of her many missions upon earth: to point out, namely, the hideous consequences of war.

And here I may ask, will people stand tamely by and suffer kings and nobility, or unemployed rowdies, to wage wars in the name of the people who alone suffer, while the others alone gain? Who are they of the sword in every country? The nobility, and the low, desperate, unemployed rabble. It is one of the disgraces to civilized communities that men of the sword are every where feted and ennobled, or when the institutions of a country prevent the giving a peerage as a reward, yet the high honors of government are bestowed on a class of men, whose whole education, discipline, and experience have been acquired under a totally different order of things. And upon what pretext and in what name is war waged? For the protection of the throne, or it may be for 'the honor of the people.'

That phrase, 'honor of the nation,' has slain more men, and upon false pretences, than any thing else. But on the first occasion, when war seems imminent, it will be better to have a brush, just to let the middling and artisan classes see what war is in our days. Let but once the magnificent railways be destroyed, in which so much money has been sunk for a heritage; let the canals be drained, manufactures be stopped, and thousands doomed to beggary, who, but a few months before, were possessed of that more than sufficiency which Providence awards to industry; and the people will start up, and at one sweep do away with aristocracy and diplomacy together. The common people of every country are striving to attain perfection each in his own line. Aristocracies stand in the way. I read the title of a significant book, shown me to-day by a German. It was, 'THE PRUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY GERMANY'S WORST ENEMY;' and the same may be said universally. And it is natural. When men have attained high honors, they are by no means desirous of their becoming common by their bestowal on others like themselves. I hold that all patriots who accept peerages or official positions are lip-speakers and not 'heart-feelers,' as the Germans call them; and Sir Robert Peel, in that remarkable passage of his will where he refuses, in the name of his posterity, a peerage for any services he had done to England,

seems to have been well aware of this. But Tilly is not worth this long digression.

At Ingoldstadt, the Bavarian Government have erected huge fortifications, for what purpose it were hard to say, as the Danube is fordable for miles above and below, and wood can be easily procured to construct a temporary bridge for cannon. Neustadt, an old Roman station, we reached at five o'clock, and shortly afterward entered a defile, called the Lange Wand, about four miles in length, by which the Danube has forced its way through the soft sand-stone. The strata here are quite undisturbed, but they are of great thickness, and do not present the rings that constitute so marked a characteristic of the same formation in the Saxon-Switzerland. Indeed, it does not seem to have been so directly exposed to the action of the tidal current; for though clefts are numerous, and the rock presents the honey-combed appearance and fantastic forms peculiar to sand-stone when thus acted upon, yet the vast isolated columns of the Wildgrund and Bastei are totally wanting. This, undoubtedly, adds to the grandeur of the pass. The precipices are perfectly vertical, about five hundred feet high, the river washing their base, leaving no room even for a foot-path. Upon a solitary, green meadow, between the rock and the river, is placed the wealthy Convent of Weltenburg, a large, barn-looking building; and stretching down the river a little way, a wall of very antique masonry, Roman, most probably.

From this to Ratisbon, or Regensburg, the scenery is pretty, the hills being well wooded. At Abach, the river passes through a similar defile, on emerging from which, a small river is passed, running in a very picturesque valley. The spires of Ratisbon, very antique-looking, have been visible for some time, and, on turning a corner, which is the most northerly point of the Danube, the city itself comes into view. Here, as usual, the whole population had turned out to receive the steamer, and such a waving of handkerchiefs ensued as only Germany can furnish. I, for my part, waved with the rest, not seeing the use of allowing to pass unacknowledged the salute of so many pretty girls as I saw congregated on the bank. After a little delay in getting our baggage, we followed a commissionnaire up a short cut, which may vie with any close in the Cowgate of Edinburgh: head-quarters, I take it, of the Goddess Cloacina. However, it saved us a good walk; and I am now writing in a large, plainly, but comfortably-furnished apartment, overlooking the Heide Platz. The beds are hard by comparison, and are therefore comfortable, so that I anticipate a sound sleep, and the bugs will let me.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.—To-day we have been visiting the far-famed *Valhalla*, which, for a wonder, has not disappointed my expectations. In the morning we visited the old Cathedral, a plain edifice, something like the Cathedral of Strasbourg internally. The painted glass is very rich, and the building was judiciously restored by King Louis. There is here nothing very remarkable, except a statue of the VIRGIN, said to date from the beginning of the thirteenth century, stiff and uninteresting, except, possibly, to an artist. There is likewise a rich silver screen at the high altar, behind which, unlike most churches, the orchestra is crushed. These two, with a very fine echo, sum up the particular attractions of 'Ratisbon Dom Kirche.' While my father remained below, I ascended



the Esel Thunn, (asses' tower,) so called because the materials for its construction were conveyed on asses' backs up an 'incline,' which still exists. The view from the parapet-walk around the entire cathedral is very extensive, but cannot be called fine, except at particular points. Thus the view over the town is singularly uninteresting, while that toward the Alps, which unfortunately were invisible, is, of course, magnificent.

The great attraction is the Valhalla, backed by the mountains of the Böhmer-wald, through the wild gorge of which we sail to-morrow in descending the Danube. At this distance, five miles off, it looks insignificant; and it is, in truth, trying the design of a building to the utmost to plant it upon a low eminence, surrounded by comparatively lofty mountains. Nevertheless, it immediately arrests the eye, and, coupled with its associations, awakens a glow of interest.

After dinner, which was in no wise remarkable, our *calèche* came round; a sorry affair rather; the horses harnessed with ropes, and carrying the old-fashioned peak-collar, worn gray with dust and exposure. The road to the Valhalla crosses the Danube by the bridge, and immediately afterward the Regen, which gives its name to the city. After leaving the suburb on the Regen, the road, which is most execrable, leads down the left bank of the river, at the foot of a sand-stone range, to the village of Donanstauf, where is a villa of Count Thum and Taxis, which all snob Englishmen go to see. A half-mile farther, six miles by road from Ratisbon, is a hill about three hundred and fifty feet high, upon which stands the VALHALLA.

As I have already said, it is any thing but imposing from a distance; but on coming nearer, its dimensions are very impressive. The north and south ends have each eight pillars, and an ornamented peristyle, the architraves being richly sculptured, and the sides each eighteen columns. These are all fluted Doric, five feet in diameter at the base, and forty-eight or fifty feet high. I cannot help thinking that, viewed from the west, (that is, from the Ratisbon road,) the pillars are higher toward the north than the south; but I suspect this must be fancy on my part, as it is in the last degree improbable that an error so fatal to the symmetry of the building could have so long escaped notice. As the carriage-road approach is from the north, we miss for the present the imposing appearance from the high-road of the south front, approached by two hundred and fifty steps, in four flights, formed of a pale-gray marble. A mistake seems to me to have been committed here. The steps are ordinary steps, seven inches in height, and about a foot in breadth; and as there is at the top a terrace about twenty yards wide, the arrangement in flights at right angles totally precludes a view of the building until you are at the top. Had the ascent been made more gradual, by making the steps say two feet broad, a much finer effect would have been produced, and the building would have towered majestically when approached by its principal front. The formation of the ground, however, which sinks somewhat abruptly, may have conduced to the present arrangement.

The Valhalla itself is built of white marble, which is far from pure, and is indeed yellow when compared with the Milan Cathedral. The interior is magnificent! You enter by a lofty door, painted green, and

studded with massive gilt nails. You find yourself at once in a single apartment, seventy feet high, about one hundred and thirty long, and sixty or seventy broad. The roof is exquisitely ornamented in blue and gold, and the walls are of red marble: the floor is of inlaid marble, the ground white, with black, brown, and gray lozenges; while under the three divisions of the roof are three slabs of a beautiful yellow marble, into which are inlaid, in letters of gold, three inscriptions, mentioning its contemplation in 1807, its foundation on the eighteenth of October, 1830, and its completion on the eighteenth of October, 1842.

One great attraction it undoubtedly presents to the lover of history. There are *no imaginative pieces*. The early German worthies are acknowledged by tablets, while the busts (one of which is of Otho the Great, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century) are all faithful resemblances, either from the life, or from sculptured effigies and contemporaneous portraits, strictly authenticated. Therefore, you have Kant in all his ugliness, and Schiller, Herschel, and so forth, with minute accuracy and fidelity. There are about one hundred and thirty busts, (there are no full-lengths,) many well fitted to call up deep emotions. There is the astute countenance of Frederick the Great; the intellectual heads of Leibnitz, Haller, and Guttemberg; the mild, saint-like faces of Mozart and Kepler, so different yet so like; the manly visage of Franz Von Sickingen; and the sneaking-like countenance of perhaps the most remarkable man of all, William the Great, of Europe, sometimes hight III. of England. History does not present a more remarkable character than William; and I could not reconcile his singular career, so admirably described by Macaulay, with the common-place face I was gazing at. The classic face of Erasmus is absolutely alive with intelligence, that sparkles through the 'dull, cold marble;' while the most nondescript face in the room is in immediate juxtaposition — GOETHE. There is in his face a decidedly unpleasant expression, much like the impression left on one's mental features by the perusal of Wilhelm Meister, so lauded by all metaphysicians and Germans. The man, to judge by his bust, is worthy of his book; and, to my thinking, neither is good for much. I imagine Goëthe must have owed much to his eyes, which, I have some where read, were, though small, very expressive. Next I shall notice Otto Von Guerické, a quiet, mild, contemplative countenance; Handel, good-natured; Catherine of Russia, very sensual, but shrewd to a degree. Moreover, there is a constant feeling of surprise elicited by expressions of feature widely different from what we should conceive as indicative of the historical characters they represent; and as these are all, as already mentioned, authentic, causing a pleasant excitement by the very difficulty of reconciling them with preconceived opinions. Thus, Frederick Barbarossa has, on the whole, a rather mild expression; Grotius, haughty in the extreme. Kant and Binger, the philosopher and the poet, both look like nincompoops; while George Von Freundsberg, a very remarkable man as a warrior, might rather be taken for some profound thinker. Mozart alone, perhaps, answers completely to preconceived ideas. With Guttemberg, one is apt for a moment to associate notions of what was, in his day, an inferior trade, and his majestic appearance is little suited to such an idea; but when we know that he foresaw and predicted the glorious fruit of his

invention, and that he suffered in fortune and in person, from the opposition of the copiers of the fifteenth century, for 'his grievous interference with their mystery,' one can scarcely help believing in the authenticity of a bust representing such a man looking forward into futurity, with an expression venerable at once by consciousness, by years, and by suffering. Generals, warriors, statesmen, poets, painters, inventors, musicians, philosophers, literati, kings, queens, philanthropists, metaphysicians, and men eminent for piety, all find a memorial here; and the collection being dedicated exclusively to German names, forms a whole in which we may trace, as it were, an epitome of the rank which Germany has held, and still holds, in all departments of literature, science, philosophy, military fame, fine arts, and religion. Not a name occurs but is 'familiar in our mouths as household words;' and a few such collections in other countries would be a history of mankind. England, however, cares only for her kings. She prefers being represented by the vices of a George IV. or Henry VIII. to being illustrated by a Cromwell, a Shakspeare, or a Newton. At least, one would think so, after reflecting how few and far between memorials of these great names are to be found in England. The wealthy English nation cannot afford four hundred pounds sterling to purchase the Shakspeare house! Newton cannot be seen except the public pay two-pence.\*

Space has been left for a considerable number of living German worthies; among whom I hope they will think Mendelssohn, Neander, Humboldt, Struve, Liebig, Rauch, and Schwanthaler, worthy of a place. It is lucky, however, for great names that they are not dependent for fame upon their appreciation by monarchs. For one such generous enthusiast as Louis, there are seated upon the thrones of Europe a set of cold-hearted despots, or spoiled, weak women, who stand upon their supposed divine rights, and cannot see how infinitely superior to themselves is the meanest of the names in the Valhalla alone.

The view from the south terrace in clear weather must be magnificent; the red roofs of Ratisbon not being sufficiently near to mar the beauty of the landscape, while its Doric towers nevertheless arrest the eye. A view over a plain to a distant range of mountains is never complete, unless it include a large town. But this latter must not be too near, particularly when, like Ratisbon, the roofs are of unpicturesque red tile. The view comprises the Danube for about fifty miles of its course, and is bounded on the east by the Böhmer Wald Mountains, thirty miles distant; and to the south by the Tyrolese Alps, from fifty to seventy miles away. Straubourg is visible, and an infinity of small villages; while directly opposite the Valhalla to the west, situated upon the same ridge, and separated only by a ravine, stand the ruins of the robber-castle of Donaustrauf, offering, by the associations it conveys of war and rapine, a fine contrast to the peaceful object of the Valhalla—a contrast especially noticed at the inauguration-addresses of the building. I am only sur-

\* Since the above was written, the entrance-fee to St. PAUL's Cathedral has been done away with, for which the world is indebted to PUNCH; and as for CROMWELL, nothing remains of him except his name: but that is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen! Even in Catholic, Jesuit-ridden Bavaria, public opinion has compelled the admission of LUTHER into the Valhalla! Might not a similar engine procure at least the admission of CROMWELL among the English monarchs?

prised that they should have chosen the eighteenth of October for the inauguration-day. It was merely perpetuating a sore point in the French chronology of the empire, as on that day the power of NAPOLEON was broken on the plain of Leipzig.

In emerging from the bridge, on our return, my eye was caught by a colossal representation of the combat of David and Goliath, who is a giant in good sooth, while David is a burly, beer-swilling Bavarian, swarthy-skinned, and fifty years of age. They are both habited as in the fourteenth century; Goliath as a knight, David as a herdsman; but the colors are too fresh to be aught else than modern. Who is the artist of this wonderful design doth not appear.

Our hotel is upon the Heide Platz, or 'Duel-Square,' so called from a duel fought here, tradition saith not how many lustres ago, between a gigantic heathen, a Hun of the name of Craco, and a citizen of Ratisbon, named Hans Dollinger, in which the latter was victorious. Lest any one should suppose the design on the bridge to be a representation of this combat rather than that of David and Goliath, I may mention that the name is painted beneath, and the accessories, such as the sling, and the spear like a weaver's beam, all faithfully distorted, also attest the fact. Ratisbon is, without exception, the most melancholy town I was ever in.

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T O M Y O L D C L O C K .

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BY R. W. WEIR.

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My ancient clock no longer ticks,  
Or taketh note of time;  
Its hands are still, its voice is mute,  
That voice that once so resolute  
Sent forth its hourly chime;  
And stillness now is felt to be  
Like distant surges of the sea.

My ancient monitor of worth!  
Thy silence makes me sad;  
That measured tick no more I hear,  
But pulses beating in the air,  
And weariness run mad;  
The very skeleton of time, sans breath—  
The prelude, as it were, to death.

Come, ancient friend! no longer thus  
In moody silence stand;  
Cheer up! and let your wheels go round,  
And gladden with your silver sound  
Once more our little band;  
Speak to our hearts, and to us say,  
Thus, thus life's moment's pass away.

## L I N E S T O A . M .

WHEN first I saw thy charming face,  
 Where mirth and passion coyly chase  
 Each other o'er the sweet expanse,  
 This curving thy lip, that kindling thy glance,  
 Methought I saw then hovering nigh,  
 Contending for the mastery,  
 The twin-born cherubs, FUN and LOVE:  
 And while they thus together strove,  
 I heard a voice from out the sky  
 Ring like some distant wood-bird's cry:  
 'Contend no more! ye both have won;  
 Ye both shall reign, not one alone!'

February 14, 1832.

PAUL SIGSVOLK.

## A R E V E R I E O F H O R S E M A N S H I P . \*

BY AN IMAGINATIVE EDITOR.

WE are at our cottage in the country—if we were richer than Midas, we would live in a cottage—and our horse is at the door. It is a bracing autumn morning, and the sun is a blessing. The russet grass is silvery with melting frost, and a thin fog is stealing out from amidst the woods, creeping up the hills, and ascending to heaven from their summits in a blaze of glory, like departing angels: and the rocks are covered with golden rime, and the river looks as if it had just melted into existence, and was flowing forth in the joy of its first creation; and the trees look as if all the dyes of a cloudy sunset had dropped upon them bodily.

But all this while our horse stands pawing at the door, and glancing sideways at us with his 'talking eyes.' Our hand is on his mane, our foot in the stirrup, and the gude-wife and little ones, that are to her as rose-buds to the rose, come forth to see us mount. Our horse stands like a statue—what a noble quality in a saddle-horse!—only you may notice a slight shudder in his flank, as his heart quivers with eagerness to scurry down the gravel, leap the gate, and snuff the dust of the open road. 'Tis done! away! Rocks, and trees, and fences that seem only like a line of white, are rushing past us, as if they were running a miraculous race. Hurrah! that bound cleared the gate, with a foot to spare. O that BAUCHER could see his pupil! And now our face is turned toward the city, and the wind is howling by our ears, as if the faint south breeze had turned to a hurricane; and our blood is leaping here and there through our veins like summer lightning.

\* A METHOD OF HORSEMANSHIP, founded upon New Principles: including the Breaking and Training of Horses: with Instructions for Obtaining a good Seat. Illustrated with Engravings. By F. BAUCHER. Translated from the Ninth Paris Edition. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY AND HART.



We reach the quiet lane, over-arched with dripping branches and gaudy leaves. The first burst of equine spirit is over, and we canter along more demurely. Delicious, dreamy motion! A child could go to sleep in our saddle, while the old nurse beside it might knit on without dropping a stitch. What a glorious creature is a horse! What a mass of flexible muscles and sturdy bones, shaped to the perfection of artistic form, and wrapped in a skin that shames the softness of velvet and the gloss of satin! What an intelligent spirit he possesses! What sympathy with his rider!—the more daring, the more he loves him. What patience under human tyranny, and what power to endure its worst inflictions! What can equal him in courage? The lion is a base skulk to him. What in fleetness? He tires the wing of the lean ostrich. What in beauty? To be like him is to be beautiful. What animal is so improved by education, or shows so strongly the marks of fine breeding? None; for, taking his bulk into consideration, he may be taught more than the dog, and a thorough-bred may be picked from a crowd of vulgar horses, like a diamond from among a mass of pebbles.

This is all very well: but we must not forget that we have emerged from the solitary cross-road, and are now riding along the 'Avenue,' where one is in danger of losing a leg by any sulky or wagon-wheel that passes. Hark! here comes one of the trotting kind! We cast our eyes over our shoulder, and see the poor be-whipped beast plunging along, hard-in-hand, with his nose straight before him, his feet flying about to every point of the compass, and his whole appearance that of a mad dog running his final muck. We'll give our gentleman a turn. So we shift our weight, gather our horse's forces between our legs and hand, when instantly the highly BAUCHERED animal slides into a long, swinging trot, which does not look much like speed, although it carries him over an amazing length of ground at every stride. Phew! the dust! Here comes the trotter, smoking along, and making the Macadamized road fly in the air, stones and all, as if heaven required a turnpike, and he were the contractor. Very well: now you have lapped us, are you satisfied; or must we let out a link or so? Suppose we look at his horse. Two-fifty in harness, but what a sight! The driver's eyes will fall upon his cheeks, if he keep up that pull. Then, if the poor beast could only employ all that wasted power for the purpose of locomotion, what a different story he would tell! Pull with one hand, and whip with the other; how perfectly philosophical! How wonderful that the docile animal understands what is required of him; or that such a course of training should succeed under any circumstances!

All this time our horse has been slipping along, with his neck arched and elastic, his mouth just feeling the bit, and his whole strength centred in the muscles of his limbs. There, my friend, we have flattered your vanity long enough; we are trailing at your sulky-wheel. One slight pressure of our legs, and we shoot ahead like a stone from a catapult. Whip, indeed! Oh, yes, whip away; but remember you are wearing out your thong and your horse at the same time. Good morning! We nod our head to the merciless driver, the gravel from our horse's heels stings his ugly face, and the last glimpse we catch of him shows him slackening down to a walk, his horse trailing his callous jaw

and aching neck before him, like a hound upon a cold scent, while the driver's chin is resting almost upon the tired animal's croup. That is driving for pleasure, is it? Deliver us from a pleasure that seems like a labor for Hercules!

Here is the town at last, with its bright shops and its quiet residences, its hotels, its theatres, its libraries, its crooked opera-house, its pale country-sick trees, and its little patches of dull green, ambitiously dubbed 'Parks!' but no more like any thing rural than a mud-puddle is like the ocean: here are its crowds of gay faces, and sober faces, and homely faces, and pretty faces; lips wide with mirth, and brows contracted with sorrow, or, worse, with sin: here are its awnings, and flags, and barbers' poles, and great flaming play-bills, promising more than would satisfy a poet, and performing less than will amuse a clod: here are the hawkers, and news-boys, and apple-women, and milk-men, with their unearthly shriek; and here is a friend, and there an acquaintance, and — Bless my soul! if there isn't 'the tall Son of York' standing in the door of his office, and gazing up and down Barclay-street and 'Broadway,' as if he owned both streets, from end to end, and had merely stepped out to take a look at his property. Well, well, it is only a prospective glance he is taking; for if the Socialists should divide the world according to merit, two such streets would be miserable injustice to our tall friend. As to us — But we are modest, like Mr. Whitney, and only ask a strip of land, some mile or so in width, extending from Sandy Hook to the Pacific.

We jog along down to the harbor, board a ferry-boat, and cross to the 'Island,' for the sake of the salt air. A short canter brings us to the cemetery; and, with as much dignity as a rich man's funeral, we enter 'Greenwood.'

'Greenwood!' terribly beautiful place! How many awful memories surround thee; how many far-reaching hopes stretch their imploring hands toward thee; how many who once made thee an unseemly jest, are now locked in thy merciless vaults; how many who loved thee, sleep in thy eternal arms! Through the far-winding avenues our horse glides along like a conscious being, scarcely turning the pebbles upon which he treads, and leaving no dint of his light footstep behind him. In and out, between old weather-stained monuments and those which shine from the scarcely-cooled chisel; between broken columns and heathenish-looking temples; between cruciform head-stones and plain marble slabs; between rough, gravelly, new-made graves, and graves waving with the grass of many summers; between rows of poor, neglected, shabby, sunken, weedy graves, with their head-stones all awry, and graves spruce with their trimmings of white marble and dark evergreens, or railed in, like miniature gardens, and hung with wreaths of faded flowers, here and there a fresh one; between the long, spectral mounds of the adult, and the short, low hillocks of the infant; we pass along, at our funeral gait, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.'

Alas! what a fitting shadow is most human grief! Compared with their endless sleep, how soon are the sleepers forgotten! We have seen a man at twenty in a strait-jacket for the death of his early love; and at thirty, in the bridal-bed of another, for no reason under heaven that

he could give. There is many a grave before which we pause, to summon back our half-forgotten memories; some there are that we can hardly leave, and one that we dare not visit. If our sympathizing horse only paws the edge of the sodded ground, and does not moan aloud, it is not because he cannot feel that there is an added burden upon his back—a grief that will never pass from earth.

Three o'clock! New-York in a full blaze of fashion, and we sighing over mortality! We must be off, to give the world a chance of delighting itself with a view of our horsemanship. 'What, in that rusty, dingy heir-loom of what was once a black abomination of some nameless kind!' You offend us, Sir; personally, Sir—personally. Do you not see that we are arrayed in our new 'Derby' riding-coat? Can you not see that it has the color of the olive and the texture of the peach? Not to forget its row of bronze buttons, all covered with stags' heads, and pointer-dogs, and boars, and partridges, and rampant horses; works of art that Cellini might have envied. Are you blind to our light-brown pantaloons, elastic as your conscience, and harmonizing so sweetly with the rounded skirts of our coat? Is our brownish-olive vest nothing? Is our deep-green neck-cloth tied in vain? Have you no eye for our polished boots; and is the glory of our golden spurs lost upon you? Go to! go to! These different half-tints—all approaching the one grand color, green—become us hugely; and in these colors, therefore, we issue from the ferry-boat, and quietly walk our horse up Broadway. Through excited stages and precipitate trucks, we wind our way with the grace of a serpent. The cool head, the vigilant hand, and the delicate equilibrium of BAUCHER do wonders for us; and we escape into the more open neighborhood of the 'Park,' without barking a leg or ruffling a hair.

Here our glory begins! We start at a canter, leading first with one leg, then with the other; now we change legs at every step; now we glide into a slow, measured trot, the lifted feet remaining extended for a moment before they are brought to the ground. Hark! those warning shrieks! A stage is driving its pole straight into our horse's chest! Of course we did not see it; oh, no; nevertheless we have ample time to back off from the danger at a full trot, or a gallop, perhaps. 'How! gallop your horse tail-foremost?' Even so: such are the perfections of BAUCHER's teachings.

A block, a dead block! We can neither move forward nor backward. Are we motionless? Not at all: our horse keeps on with his trot, but without advancing or receding an inch, like a soldier marking time. He becomes impatient; his feet fall with increasing celerity, until their motion is so rapid as almost to defy the sight. What is the horse doing? No one can tell. We can, reader; he is merely executing BAUCHER's '*piaffer*.' Suddenly he stops, and remains as fixed as if he were of bronze, instead of the thing of fire and air which he really is. The while, what curses are launched at the stolid ears of yon stage-driver, who has drawn up between a pile of old bricks and the stones of a broken pavement! Even ladies' well-bred coachmen begin to swear aloud; and glasses are let down, and inquiring bonnets, with their full displays of artificial floriculture, are thrust forth into the strange sun; and little canary-colored kid hands are tapping impatiently at the windows, or waving from them,

as if they held an empire in their tiny grasp; and check-strings are pulled after the manner of angry dramatic uncles, when they vent themselves on wireless theatrical bell-ropes; and 'Johns' are spoken to, and 'Peters' are gently scolded; and there is the prettiest little excitement imaginable among the daintier part of creation.

What is the blockading fellow doing? Making change, forsooth! with all the visual part of his countenance immersed in a small oval hole at the back of his seat, and all his thoughts occupied in a calculation about a sixpence. We cannot stand this for ever, nor our horse either. So he begins a series of revolutions upon his hind-legs, extending now one fore-leg, now the other. This becomes monotonous, and he varies it by revolving upon his fore-legs, carrying his hinder legs, alternately, the one over the other. What a strange horse! Ay; but he is only executing some of the varieties of BAUCHER's '*pirouette*;' and although you cannot detect us, we are the prime movers of the whole. The canary-colored gloves stop their tappings and wavings, and their owners are lost in admiration at the 'love of a horse;' the side-walk is full of spectators. Just then the offending driver raises his head, looks around as innocently as if he had barely awakened from a sweet sleep, slowly gathers up his reins, and moves on. The spectators are dispersed; but our fame remains for ever. You say we are vain? Perhaps: but we are also proud of our horse.

Five o'clock! We dine at six, and have eight good miles before us. Our conjugal and parental heart begins to warm with the increase of our appetite; and the gnawing of the gastric juice affects our fancy, displaying our sea of damasked table-linen, with its islands of burnished covers, not few nor far between—a beautiful gastronomic Archipelago!—its margin of little people, divided by their charming mother, all radiant with positive hunger and hopeful digestion; while over the whole scene is spread a halo of wax-candle-light, that makes the sunshine seem a mere mock illumination, gotten up in honor of our approaching dinner. The man who has never dined by candle-light knows not what a dinner is; and into all such people's houses a well-disposed gastronomic missionary should be sent at once.

Out the 'Avenue' we trot again, amusing ourselves with the impromptu matches which are coming off between all kinds of animals that can be called quadrupeds. Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, there they go; skipping and catching, breaking and grabbing! Some on a gallop, some on a trot, if scrambling before and ambling behind may be so dignified; some on a resolute canter, from which all the sawing upon earth cannot shake them; some hard in hand, with their necks and noses outstretched, like a browsing giraffe's; and some fairly running away, with their heads between their legs and their heels in the air. Every phase of bad training and worse horsemanship is spread before us, and we shudder at the unhappy lot of horses, and glorify BAUCHER in our inmost heart.

Thus we travel along by the taverns. 'By the taverns!' Yes, indeed: we seldom drink before dinner; or if we do, it is something very light; a glass of brandy-and-water, or some old Monongahela, for instance;

both strange liquids in a tavern, although they have a variety of things which go by such names. The 'Avenue' is passed. We breathe the pure air of our country lane; a cluster of peaked gables is in the distance, which we know like the first chapter of Genesis; a curling mist hangs over them, and the evening-star looks through it, like a pure thought through a good man's eyes. Our appetite is redoubled; our heart fairly glows! One bound clears the welcome gate; and before us, far down the narrowing vista of trees, we behold a constellation of shining faces, ranged round a central light of greater magnitude and of deeper lustre: our horse neighs, and the stars dance all together. 'Behold,' say we —  
'Copy, Sir!'

A single word from that terrestrial 'devil' of the printing-office has dissolved our reverie, and dissipated all our glowing fancies.

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T R U S T I N G O D .

'WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST IN THEE.'—PSALM.

THE billows round me rise and roll,  
The storms of worldly care  
Beat heavily upon my soul,  
And shroud me in despair;  
Forsaken, comfortless, betrayed,  
With none to succor me,  
FATHER! what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in THEE!

As feeble as the bruised reed,  
Infirm to will or do;  
Oft working out the ungrateful deed  
'T were better to eschew;  
How were the sinking soul dismayed,  
Could it not cry to THEE,  
'FATHER, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in THEE!'

When hope is faint, and faith is weak,  
And fears the bosom fill,  
And I a strong assurance seek  
That Thou art gracious still;  
I rest upon Thy promise-word,  
To THINE own truth I flee:  
FATHER, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in THEE!

When saintly paleness marks my face,  
And dimness fills mine eye,  
And, hoping only in Thy grace,  
I lay me down to die;  
If, entering in the vale of shade,  
Nor sun nor star I see,  
FATHER, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in THEE!

Philadelphia, January 6, 1852.

THOMAS MACKEITHAN.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF HERODOTUS.** Translated from the Original Greek by Rev. WILLIAM BELOE: with the Life of HERODOTUS, by LEONARD SCHMITZ, LL. D., F. R. S. E., etc.

**THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE, ITS COLONIES AND CONQUESTS, to the Division of the Macedonian Empire: including the History of Literature, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts.** By JOHN GILLIES, LL. D., F. A. S.

THESE two valuable works are from the press of the enterprising and well-known house of BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, in Park-Row. The first is a revised and corrected edition, with notes, of an immortal work by the 'Father of History,' which has withstood the war of time in which nearly all the writings by contemporary authors have been swept into oblivion. 'HERODOTUS,' says the translator, 'is styled the 'Father of History' because he was the first who wrote general history, and the first to adorn it with the graces of eloquence. So delightful and engaging is he in narrative, and such perfect simplicity is there in his manner, that we fancy we see before our eyes a venerable old man, just returned from his travels through distant countries, and sitting down in his arm-chair, relating without restraint all that he has seen and heard.' SCHMITZ's admirable 'Life' of the author, carefully-printed text, and a full index, leave nothing to be desired in the volume. The second of the works whose titles are given above contains a notice of the author and his last corrections. It commences with the infancy of Greece, and describes its gradual advancement toward civilization and power. The main design of the learned author is confined to the space of seven centuries, which elapsed from the settlement of the Ionians in Asia-Minor till the establishment of the Macedonian empire in the East; during which memorable period the arts and arms of the Greeks, conspiring to excite the admiration and terror of the ancient world, justly merit the attentive study of the present age and of posterity. In the general revolutions of their national confederacy the author has interwoven the description and principal transactions of each independent republic; and, by comparing authors seldom read, or consulted for historical materials, he has traced the intricate series, and explained the secret connection of seemingly detached events, thus reducing the scattered members of Grecian story into one perpetual, unbroken narrative; a design well calculated to promote the great purposes of pleasure and utility. A portrait of the author and an excellent pictorial title-page embellish the well-printed volume. The same publishers have given us, in a uniform style with the works we have been considering, an excellent edition of the 'Tatler' and 'Guardian,' of which we shall take occasion to speak more at large hereafter.

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By GEORGE H. BOKER. In one volume: pp. 150. Second Notice. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY AND HART.

WE resume our remarks upon this volume of Mr. BOKER, which we had neither the leisure nor the space to complete in our last number. From the peculiar construction of 'The Ivory-Carver,' we found it impossible to give an idea of the poem by extracts; but we subjoin a few lines from the opening, to stimulate the interest of the reader. The 'Song of the Earth,' a very remarkable poem, appeared some time since, and has been very extensively noticed. The Earth being addressed by a chorus of Planets, 'sings' to them, discoursing to each Planet of the influence it bears upon herself. ICY SATURN is the last she apostrophizes. She has ceased her song; and the finale is the 'Chorus of Stars:'

'HAIR of eternity, mother of souls,  
Let not thy knowledge betray thee to folly!  
Knowledge is proud, self-sufficient, and lone,  
Trusting, ungilded, its steps in the darkness.  
Thine is the learning that mankind may win,  
Gleaned in the pathway between joy and sorrow;  
Ours is the wisdom that hallows the child,  
Fresh from the touch of his awful CREATOR,  
Dropped, like a star, on thy shadowy realm,  
Falling in splendor, but falling to darken.  
Ours is the simple religion of faith,  
The wisdom of trust in God who o'errules us;  
Thine are the complex misgivings of thought,  
Wrested to form by imperious reason.  
We are for ever pursuing the light;  
Thou art for ever astray in the darkness.  
Knowledge is restless, imperfect and sad;  
Faith is serene, and completed, and joyful.  
Chide not the Planets that rule o'er thy ways;  
They are God's creatures; nor, proud in thy reason,  
Vaunt that thou knowest His counsels and Him.  
Boaster, though sitting in midst of the glory,  
Thou couldst not fathom the least of His thoughts.  
Bow in humility, bow thy proud forehead;  
Circle thy form in a mantle of clouds;  
Hide from the glittering cohorts of evening,  
Wheeling in purity, singing in chorus;  
Howl in the depths of thy lone, barren mountains;  
Restlessly moan on the deserts of ocean;  
Wail o'er thy fall in the desolate forests,  
Lost star of paradise, straying alone!'

If our space permitted, we would copy the '*Vision of the Goblet*' entire. We cannot speak of it with too high encomiums. Truly Anacreontic, it bears another evidence to the versatility of the author's genius:—

— 'OLD SILENUS on his ass appears,  
Plashed in his hoary beard with purple wine,  
Dazzled his silver locks, his reeking brows  
Crowned with the ivy and the twisted vine;  
Mark how the dotard leers,  
As through the maids he steers,  
And tries to summon love within his flimsy cyme!  
Thick with the luscious grape,  
His mumbled words escape,  
The barren echoes of his youthful vows.'

'AROUND the hairy rout, with streaming hands,  
ATHENA'S maidens whirl the dripping urn;  
Their floating vestures, loosed from jealous bands,  
Half hide, half show what charms beneath them burn.  
Their mellow PAN upon the Attic ear,  
Framed with a dainty sense for melody,  
Pours music from his pipe of knotted reeds,  
Lifting the ravished soul to that high sphere  
Where joy and pain contend for mastery.'

We pass from the longest poems in the volume, to the songs and sonnets. We give one of each without comment. The sonnet is addressed '*To England*.' No praise of ours is required to set forth the excellence of either:

'THERE was a gay maiden lived down by the mill —  
Ferry me over the ferry —  
Her hair was as bright as the waves of a rill,  
When the sun on the brink of his setting stands still;  
Her lips were as full as a cherry.

'A stranger came galloping over the hill —  
Ferry me over the ferry —  
He gave her broad silver and gold for his will:  
She glanced at the stranger, she glanced o'er the sill;  
The maiden was gentle and merry.

'Oh! what would you give for your virtue again? —  
Ferry me over the ferry —  
Oh! silver and gold on your lordship I'd rain,  
I'd double your pleasure, I'd double my pain,  
This moment for ever to bury.'

'LEAR and CORDELIA! 'twas an ancient tale  
Before thy SHAKESPEARE gave it deathless fame:  
The times have changed, the moral is the same.  
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,  
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale  
Spread her young banner, till its sway became  
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame  
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wall.  
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand  
Points his long spear across the narrow sea —  
'Lo! there is England!' When thy destiny  
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand  
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land —  
God grant thy daughter a CORDELIA be!'

And now, like wise ones at a feast, who keep the choicest morsel for the last, we proceed to notice what, in our opinion, is the most perfect and the most artistic of the author's shorter pieces. '*THE BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN*' is certainly the best poem that has been written on the subject; and we predict for it a wide popularity. We make the following extracts:

'O WHITHER sail you, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN?  
Cried a whaler in BAFFIN'S Bay:  
'To know if between the land and the pole  
I may find a broad sea-way.'

'I charge you back, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN,  
As you would live and thrive;  
For between the land and the frozen pole  
No man may sail alive.'

'But lightly laughed the stout Sir JOHN,  
And spoke unto his men:  
'Half England is wrong if he is right;  
Bear off to westward then.'

'All through the long, long polar day  
The vessels westward sped;  
And wherever the sail of Sir JOHN was blown,  
The ice gave way and fled:

'Gave way with many a hollow groan,  
And with many a surly roar;  
But it murmured and threatened on every side,  
And closed where he sailed before.

'Sir JOHN, Sir JOHN, 'tis bitter cold,  
The scud drives on the breeze;  
The ice comes looming from the north,  
The very sun-beams freeze.

'The summer went, the winter came;  
We could not rule the year:  
But summer will melt the ice again,  
And open a path to the sunny main,  
Whereon our ships shall steer.

'The winter went, the summer went,  
The winter came around;  
But the hard green ice was strong as death,  
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,  
Yet caught at every sound.

'Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?  
And there, and there again?  
'Tis some uneasy ice-berg's roar,  
As he turns in the frozen main.

'Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,  
The ice grows more and more;  
More settled stare the wolf and bear,  
More patient than before.

'Twas cruel, Sir JOHN, to send us here,  
So far from help or home,  
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:  
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty  
Would rather send than come.

'Oh! whether we starve to death alone,  
Or sail to our own country,  
We have done what man has never done —  
The truth is founded, the secret won —  
We passed the Northern Sea!'

Mr. BOKER is a keen explorer of the 'untravell'd deserts of the soul:' he has dropped his line of investigation far into the mystic changes of human nature: his are not the idle thoughts of the rhymer, strung together in idle hours; they are the fruits of research and observation, tinged with the magic of a spirit overflowing with poetic aspirations. Perhaps we should not bestow unqualified praise. Perhaps we might better show our own capacity by criticizing, rather than calling attention to the beauties of our author. But ours is not precisely the province of a reviewer; we are ordinarily satisfied to praise or condemn, giving our reasons and extracts to substantiate our opinions. Doubtless many things could be pointed out in this volume which are not up to the standard. We ourselves have recognized a few that are not. But if our author's writings are obnoxious to the petty critics, we care not to discover where. As a dramatic poet, we believe he has in this country no equal. In the other fields of poetry he has not, perhaps, done *enough* to warrant us to pronounce of him. As we have said, the 'Ballad of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN' is a master-piece; it seems to be one of those pieces which are thrown off apparently by accident, (we don't altogether believe in accidents, however,) and which are destined for a far greater reputation than was ever hoped or expected for them. Mr. BOKER is the only person in our country who devotes himself to poetry as a profession. He seems to have adopted the motto, *Poeta nascitur et fit*; and we look forward with a pleasant anticipation to the good things we have a right to expect from him.

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PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY, for Travellers and the Fireside. WHIMSICALITIES by THOMAS HOOD. In one volume: pp. 228. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS new enterprise of Mr. PUTNAM is, we think, destined to be very successful. He proposes, in this series, to give good books at a low price, printed upon large clear types and good paper; in other words, not a 'small type, double-column'd temporary pamphlet,' but a readable and legibly-printed library-book. The selection will embrace standard and original books of travel, history, biography, domestic economy, and social philosophy, 'chosen with reference to an attractive, pithy, and entertaining style of writing, as well as for their ability and authenticity,' intermingled with lighter and humorous works, such as those of the inimitable Hood, whose cheerful philosophy and true humanity are as remarkable as his genuine and mirth-moving wit. The majority of papers in the present collection were contributed by Hood to the London 'New-Monthly Magazine,' during the writer's editorship of that periodical. Extracts from nearly all of them have appeared at different times in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. The author's aim in them he declares to have been chiefly to amuse; 'but,' he adds modestly, 'the liberal utilitarian will perhaps discern some small attempts to instruct at the same time. He may detect in 'The Defaulter' a warning against rash and uncharitable judgments; in 'The Black Job' a 'take-care-of-your-pockets' from the pseudo-philanthropists; and in 'The Omnibus' a lesson to Prudery. He may possibly discover in the 'Earth-Quakers' a hit at astrological quackery, and recognize in 'The Grimsby Ghost' the correction of a vulgar error that spirits go and come on very material errands. In 'The School-Mistress Abroad' a deliberate design is acknowledged, to show up that system of boarding-school education which renders a young lady ineligible for a wife.

The volume is liberally illustrated with wood-cuts, from amusing designs by the gifted and lamented author.

A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS: OF Paris in 1851. By Sir FRANCIS HEAD, Author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.' Two volumes, complete in one: pp. 493. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THERE are two features in common between the late JOHN SANDERSON, author of that most original work, '*The American in Paris*,' and the writer of the work before us. Both observe whatever is passing of interest in the high-ways and by-ways of the gay metropolis; both are struck with the picturesque, the humorous, and the burlesque; but the two writers do not make the same use of their *matériel*; that is to say, there is a very great difference in their several descriptions. SANDERSON, in the most natural manner in the world, condenses upon a single page the same *species* of observation and humor which Sir FRANCIS HEAD would spread over six. We are forcibly reminded always, in reading SANDERSON, of a remark which we once heard made by a distinguished American author, that there was 'superfluous humor enough in the '*American in Paris*' to set up any six modern writers.' But in recalling to the recollections of our readers the American work to which we have alluded, we would by no means do injustice to the one before us, either by actual or implied comparison; for as we have said, although different in 'the concrete,' in the general they are alike. There is something agreeable to us in the fact of a man who sees quickly, and decides without hesitation, telling us how he came by his impressions, and why he decided so suddenly; and this our lively and entertaining author invariably does. Sir FRANCIS tells us in his preface, that during his last brief residence he spent his time in taking a few notes. Excepting on these occasions, he dined and breakfasted by himself, Englishman-like. He never once entered a theatre, and *only* once a café. He neither received nor paid visits; but if he avoided other society, he found, and seems greatly to have enjoyed, the society of the public streets; in other words, and his own, his sole amusement consisted in collecting literary sticks, picked up exactly in the order and state in which he chanced to find them. The 'faggot' which these 'sticks' compose, we commend to the fire-sides of our readers, as calculated to afford a great deal of sparkling *light*, even though they may not impart any very great amount of vital heat. We quote a single passage, descriptive of the author's crossing from Dover to Calais, as evincing how pleasantly he writes about almost nothing:

'THE water and the clouds were slate-color; there were no waves, no white breakers, no sign of life in the sea, except a sort of snoring, heaving movement, as if, under the influence of chloroform, it were in a deep lethargic sleep. My fellow-passengers, I saw at a glance, were nothing in the whole world but two married couples; and as I paced up and down on the deck, while on the contrary they took up positions from which during the passage they never moved, I vibrated between them. One young woman, apparently the wife of a London tradesman, sat on the wrong side of the vessel in the wrong place. Her little husband kept very kindly advising her to move away from the sprinkling of the paddle-wheel. She 'would catch cold;' she would 'get her bones wet;' she 'would be more comfortable if she would sit anywhere else.' She looked him full in the face, listened to every letter, every word, as he pronounced it; but no; there she sat, with red cheeks, bright eyes, and curly hair, as inanimate as a doll. My other companions do voyage were a pair of well-dressed persons of rank, apparently but lately married. On all subjects they seemed to think exactly alike. For a short time the young bride sat up; then reclined a little; then, a very little more; then, with a carpet-bag as a pillow, lay almost flat on the bench; her well-formed features gradually losing color, until, shrouded by a large blue cloth-cloak, for the rest of the passage they disappeared altogether from view. The husband in mute silence sat scullin' over her; but long before her face had been hid, not only had his mustachios assumed a very mournful look, but his face had become a mixture of pipe-clay and tallow. Thus, without a human being to converse with, I continued walking backward and forward — a small circular space round the engine being the only dry spot on the deck — assailed sometimes by a hot puff, then by a cold one, then by a smoky one, and then by one rather warm and greasy.'



FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, late Foundation-Scholar of Trinity-College, Cambridge, England. In two volumes: pp. 875. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

WHATEVER else may be said of Mr. BRISTED as a writer, no one will deny to him a style of great clearness, a species of COBBETT-like English, when he employs English, and the utmost frankness and fearlessness in the expression of his opinions. We have said, 'when he employs English,' because the charge has sometimes been brought against him, both under his *nom-de-plume* of 'CARL BENSON,' as well as in the writings under his own proper name, of interlarding his productions with too frequent quotations from the classics, and especially from the Greek. But we regard this as less a matter of affectation than of actual necessity on his part; for it may almost be said of him that he 'thinks in Greek.' His quotations are not 'lugged in by ear and horn;' as a general thing, they spring from the occasion, and are rather the result of the classical tendency of his own mind. But this question aside: the volumes before us are of no common interest. They are very full and minute upon all the subjects whereof they treat; and they certainly present a very graphic picture of life in an English university of the first rank, wherein the author achieved scholastic honors, amidst the highest competition of Britain, which reflect credit alike upon his capacity and his studious assiduity. Mr. BRISTED tells us in his preface that he had three reasons for writing the work. In the first place, very little was accurately known in this country concerning the English universities; in the second, most of what we had heard respecting those institutions had come through the medium of popular novels, and other light literature; 'frequently written by non-university men, and almost always conveying an erroneous and unfavorable idea of the universities;' while his third and principal object was to show, that 'there are points in an English education which may be studied with profit by Americans, and from which they may derive valuable hints.' In a brief illustration of these reasons for writing the work, our author farther remarks, that 'few Americans have the opportunity of growing up into manhood among half a generation of the most highly-educated class in England;' nor, he frankly adds, 'is it desirable that many should have,' and that he himself owed it to an accident. 'It has been my object,' he tells us, 'to give a picture of university-life just as it is. Should the reader not assent to my conclusions, he will at any rate have a tolerable idea of the facts.' Premising that his volumes may fall into the hands of some Cambridge man, who may condemn them as abounding in uninteresting details, he indicates the different impression they may convey on this side of the Atlantic, by the following felicitously-cited apologue: 'An Arab traveller had occasion to visit London. On arriving there, his attention was attracted by a great crowd in the street. He drew near, and found to his surprise and disappointment that the object of cockney curiosity was a *camel*, belonging to the caravan of some BARNUM of the day. He wrote home at once to his friends: 'The frivolity and childishness of these English are intense. Yesterday I beheld a large concourse of people staring at an ordinary camel, that even one of our boys would not have turned his head to look at!'' In the absence of ability to present extracts, we commend this record of 'Five Years in an English University' to the attentive regards of our readers. Many persons will doubtless find some things that shall clash with their own pre-conceived ideas or predilections: but what of that? We should not stretch an author upon a Procrustean bed. 'Free speech and a free pen' is our republican motto.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'ALBAN.'—In compliance with our rule to permit our readers to 'hear both sides' of a question, we present, as we promised in our last number, the subjoined letter to the EDITOR from the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, author of '*Alban*.' The writer will pardon us, we may hope, for appending to his communication a few comments, which suggested themselves to us during its perusal:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

'SIR: It appears that I am at liberty to repel and disprove, in the pages of your Magazine, the unjust charge therein made against 'ALBAN,' 'if I so elect.' It is an easy task, at least, and one that I do not feel at liberty to decline. Yet do not mistake my position. I consider 'Alban' to have been simply *libelled*, and with very little excuse; and, after all, when one is assailed (one is conscious) unjustly, there is no answer like silence.

'But I renounce this privilege of the injured, and condescend to ask for justice. And why should you not accord it to me? I am a native New-Yorker, with old New-York blood in my veins, and my book was mainly a local book, honestly evoking the *genius of the place*. You should wish to think well of it and me. Sir, it will be best: for no author who has struck his literary roots lovingly into his native soil can ever be uprooted, however humble his genius. You may strip him, indeed, of his leaves, and deeply gash his bark, in momentary irritation or wanton malice, but the wound will be healed, and the green foliage reappear in the following spring.

'I forbear to join issue in regard to the general aim of 'Alban,' its moral and its method, although I am convinced that I could do so triumphantly. I confine myself to those particular charges against it which are most offensive and injurious, and which have been made more distinctly by the correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER than by any other critic whose lucubrations I have seen. It is asserted by your correspondent that I represent my heroine, MARY DE GROOT, as minutely describing (in a conversation on board a steam-boat) to the hero, with whom she is yet 'slightly acquainted,' an assault upon her virtue by a school-mate of her own sex: 'The delicacy of EUGENE SUE and PAUL DE KOCK,' continues your correspondent, 'has prevented them, in spite of their taste for the 'piquant,' from so much as alluding to the vice about which Miss DE GROOT is so communicative, although you may find something on the subject, I imagine, in those publications which the news-boys hide under their jackets, and offer stealthily to newly-arrived countrymen.'

'I am not perhaps so familiar with this concealed literature which is hidden under the news-boys' jackets as your correspondent appears to be. I never looked under their jackets, nor either elicited or received the stealthy offer of which he speaks: and that perhaps is why I was not even aware of the existence of the vice in question, until I saw it alluded to in this and one similar critique of 'Alban.' Before seeing it thus unequivocally put, I had seen the epithet 'disgusting' applied in various quarters to *something* in the book, and I had always sincerely wondered what that thing could be. Now I know. *I repudiate and deny, in the most absolute manner, this monstrous and gratuitous interpretation* of the incident related by MARY DE GROOT to her student-friend. What shall I say of a critic who ascribes such a meaning without being forced to do it? And it is one of which the passage is not even tolerant: it is one which destroys all its force, and

deprives the conduct of the heroine, in the incident related, of all its dramatic beauty, of all characteristic expression, and renders it of no meaning in the story. Fancy the calmness with which MARY DE GROOT finishes this story; the cool assurance with which she observes that her 'student-friend's gentleness makes her forget that he is not of her own sex, as if such a thing could have been told to a female acquaintance; and ALEXANDRINE praising her friend's 'brave and lovely behavior' in not suffering herself to be irretrievably dishonored and defiled! Good God! And the same pure friend tells the heroine (a strong, *girlish* expression — a mere trait of girl-character — which seems, however, to have led to this strange surmise) that she would have done right to bite her (HENRIETTA's) head off, rather than run the risk of *consenting to a mortal sin* — such as it would have been, truly, to take pleasure in impure thoughts or words — when it was a question of *resisting a personal degradation not fit to be thought of*, and which, by the way, how could MARY DE GROOT know any thing about! And why does ALEXANDRINE say that she will take the little girl into her own cot 'if she will come to me?' This expression is intelligible if the heroine had merely displayed a sensitive pride and delicacy, but utterly senseless if she had fled from pollution.

I meant to ascribe to the unprincipled school-girl of my story merely that corrupted mind and tongue and disposition to make others as bad as herself, which are found, perhaps, in all large schools, but which must necessarily spread and fret most rapidly and fatally, where there is no confidential discipline to pull up such weeds as soon as they appear. On the other hand, I had imagined that energetic natural elasticity of the child-héroïne, the motherless and sisterless MARY DE GROOT, which made her repel the carresses which children of her age and sex are generally fond of giving and receiving, and, when offered by the indelicate HENRIETTA, vehemently resent them. I believe this trait is in nature: nay, it is drawn from my own observation of childhood. The *point* of MARY DE GROOT's character, and the dramatic strength of the incident, as I conceived both, were in her 'flaming up' so, when a girl like her room-mate offered to share her cot on that bitter night. All her pride, all her scorn of impurity, (in the only form in which she knew it, that of language,) burst at that proposal into a flame. She fights! She is overpowered! Vanquished, she feels the recoil of disappointment, and for a moment is tempted, as if in anger at the PROVIDENCE which has forsaken her, or in despondency of any supernal protection, 'to abandon that *inward resistance* which she has hitherto opposed to her companion's corrupting influence;' to yield, in other words, to the temptation (who of either sex has never felt it?) of listening to, and taking pleasure in, a frivolously-sinful talk. To some, perhaps, it may seem very silly; but to me, I confess, having maturely weighed the value of a human soul, and considered on what delicate crises its eternal destiny, in fact, depends, there is something sublime in that little girl, at the thought of her mother, suddenly turning and fastening her teeth in the arm of her persecutor, then fleeing in her little night-dress and bare feet down the cold halls and stairs to the room of the principal, to expose her wrongs and demand protection and redress. If, indeed, the incident was what your correspondent and others would represent, there was not much in it, for no decent girl could do less; while to tell it afterward would be monstrous: but if it was as I meant it, it was an act of heroism; a great determination; a bold taking of high ground; and there was a congruity in representing it as obtaining for her the 'guidance of the celestials,' and in time the access to faith and grace.

'There is no temptation described in 'Alban' for its own sake. Each one is the condition of some advance in the interior life, which it is the purpose of the story to develop; and every triumph, whether of the hero or heroine, purchases a spiritual reward. In this respect I have developed in 'Alban,' with great care and minuteness, what I believe to be the true theory of conversion, which is not effected generally by study of evidences, nor by any miracle or coincidence in itself, or attractiveness of the worship of the Church, or harmony and intellectual grandeur of its faith, although it may seem to the individual himself that it is due to one or other of these influences; but is a moral result of yielding to the inspirations of grace in the moment of trial, in matters more trivial than people suppose. Here is the delicacy of the test to which we are subjected, and here is the fairness of our probation.

'At all events, unless you have mastered this idea, and have endeavored to trace it through 'Alban' from beginning to end, (for it is the very thread of the story, and its whole argument,) you are incompetent to pronounce any opinion respecting the book, whether good or bad. And this I say of my Roman Catholic critics as much as of any others, as I have already had occasion to say elsewhere, with the warm approbation of the persons whom, of all on earth, I most revere and love.

'In regard to the other points noticed by your correspondent, I am happy to think that I am in no respect bound to take notice of them. Why he thought fit to rake together out of my book so many passages which, by his own showing, have in his own mind a 'nasty' meaning, I cannot tell. You call his doing so 'indignant sarcasm,' which I take to be a charitable hypothesis; and I

shall say nothing, to allow him its full benefit, since in your estimation, apparently, and certainly in mine, he needs it.

'THE KNICKERBOCKER, Sir, is the veteran of our Monthlies. It bears a name associated with our most venerable local traditions. The contributions of IRVING, BRYANT, and LONGFELLOW, made it classic long ago. It is '*the American Maga*,' by preëminence: long may it flourish, as I am happy to hear it does. But let equity and candor toward all native writers, without distinction of party or creed, and a generous appreciation of *labor* in the field of American literature, continue to be its ornaments.

'*Brooklyn, February 3, 1852.*

'Respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF 'ALBAN.

CONCEDING the propriety of an author's explaining what he did or did not mean in certain passages of his work, we yet regard it as very singular that the critical opinions of 'ALBAN' which we have encountered should be uniformly against it, on one common *ground* of objection. Nor will it do to place a verdict so uniform to the charge of prejudice or dishonest opinion. Our correspondent is accused of exhibiting his own grossness in the *inferences* of grossness in the work, which were never intended by the author; but was our correspondent alone in such inferences! Hear the opinions of a true critic, one of the most popular of all our modern authors, a gentleman of pure taste and a fancy of almost feminine grace and refinement, and observe whether the general estimate which they convey of 'ALBAN' differs from that which had been formed by our correspondent. And we may add, that of precisely this character has been every notice that we have seen of the book. We quote from an article in '*The Times*' daily journal: 'Of all love-writers, we think this author, for a delicate-minded man, comes nearest to the borders of indelicacy; and of all the paragons of chastity that have ever come to our notice, this Christian ALBAN comes the nearest to—*lewdness*. It is extraordinary how the man poises himself, and plays upon an indelicate allusion, as if he had practised it as the RAVELS practice rope-dancing. He will even fling you a *pirouette* upon the merest shadow of grossness; giving you dreadful ideas of his capacity, if he should ever descend to the level of practice. ALBAN is reputed, at the time he leaves college, to be 'a dangerous man in families;' we should think it very probable that he might have been, and possibly he enjoyed the reputation. ALBAN, to our thinking, is not much safer in a book than he was in college; and we should set him down still as 'a dangerous man in families;' dangerous, because of that sensuousness of thought and feeling which seems to underlie the work, and which almost prompts the suspicion that its author had undertaken to demonstrate how much a book on holy topics could be brought down to the bestiality of earth! *The sensuousness is not apparent at the first glance; but it lies along the pages, like a snake half hidden in luxuriant herbage; rarely showing his forked tongue, yet ever and anon unconsciously wreathing to the light some glimpse of his serpent-folds.*' Now the writer of these remarks, as we also did, in introducing the article of our correspondent, commended the fertile imagination and grace of style of the author of 'ALBAN;' and he added, that he 'believed his moral character to be correct, and his religious opinions conscientious;' but he says in conclusion: 'If this is true, 'ALBAN' is a *libel upon its author*; and, in the name of delicacy, we hope that it is.' Mr. HUNTINGTON is quite right in assuming that we would not willingly do him an injustice; nor, were they necessary, would the reasons which he gives for this assumption be without their weight with us. But we must in candor say, that for females to talk as certain of his characters sometimes talk, and upon such subjects as they converse, is either an offence against delicacy, or they are

more or less than human. To say what they say, they should not be susceptible flesh-and-blood; they should be passionless and cold; representing, in themselves, the false and unearthly light described by PERCIVAL:

'I saw, on the top of a mountain high  
A gem that shone like fire by night;  
It seem'd a star that had left the sky,  
And fall'n asleep on that lonely height.  
I climbed the peak, and found it soon  
A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon.'

But we are at the end of our tether; and can only add, that the author of 'ALBAN' may rest assured that even the 'judicious, who grieve' that he should have laid himself open to censure on the grounds cited, hold him in deserved regard as a writer of no ordinary force and felicity of style; and that he is wholly acquitted of *intending* to do aught that could militate against morality or the cause of virtue. We believe—for we have been so informed by those who personally know Mr. HUNTINGTON, and in whose judgment we confide—that he is himself an example of almost ascetic reserve and scrupulousness in his private life. Such example should be taken into consideration, when the character of an author is associated with the character of his writings and the creations of his fancy.

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A PAIR OF MISSIVES FROM A 'GRAHAMITE' AND A 'GOURMET.'—'Curious, is n't it,' the different kinds of 'good people' one meets with in this world of ours? Now here, for example, are two correspondents; both from the country; both exemplary men, both good citizens, and both 'men of mark' in the separate regions where they each reside. The first dates from a 'GRAHAM Boarding-House,' and the second addresses us from his beautiful 'model-farm' in the interior. And yet, although different, they are both right; for 'toasted GRAHAM-bread' is healthful, and *not* 'bad to take,' with well-cooked, nutritious meats; nor (save always without excess) is such a larder and such a *cuisine* as is described by our agricultural friend at all to be disregarded. We have tried the one, 'in moderation,' and we mean to test the other in the same way. But to 'the documents:' Ladies and Gentlemen: 'J. E. S.,' in an '*Apotheosis to Graham*,' has the floor:

'IMMORTAL GRAHAM! as the ages roll,  
And changing Nature decks thy lowly bed,  
Thy fame shall spread abroad from pole to pole,  
And myriad throats take down thy GRAHAM-bread.

'Thy name shall be pronounced in households dear,  
Where morning, noon, or evening meal's enjoyed;  
Thy praise ring through all climes, both far and near,  
Where bread-and-butter fill the 'aching void.'

'What inspiration taught thee first to make  
The curious compound that adorns our feast?  
How cam'st thou first to mix, and mould, and bake  
The mass uprising with the expanding yeast?'

'Did some fair damsel teach the needed lore,  
To knead and shape the loaves we daily see?  
Or did some ancient grand-ma'am, bending o'er,  
Inail in thy young heart the mystery?

'Thy loaves involve no harsh dyspeptic pain;  
Thy slices ne'er produce a 'lenden feel';  
No dreams of goblins haunt the tortured brain,  
When toasted 'GRAHAM' forms the evening meal.



'SYLVESTER GRAHAM!—Thou wert a well-'bre'd man;  
In spite of 'emplin's, thou wert 'bound to rise';  
Who calls thee '*loaf*'-er, well deserves our ban,  
Well baked, done brown—of any shape or size!

'Thine is the truest glory! Thine alone  
Shall stand the test of time, survive the dead;  
While heroes, statesmen, poets, sink unknown,  
Ten million throats shall shout for 'GRAHAM-bread!'

Now turn we from the boarding-house, where, according to the author of the foregoing lines, 'the call for 'more 'GRAHAM-bread'' goeth up unceasingly; to a *locale* of a somewhat different character:

'WERE you ever detained, my dear C—, at the rail-road *dépôt* at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey? If nay, invoke your unlucky stars to cause the breaking of a car-wheel, or some other trifling mishap, just at that spot; as the Irish say, 'jist forninst' the *dépôt*; for there is the celebrated hotel of 'BENNY STELLE.' Every body calls him 'BENNY,' by way of endearing diminutive; for he has the most fatherly manner of receiving guests you can possibly imagine. 'O! what an 'Otel it is! BENNY is a bachelor, and, like his prototype, Mr. PRIMROSE, in 'Popping the Question,' he is rendered nervous even by a cob-web in the corner of his garret or cellar; and as to any other part of the house, no ultimate molecule would dare to follow a draft of air into an open window. A guest with asthma might sleep on any feather-bed in the house, without fear of coughing from the usual comminutions of dust in such localities. Whether he has each individual feather taken out and wiped each day, I am unable to say; but they are, in common with every thing else in the establishment, wiped and polished. Some say the broom-handles are waxed and polished with a cork by rubbing. I rather *believe* the story about the cork, for he has many corks, and of exquisite fineness. I know that he scrubs the roof of his house twice a-week; and if he does not do it oftener, it certainly receives less scrubbing than any other part of his mansion.

'Long has the name of 'BENNY STELLE' been rung in my ears. I dined with a gentleman at the '*Revere House*,' in Boston, and as the highest praise he could bestow upon the good-cheer to be obtained there, he said, 'It could *only* be surpassed by 'BENNY STELLE,' of New-Brunswick.'\* In Philadelphia, a friend proposed to me to meet him occasionally at 'BENNY STELLE's'; that he often arranged with New-York friends to meet him there to dine, and then to return home by the evening trains. Every where, in short, I heard the praises of 'BENNY,' and I had a laudable curiosity to test the quality of his good-cheer. Would you believe it, on my arrival there, I found several of my epicurean acquaintances, of twenty years' standing, quietly seated in one of the parlors! 'Hallo!' said they all in a breath, 'if here isn't M—! So you have found us out at last?' 'Well, boys,' I said, 'we do meet again, and on the old errand. They say that 'BENNY' feeds his guests like fighting-cocks, and I have come to test his powers.' 'You have hit the right place *this* time,' said they all. 'Don't go to Trenton to-night,' said an old friend: 'stay all night.' 'Certainly,' I said: 'I would not leave for the world.' In a few minutes we were called to 'tea.' Such a 'tea!' Snipe, every one as plump as the inflated cherubs which used to surmount the proscenium of the Old PARK in our day, and cooked in a style that SOVER could not surpass. I felt that memory was being renewed in my olfactories, for they now had the right *goût*. How can I describe these snipe? Spirit of AUDUBON, assist me! Imagine, dear C—, all the appetite on earth about to be concentrated on all that's delicious in the shape of *one* snipe, and you may know what were my ecstasies. The gentleman at the head of the table was so enamored of *his* specimen, that his eyes became protuberant, and his mouth contracted to the figure of an 'O!!' as if the edges of his lips were strung with palates, and he meant to bring every one of them to bear on the dainty luxury that was about to be elevated upon his fork! Such an *appetising* countenance I never saw before, and now only for a moment, for *my* snipe did not remain dormant. 'Squeak!' went a beef-steak on my right, for a well-cooked beef-steak always squeaks when cut; and in front, a dish of fried oysters, each one of which had surely never been 'crossed in love,' for they were as fat and jolly-looking as BARNUM's fat boy. I had a great struggle to keep within bounds, after a country diet of three months, for I found it impossible to partake of all the dishes.

'After tea, I 'rolled' into the parlor again: and here one of the knights of the knife-and-fork charged me boldly with having written the story of '*The Jersey Dutch*,' in one of your late numbers. He said he knew EDO VREELAND, and was sure I wrote it. This brought 'Old KNICK' on the carpet; and every man present said: 'Now, M—, do bring him down here some day, and let us know the day before he can come.' They read 'Old KNICK,' and would like to meet him

\* How about JOHN I. SNEDECOR's, on Long-Island? Is there any other 'Ne plus Ultra'? *Now* Verroux.  
ED. KNICKERBOCKER

'face to face.' . . . As soon as propriety would permit, I said, 'Gentlemen, if you call the meal we have just had 'a tea,' what does 'BENNY' give you for dinner?' 'BENNY' himself entered the room while I was asking the question, and, by way of reply, insisted upon my going with him to see his larder. *I saw it!* Saddles of mutton so fat that they had lost the fundamental figure of the sheep; sirloins of beef, the tender-loins of which had the transverse diameter of an ordinary porter-house steak; venison and other game in endless variety; indeed, all was so fat that, had I been a tallow-chandler, I could have wept for joy at the influx of the 'raw material!' The birds, both of the larder and pariors, (turkeys only in the larder,) were true game, and gentle. I need not add, that I remained until the next day; and that the breakfast could *only* be surpassed by the dinner. There was no 'Frenchification;' all was '*au naturel*;' but done to a turn.' M.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—Our friend and correspondent 'IK. MARVEL,' the guardian and amanuensis of 'TONY FUDGE,' writes us as follows, under date of February tenth:

DEAR SIR: In behalf of my friend 'TONY FUDGE,' who is something of a slipshod character, I must beg you to excuse his appearance the coming month, and give him a little time to whip the FUDGE RECORD into better shape. Between ourselves, he has hardly done himself justice thus far: and although at the best he is but a shambling fellow with the pen, I think you will find him (if you give him his own way in the matter) spiced with a fair share of honesty, and very dexterous in thieving other people's wit.

'Hoping a pleasant and long companionship to your readers and TONY, I remain,

Very respectfully, 'IK. MARVEL.'

WE have a faint idea, from the 'hand-of-write,' that the author of the '*Lines to a Boston Belle*,' in our last number, is also the perpetrator of the annexed epistle to the Editor. If this be so, 'the thing is out.' 'M. W.' has been jilted, we very much fear, by some cold Puritan damsel. It may not be so, and we hope it is not; but probability favors the conclusion: 'It is hard for me to find fault with any creature whatever in the shape of a woman; and although I must sometimes sneer at the sex behind their backs, to relieve my mind, I do it with such a shame-faced feeling that it scarcely gives me any pleasure. Such a weakness in favor of the sex is common among the KNICKERBOCKERS. How often, in our old Dutch wills, for one example, will you find a gift of every thing to the wife; and how often, also, the proviso, 'so long as she remains my widow,' that betrays the same undying love; not indeed by the visible presence of affection, but by the jealousy, which is its shadow, stretching beyond the grave! The weakness, I suppose, descends to us from the ancient German race, of which we have all read; who, being given up to idolatry, among the divinities of their own invention, made an idol of woman; such an idol, too, that she actually became, at last, their guide and counsellor in all the affairs of life. The Germans, now-a-days, I believe, worship nothing, except an occasional myth; but, having contrived to place truth in a bottomless well, pass their lives in diving after it, to the utter neglect of all domestic ties. We KNICKERBOCKERS, on the other hand, distracted by the bustle of the New World, have had no time, like them, to become lost to humanity, and to lose ourselves, exploring our own 'inner life.' We are still alive to a thousand sweet influences from without, and have never quite shaken off the simple faith in womanhood, which, it seems, was a religion with our forefathers. You will please observe, therefore, that I am not dealing, at present, with woman in general, but with the woman of New-England, which is really a third sex, and was unknown to our German ancestors, or I am sure there would have been less idolatry among them. From the very outset, nothing would content the daughters of the Pilgrims but intellectual equality with our-

selves. They *would* overtake us in the march of mind, and in their hasty progress, like the BLOOMERS, have lost their peculiar feminine grace of movement, without acquiring the manly stride of our understandings; and, beside this, have exposed defects in their means of locomotion, of which we had before no suspicion! You will not accuse me of wishing to deny the sex an education and minds of their own. Yet I would not have them wise after the manner of the Northern maidens, who are so deeply read in the matrimonial price-current, and so well qualified to be their own brokers in every commercial transaction involving marriage. I would not have them entangled in the web of 'isms' and 'ologies' which those bewildered souls are always weaving for themselves. And, of all things, I would not have them, like those fair Puritans, so thoroughly acquainted with our language that no word, in their minds, which has a possible double-meaning can possibly be innocent: but would rather leave them, without a chart, in the care of the guardian instinct of the sex, that unerring and taciturn pilot, who steers so as to spare them every dangerous contact, and gives no reason for his course.' - - - 'DURING the Presidential election of 1844,' writes, incidentally, a country correspondent in a note to the EDITOR, 'a friend of mine heard an enthusiastic POLKITE holding forth in a grocery concerning CLAY and the Tariff; and in the course of his argument, he made the following startling revelation touching the liabilities of the British Government: 'Gentlemen, HENRY CLAY has been trying to get the cussed old feudal-system introduced into this country all his life. He is hired by the British Government to do it. The British Government pays him for it. Gentlemen, the national debt of Great Britain amounts at this day to more than *nine thousand dollars!*—and all from trying to introduce the cussed old feudal-system into this country!' If the British Government's endorsers should become aware that JOHN's liabilities had rolled up to *that* amount, I am afraid they would be 'around,' urging him to secure them!' - - - Our esteemed friend and correspondent, 'MEISTER KARL,' has translated for us the ensuing lively verses from the German. The satire which will fall upon the reader's ear with the sound of the slap upon the landlord's breeches-pocket, in the last stanza, is very sly and felicitous:

THREE students sat in a banquet-hall,  
And merrily drank to the world and all.  
They sung: 'Hurrah for the rushing Rhine:  
Our cheeks are burning!'—'So much for wine!'

The first, he raised his glass on high:  
'I could rush with joy to the battle-cry,  
And gaze upon DEATH when he gives a sign,  
And laugh at his beckon!'—'So much for wine!'

The second, he rose with glass in hand:  
'Long life to thee, German Fatherland;  
With life and with soul I am ever thine,  
A free-born German!'—'So much for wine!'

And so through the fair night they sung and dreamed;  
In the wine-cup the glance of a true love gleamed:  
'It burns yet, is pure, this flame of mine:  
Hurrah for all true love!'—'So much for wine!'

Then, touching his red nose, the landlord spoke:  
'I only drink wine for a jest or joke.'  
And they paid him the ducats, some eight or nine,  
And he slapped on his pockets—'So much for wine!'

'A MEMBER of the Bar' of Berks county, Pennsylvania, gives us the following:  
'While addressing the jury in an important case, not long since, I was struck by the intelligent countenance of one of the jurors, and particularly pleased with

the marked attention he paid to my speech. By a sort of instinct, I addressed my remarks chiefly to him, and saw, by the assenting expression of his face, as well as by an occasional nod of approval, that my arguments were producing their effect. I felt sure of my man and of the jury, and was much surprised when, after an absence of some ten minutes, a verdict was returned against me. I afterward met the juror, and, after a general remark or two, proceeded to make some inquiries as to what view they could have taken of the matter to bring about such a verdict. The answer was: '*Sie müssen Deutsch sprechen, Ich verstehe gar kein English!*' I had been wasting my eloquence and address upon a stupid fellow who did not understand a single word I uttered! - - - VERY 'ticklish' to the risibles will be found the two following '*Fables*:' the first for its Brobdignagian 'scale' of illustration, and the second for its sly burlesque of a certain species of 'wisdom' gained through fable-inculcation:

### DUAE FABULÆ: or Two Fables.

BY PROFESSOR GILBERT SPHINK.

#### FABULA I.

##### THE LITTLE BOY WHO 'WOULD' PLAY WITH THE WHALES.

NEPTUNE had a little grand-son, who came to him one Saturday afternoon and said: 'Grand-father, may I go and play with your big whales this afternoon?'

'Play with my big whales!' quoth the King of the Sea, with a laugh: 'Nay, young Sir! Why, old BOTTLENOSE would dash thy brains out with one blow of his tail. When thou art as stout a fellow as TRITON yonder, then thou shalt play with my big whales. There, be off: go romp with the porpoises.'

But the youngster sulked, and sucked his thumbs, and threw his grammar into the shark-pen, and swore that he *would* play with the whales, any how, and the old man might be dang'd. So off he went, and asked the whales to play with him, which the huge fishes readily agreed to do. They were good-natured monsters, but prodigious block-heads, and began to sport with the unlucky urchin in their own rough way, as if he was as much of a whale as any of them. They spouted salt-water in his face, and thrashed him with their tails, and bunted him with their heads, till the poor lad was almost killed. At length TRITON, seeing from afar the youngster's peril, ran to his aid, bruised the whales' noses with his cudgel, and carried the truant home in his arms insensible.

When young master came to his senses, he saw his grand-father standing by his bed-side, and said: 'Grand-father, I wish you would send TRITON out with a gun, to kill those ugly whales.'

'Kill my whales!—kill my whales!' cried NEPTUNE, with an oath: 'I would like to see the rascal that dare touch my whales! Beside, my dear, if you *will* play with whales, you must take whales' jokes.'

#### MORAL.

*Hæc fabula docet*: which means, 'this fable teaches' that little boys should never play with whales. It also shows what a learned man I am, and how intimately I am acquainted with the archaeology of the ancient Grecians.

#### FABULA II.

##### HOW A CERTAIN PHILOSOPHER DIDN'T GET DROWNED.

A CERTAIN philosopher being about to cross the ocean, considered how he might escape drowning. After long study, he said to his servant: 'MOSES, it is well known to scientific men that the specific gravity of the human head, being much greater than that of water, drags the body under the surface, and causes death by strangulation. Were it not for the great specific gravity of the head, it would be impossible for a human being to sink beneath the surface of the water. I therefore desire you to cut my head off before I venture upon the ocean.' MOSES thereupon took an axe and chopped his master's head off; and the consequence of this prudent measure was, that the philosopher was not drowned as long as he lived. But the ship in which he had taken passage foundered at sea, and all on board were drowned; a calamity which they would have avoided, if they had cut their heads off before they started.

## MORAL.

THIS fable teaches that people always ought to cut their heads off before they go to sea. How many men get drowned because they neglect to relieve themselves of their extra specific gravity! This fable also teaches how much wiser some men are than others, and what happy results may be attained by 'long study.'

G. H. M.

Good thoughts, well expressed, are contained in these remarks of a metropolitan divine upon the beauty and force of *'The Imagery of Scripture'*: 'How majestic is the imagery of Scripture, when it presents to us our MAKER as feeding all the orders of his animate creation, and ministering continually what they as constantly need for the sustentation of the life which he has bestowed upon them! 'The eyes of all wait upon THEE, and THOU givest them their meat in due season: THOU openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.' 'HE giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.' The sea-gull winnowing the salt and wintry air along our coasts; the petrel twittering in the storm over the far blue waves of mid-ocean; and all the tribes that cleave the air, or traverse the deep paths of the seas, or rove our earth, look up to HIS daily vigilance and bounty, under the pressure of their daily necessities. To HIM the roaring of the beast, and the chirping of the bird, and the buzzing of the insect, are but one vast symphony of supplication from the hosts which HE feeds. To HIS capacious garner their successive generations have resorted, and yet those stores are not spent; neither has the heavenly PROVIDENCE failed in HIS resources, nor have the expectant pensioners been left to famish.' - - - Did you never happen to be on board a pleasant steamer on the Hudson, and while gazing thoughtfully upon the receding river, or regarding the quiet lapse of the beautiful shores, have some inquisitive fellow, a perfect stranger to you, fix himself at your side, and pour out question after question, of not the slightest importance, not one of which you answered, save by a monosyllable! If you *have n't* been bored in this way, reader, you are a rare exception to most travellers. A friend at one of our metropolitan clubs last evening mentioned the experience of a lady in this kind, which is worth repeating, as it exhibits a pertinacity in 'worming out' intelligence by piecemeal, that has rarely been surpassed. A gentleman riding in an eastern rail-road car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most 'inquiring mind.' Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length 'caught her eye.' He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation: 'In affliction?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the lady. 'Fä-rents?—father or mother?' 'No, Sir,' said the lady. 'Child, perhaps!—a boy or gal?' 'No, Sir, *not* a child,' was the response: 'I *have* no children.' 'Husband then, xpect?' 'Yes,' was the curt answer. 'Hum:—cholery?—a tradin'-man, meb-be?' 'My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel: he did n't die of cholera: he was drowned.' 'Oh, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant. 'Save his *chist*?' he asked. 'Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow. 'Was they?' asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up: 'Pious man!' he continued. 'He was: a member of the Methodist church.' The next question was a little delayed; but it came: 'Don't yeöu think you got gre-e-ät cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and



saved his *chist*?' 'I do,' said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car-window. The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his 'glittering eye' once more, and propounded *one* more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly-inclined forward over the back of the seat; '*Was you callatin' to git married ag'in?*' 'Sir!' said the widow, indignantly, 'you are impertinent!' And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car. 'Pears to be a little 'huffy!'' said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator, behind him: 'she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!' - - - Our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT-BARD,' says the following lines came to his mind a few evenings ago, while 'foddering the barn-stock.' The lines are very simple and graceful. He entitles them, '*Washing by the Brook*:'

'WHERE the alders girt a grassy,  
Leaf-embowered nook,  
There I spied a cottage-lassie,  
Washing by the brook.

'Bright the wavelets glanced beside her;  
Brighter was the look  
That she gave to him who spied her  
Washing by the brook.

'Sweet the songs of birds around her,  
Songs from Nature's book;  
Sweeter hers to him who found her  
Washing by the brook.

'HEAVEN bless her! HEAVEN watch her!  
Pride may overlook,  
But for graces may not match her,  
Washing by the brook!'

The 'PEASANT-BARD' is preparing for press a volume of poems under the title of '*The Harp and the Plough*.' We predict for it a most favorable reception at the hands of the public. - - - THE '*Doylestown Democrat*,' Pennsylvania, in a recent cordial and most flattering notice of this Magazine, 'touches us' reminiscentially in a single sentence: 'When storms and wild tempests are sweeping over our hill-side village, in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the KNICKERBOCKER.' Aside from the pleasure of being kindly remembered and regarded, at a season when even the elements become our enemies, we desire to thank the editor of the '*Democrat*' for bringing out from one of the far-backward cells of memory a picture of Doylestown, as we once saw it, in company with the lamented 'OLLAPOD,' to whom every feature of Nature was a page of an open book. Well do we remember the pleasant October morning, when we made our way, in a delightful vehicle, through the crowds of carriages, carts, and market-wagons setting toward the goodly city of Philadelphia, and at length found ourselves on the high-road to Doylestown and Easton. The flavor of a delicious breakfast at Willow-Grove still lingers upon our palate: and the charming village of Doylestown, which (singing the while certain plaintive Scottish songs and Methodist hymns) we approached at a leisurely pace, we see before us now, with its neat dwellings and public edifices, and its oblong 'square' in the centre of the town; and the memory of the view which we obtained from the cupola of the court-house will never be forgotten. It was grand in extent, looking toward the setting October sun, pavilioned in gorgeous clouds; and the vast expanse, quilted in patch-work of vari-colored grains and grasses, and dotted with farm-houses,

was 'beautiful to see.' We *think* we can fancy how that scene looks when 'storms and wild tempests' are sweeping over it. - - - 'My great-uncle,' writes a new correspondent, 'is an incorrigible old joker: and although now on the dark side of 'three-score-and-ten,' he still continues to make himself sunny among his numerous nephews and nieces, and his countless grand-ditto's. He left Yankee-land nearly twenty years ago, and 'squatted' in Michigan; where, having gained there a living and a competence, he will doubtless end his days. A strong desire seized him last summer to visit his former friends at the East: accordingly, early one fine morning, on the first day of August, he made his appearance at my father's door unannounced, but was none the less welcome. Many of the younger portion of the family knew him only as one of the 'ancients;' but as they had heard of his good-humor, they were all quite eager to make his acquaintance. The household severally passed in review before him, as they emerged from their sleeping-rooms, and each received some spicy or odd salutation from the new-comer. We were finally seated at the breakfast-table, when down rattled my younger brother FRANK, a young buck of twenty-one, who sometimes indulges in an extra-snooze after the 'alarum-bell.' He too was introduced, but was taken all aback by the old gentleman's greeting, and the cachinnations of the company that ensued: 'Well, my boy,' said he, 'I didn't think that of you!' FRANK looked 'all ways,' and the rest of us enjoyed not a little his confusion. 'You was out late among the gals last night, hey?' 'Oh no,' said FRANK, somewhat relieved; 'I never do such things.' 'Well, then, you are the greatest sleeper I ever saw: *go to bed in July and never get up till August!*' - - - 'MISS E. TIDDIVATE,' whose prospectus of '*The Shabby Fam-merly*' we recently presented, has commenced her pungent sketches. She thus sets forth the trials attendant upon service in a boarding-house:

'Fust, there's the doring-room wants his boots, while the nattie is a busting the bell-wires for his shaving-water; and there's the second-floer a bellerink over the stares to have his fire allighted; and the parlor pops out on you as he hears you a-going up stairs, and wants to know whether his hot roles is a-going to be feiched or not; and after all, to crown the hole, there's your missus in the kitchen, as orders you not to mind any on 'em untill you've stepped over to the publick and fetched her gust that there fizzle-vile full of brandy to put in her tee, 'cause she's took bad with her old complaint, the spasms again; for, like a great big fool, as she says, she would go and eat up the remains of the pickled sammon what the doring-room had had for supper the nite afore, for she's oncommin fond of it, though it don't like her; and all the wile there's her 'good man,' who's as bad as bad can be, and only a brass-plate cole-merchant, a-winking at one quite onbeknone to his wife, and a pinching one under the table!'

This personification of the lodgers by floors will remind the reader of SAM WELLER's designation by boots, shoes, etc.: 'The VELLIX'ONS in Number fourteen,' the 'High-lows in Number six,' etc. - - - A young invalid friend in the country has the following touching passage in a recent letter to the EDITOR:

'THE visionary hand of Might-have-been  
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim!'

'I have given up trying to accomplish great things as well as the expectation of large enjoyments, and have won a measure of contentment by *resigning* my fondest hopes and loftiest aspirations for life's honors and blessings; but at times the MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN haunts me like a spectre: my buried longings rise, ghost-like, on my thought. HEALTH might have been mine! A competence might have rewarded the toil it gave me strength for, and there might have been, even for me, a home and home-happiness. Ah! no more — no more regretful thoughts of the MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. Cannot I picture something which may yet be mine; some fair prospect to delight the eyes beginning to dim; some hope to thrill, some joy to gladden the heart which may not throb as lightly as of yore? Are

there no good ends for which the invalid may labor worthily and successfully! There *are*, I trust; for great deeds are not required of the 'little ones of the kingdom,' nor shall the 'heat and burden of the day' fall on the weak and suffering one. My BEST is as much within my reach as is the highest excellence of the strong and the gifted; and for *that* may I learn to 'labor and to wait:' remembering with MILTON, in his blindness:

— 'God doth not need  
Either man's works or His own gifts: who best  
Bears His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
*They also serve who only stand and wait.*'

A FRIEND mentioned to us this morning about as amusing an instance of vain-glorious boasting, by implication, as we remember ever to have heard. He had stopped at an inn in the interior of the pleasant county of Westchester, when presently his attention was arrested by an old fellow, with a very red nose, rheumy eyes, and a glass of rum-toddy in his shaking hand, who was setting forth some of the occurrences of his eventful life. 'Let's see, BILLY,' said a bystander, 'wasn't you in New-York at the time the British were there, before the evacuation?' 'Wal, *no*, not exactly when they was *there*: but I'll tell you all about it. My father fou't at Bunker-Hill, and when he died, he left me his 'sward,' and I said *then* that that sward should n't never be dishonored. And when I heerd that the blasted British was continuin' to stick in 'York, I got up our old gray mare, put a hoss-pistol into my pocket, and buckled my father's old sward onto my side, and put for the city. I got there in the mornin', but the British *had left!* Fact!—they'd cleared out, every one on 'em! Now, I don't say that they knew I was on the way, and left because I was a-comin'; but I *do* say, that it looked d—dly *like* it!' The uproarious laugh that followed this perfectly serious vaunting, so excited the wrath of the toper, that he looked round the grinning company for a moment, smashed his old hat down upon his head, and indignantly left the room. - - - '*The Captain's Game of Chess*,' by our correspondent 'F. H.,' will set before the instructed reader the very scene which he describes. One seems to be looking upon the board and listening to the combatants:

'I LIKE to play chess with the CAPTAIN. To be sure, I generally beat him; but I have other reasons than that. He has a language as peculiar to himself as CARLYLE or BUSHNELLITISH, to their respective owners; and much more amusing.

'Imagine us in the parlor of his boarding-house. The game was opened after the fashion called in the books '*Gincco Piano*,' and mine was 'the initiative.' The first few moves are mainly preparatory. At the tenth, I study some time; meditating a sharp attack upon my adversary's Castled King. The CAPTAIN exhorts to promptitude:

'Come, go ahead; go it, I tell you—go it!' And a curious *crescendo* makes quite a shout of the last words.

'So I move. The CAPTAIN looks at the piece, sees what for I put it there, and lets me know that he sees.

'Aha! that's it, is it? Don't try any of your *rigadoons* on the old CAPTAIN! You can't come *that*, now I tell you!'

'We play on. I plant my Queen opposite his King, and with a Knight 'captivate' his King's Rook's Pawn. He can't re-take, because his King would be left bare.

'Oh! *that's* it, is it! Touch him up, will you? Give it to him! Hit him on the *saptandum!*' So he gets his King out of the way, and I remove my Knight, now '*functus officio*.'

Shortly I bring a Bishop to bear on his Majesty.

'Go it again, will you? Tip him on the *Brub!* Go it, I tell you: go it!'

'Having shoved my King's Bishop's Pawn out of the way, I make prize of *his* King's Bishop's Pawn.



Then into his face I looked,  
 And I saw his nose was crooked,  
 Though his eyes were bright as those that VENUS wore of yore;  
 And his chin was smoothly shaven,  
 Save a little tuft of raven  
 Blackness, indicating there might be a scarcely yet matured 'goatee';  
 And plump and pretty were the fingers fitted for the glove upon the floor:  
 This I saw, and looked no more.

For the funny fellow, flitting,  
 To the seat where I was sitting,  
 Smiled so soft and sweetly on me, that the like I'd never seen;  
 Spake, while scarce his lips he parted,  
 And evidently with joy light-hearted:  
 'You've heard of 'Belles,' and 'Ladies MARY,' about whom opinions vary;  
 But to me there's no contrary; I'm the 'BEAU' of the Tondine!  
 Here I vanished out the door!

It was pleasant to think, the other day, while rushing along the Hudson-river rail-road to Albany, that at one point, a hundred miles or so up, we were in the neighborhood of two 'young ladies' who were at their studies on the eastern bank, 'over the hills,' and not 'far away.' We sent them a blessing on the west wind that blew cold from the Kaattskills, looming grim-blue in the distance over the frozen river. 'The girls' might be looking at them at that moment, we thought. Then we surveyed the broad expanse of the Hudson, white with snow, and dotted here and there with sleighs and 'cutters,' looking like child's toys, and drawn by horses that seemed, against the snow-'relief,' to be *silouettes* of colts, seen through a reversed magnifying-glass. Now, while we were watching all this, 'like as not' we were distantly regarding our own flesh-and-blood; for look you, on our return there comes us a letter from 'the girls' aforesaid, wherein occurs this passage: 'Yesterday afternoon, (the very time 'hereinbeforementioned,') being comfortably wrapped in furs and skins, we rode from B——, on the ice, to Kingston-Point. You cannot imagine the sensation one experiences in gliding, as we did, almost imperceptibly over such an extensive plain of ice, with nothing to interrupt the view for miles up and down the Hudson, save the occasional indentations of the shores. Kingston, as seen from a hill which we ascended, seemed to be situated at the very foot of the Kaattskills, although in reality they are thirty miles distant. Returning, we took another and a very delightful winding road, which led us, for a part of the way, through a forest of solemn pines, on the light branches of which, in the silent dells, hung the feathery, new-fallen snow. When we reached the Hudson again, its snow-covered banks wore a most beautiful rose-color, the reflection of the setting sun. Two frolicsome dogs followed us on the ice, on our way home, playing around the horses, and seeming to enjoy the scene as much as we did ourselves.' - - - THERE's an old fellow, a 'German doctor,' we should infer, who advertises extensively in certain Southern journals, and who must be what is termed 'a rouser.' His spelling and verbal inversions, not to speak of the variety of his cures, are astounding. As for example, he cures:

'ANNA, Tialc, or Consumption, Dead Palsey, Apoplexy, Parloz, or Fit, Small Pox, Yellow Fever, Asiatic colery, Droopcy of the Brain, Dropsey of the chest, in the first stage, Droopcy of the Flesh, in the first stage, Decay of the Liver, Inflammation of the Liver, Chronic affeete of the Liver, Secrecion of the Bilious matter of the Liver, a stricture of the gall duck, a torpid or swollen state of the Liver, a want of digestion and action of sorbeant vizeue of the Stomach, Chronic effeete of the Spleen, Nervous Fever, Nervous Fever Billious, Tipus Fever, Tipus Fever Billious, Tipus Fever Inflammatory, Billous Fever, Billous Fever Tifoid, Billous Fever Inflammatory, Bilous Fever Remitan, Remitan Fever, Remitan Fever Bilious, Intermitan Fever, Intermitan Fever Billious, Scarlet Fever, Scarlet Fever Billious, Scarlet Fever Inflammatory, Measles, Measles Billious, Measles Inflammatory, Inflammatory Fever, Inflammatory Fever Billious, complicated fevers, having too, three or more cause, attacking the cistern at the same time or commencing with enney other fever, small pock, small pock bilious, small pock inflammatory, kime pock, bronketus or chicken pock, leprycey, dry pisen of enney kinde taken in the stomach, pisen in the flesh, snake or spyder bites, hidrofobey,



cankers, eating cancers, cancer warts, wens, polepus, gout, sore leges, scrofula, erecifelus or santantonys fire, influenza, newmorny, quinzey, croup, hooping-caugh, diarear, diarear inflammatory; young wimen that has lived with their harscbinde several years, and never born a child, by the youse of medicines and direction and advice, they can be cured and have children, and man and wife that has had all female children, by the youse of some medicine and directions they can have male children, and pearsons that has loste their eye-sight so that they cante hardly see to reade with specks, by the youse of some medicine and directions and change the citation of the cistem, they can be brought to see to reade with out specks, and pearsons that has loste their hearing so that it is dificult for them to hear so as to understande, by the yous of some medicine, and some prepared oil to youse in their years, and improving their general health, they can be brought to hear and understand. Young graduates of the cientific order to boarde; lectures will be delivered to young graduates of the cientific order on the practice of phisic and cure of diseases according to the improved and cientific practice, to instruct cientific graduates, how to cure all the above mentioned diseases, and will double their success in the practice of phisic and cure of the diseases above mentioned that the human race is subject to that live between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth degree of north latitude. pearsons afflicted with either of the above mentioned disenes or complaints will do well to call as his success will be found cakwil if not superior to enney in the united states as he has examined five different ways or modes of practicing of phisic to cure diseases, the olde europeeing practice, the cientific mineral practice, the roote practice, the indian practice, and the steam practice, and has selected a remedy suitable for the cure of the diseases of the human race that live between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth degree of north latitude.

TWELVE O'CLOCK rings out from the gray stone tower of 'our Church of St. PETER,' just sufficiently distant in the rear to penetrate the sanctum with a softened, mellow sound. We take out our watch to 'compare notes,' and find the agreement perfect. But as we return the full-jewelled gold 'TOBIAS' to its accustomed pocket, we think of its history; of the unknown, but generous and delicate-minded friend, who sent it to us as a New-Year's gift, several years ago. He is *somewhere* at this moment, that kind, considerate friend. Yet we know him not, and have exhausted all suspicion as to the donor. He has 'done good by stealth,' and the memory of his goodness is awakened whenever and wherever we have occasion to glance at its beautiful token. May he 'live long, and die happy!' - - - THERE is a good lesson conveyed in these thoughtful lines by an old friend and occasional correspondent:

As a chilling fog, in a calm, still night,  
Steals along the hills and over the vale,  
Until every star is hid from our sight,  
And the light of the moon grows dim and pale:

So may clouds of care, in life's fairest day,  
Steal over the mind and darken the heart,  
Till the sun of Hope loses every ray,  
And the lights of joy from the soul depart:

As the fearful pestilence often comes,  
But a rumor, at first, from a distant shore,  
Yet soon bringing gloom and death to our homes,  
That were beaming with joy and life before:

So vices and crimes for a time may appear  
Slight errors of life, quite under control,  
Till conscience awakens a horrible fear,  
And guilt convulses and tortures the soul.

As the voice of the earthquake is silence, at first,  
And stillness portends the hurricane's roar;  
As out of the calm they suddenly burst,  
Enraging the sea and shaking the shore:

So warnings from God are whispered in love;  
His blessings abused are judgments delayed;  
So mercy despised, His anger will move:  
Oh! let us then seek Him, while vengeance is stayed!

J. B. B.

Syracuse, Nov. 27, 1851.

A GENTLEMAN in P—, Pennsylvania, who had a taste for 'improved stock,' purchased a pair of Bremen geese from HARK POWELL, of Philadelphia. That the speculation might be sure to answer, and to preserve the future race from

contamination, all the native geese on his farm were duly decapitated, and the foreigners waddled abroad, lords of the yard and goose-pond. But the golden eggs of hope proved to be no eggs at all, and two or three years were passed in vain expectation. At length some shrewd goose-ologist discovered that the purchaser had staked his hopes on a pair of ganders! The result, however, was an improved mixed breed. - - - A curious mistake occurred the other day in a certain metropolitan journal. It was its first number; yet in its '*Notices to Correspondents*' appeared the following: 'The letter of 'A CONSTANT READER' shall appear in our next!' - - - It really 'doth appeareth unto us' that we have encountered the following somewhere, or *heard* it somewhere before. It reaches us from a correspondent, and is 'na sae bad,' any way: 'The following *fact* is told by a friend, who never hesitates to pledge his honor for the truth of his stories: opposite his father's house was a huge sand-bank, thickly peopled with swallows. The people in the house were one day startled by an unusual commotion among the little birds, who were twittering, and screaming, and flying about, in the greatest consternation. The cause was soon ascertained, however; for in an instant after the whole front of the bank slid down, and left more than a hundred swallow-holes sticking right out in *the air*!' Such occurrences we suspect happen seldom! - - - 'M.'s '*Sonnets*' won't do. We see the mechanism too plainly. There is the 'one-hour rule;' the stop-act; the gag-law; the literary habeas corpus; a sort of writing in armor; a Procrustean bed; a good deal of stiffness; a poker lithe in comparison. Can't print 'em: *could n't*, really. 'It's not at all in our w-a-y!' - - - HERE is a *recipe* for making a sailor-drama, which will seldom fail: 'Take a big man with a loud voice, dress him up with a pair of ducks and a pig-tail; stuff his jaws with an imitation quid, and his mouth with a large assortment of *dammes*. Garnish with two broad-swords and a horn-pipe. Boil down a press-gang and six or seven smugglers, and (if in season) a bo'swain and a large cat-o'-nine-tails. Sprinkle the dish with two lieutenants, four midshipmen, and about seven or eight common sailors. Serve up with a pair of epaulettes, and an admiral in a white wig, silk stockings, and smalls.' - - - THERE is something decidedly 'PUNCHY,' and as decidedly anti-democratic, in the following recommendation, touching accidents on rail-ways: 'Behind each engine let there be second and third-class carriages, so that, in the event of a smash, second and third-class lives only would be sacrificed.' A chair for a *director* in front of the baggage-car is another good and quite safe plan of PUNCH's to prevent accidents. - - - It's odd that some people can't sing without interpolating additional letters into the words. Take the cobbler's pathetic song, as an example. We heard one give it, to the lively accompaniment of his sounding hammer and lap-stone, the other morning, while waiting for 'Young KNICK's ice-brogans, 'on tap' at that period:

'I-I-I 'b'married me a-a wife,  
Ad'nd five poud'nds with her,  
I-I-I bought me a-a-a kit of tood'l's,  
Ad'nd a littiddle lead'ther:  
Tum-e-lingdangdududdle-a,  
Tum-e-lingdanglaro-o-o!

'A LIVELY 'little Frenchman,' writes 'A Jerseyman,' 'came over to this country after the revolution of '30, and settled down in the western part of the great State of New-Jersey as a 'tavern-keeper.' The politeness of 'mine host' won him troops of friends, and his house was the favorite resort of the young and the gay from all the country-side for many miles around. Our jolly Frenchman was always in the habit of assisting his lady-visitors to alight, and he invariably

accompanied his attentions with a good hearty kiss. It was generally understood that this last was very well-received by all the 'daughters of Eve.' Late one sparkling winter night, after he had received, kissed, and dismissed several sleigh-loads of rosy girls, a merry jingling was again heard in the distance. Meantime the moon had set, but our host sallied out into the darkness to welcome the new-comers. One after the other he lifted the ladies from their seats, saluted them as usual, and conducted them to his old-fashioned parlor, where the fire was blazing brightly. What was his dismay, on coming to the light, to find that the whole party was 'composed of *'cullor'd pussons!'*' The 'little Frenchman' has never kissed a 'dark ladye' since! - - - We give the 'Britishers' a hit, now and then, when they come over here from the 'other side,' with their pompous airs and their querulous comments; but now and then 'they of the adverse faction' touch *us* a little on the raw. 'Par examp.:' we could n't deny that this was not a veritable fact, when we heard it *mentionea* as such by an English gentleman the other evening. 'One of my fellow-passengers,' he said, 'last autumn in the *'ATLANTIC,'* was a genuine specimen of the true Yankee. He had visited England for the sake of seeing the 'World's Fair,' and of nothing else could he, or at least *did* he, speak. After dinner, one day, the conversation turned upon works of art. 'Wal, as near as I can cal'l'ate,' said our Yankee friend, 'there aint ra-ally but three great bu'sters, or sculptures, *any* wheres, now-a-days.' 'Name them,' quietly said an old gentleman, sitting opposite to me. 'Wal, there's KANO-VEE, ROOBINS, *a-ä-nd* HE-I-RIM PE-ö-w'rs! And HIRAM's the most surprisin' o' *all* on 'em! Jest look at his 'Greek-slave' gal—be-yewtiful! There aint on'y *one* mistake; he *shoodn't* a-had her raised where *cotting* was so scurse!' - - - Our friend GRAHAM, whose well-established and popular Philadelphia Magazine bears his name, says, in allusion to the change of price in the KNICKERBOCKER: 'If it does not soon print and sell fifty thousand copies, the fools are *not* all dead, but maintain a very decided majority among 'the peoples.' If any body wishes 'Old KNICK.' and 'Young GRAHAM' together, they can accomplish their benevolent desire by sending five dollars to either work.' Now, *there's* a chance for you, reader! You *know* the KNICKERBOCKER, but you may not be so conversant with 'GRAHAM,' with its well-printed pages of choice matter, and its choicer engravings. It will be your own fault hereafter if you *continue* to be unacquainted with him. - - - An old 'KNICKERBOCKER,' 'native here, and to the manor born,' sends us the subjoined '*Ichthyologia*.' We are somewhat credulous, it is true; but the last 'fish-story' recorded below strikes us as improbable, 'in point of fact.' We 'may be wrong, but that is our opinion:'

'Who ever believed all the stories of a fisherman? Can any man who has patience enough to make a good fisherman have energy enough to tell the truth? When a lad, I used to stand upon the bridge leading to 'Fort Nonsense,' now Castle-Garden, and listen to the old fellows who were at that time disciples of IZAAK WALTON. What old New-Yorker but recollects JOHN LINTNER, the maker of fishing-rods, reels, etc.? He was as celebrated as JOHNNY BESSONET, the bird-fancier, in Nassau-street, and stood fairly at the head of the fishermen of the bridge. Every afternoon, when the tide served, one might meet there some of the first men of our city who were fond of fishing. Among these, I might enumerate old Mr. FERRY, Messrs. CRUTEKSHANK, EBBETS, STEWART, WELCH, and many others. Among these, one or two were celebrated for extraordinary stories concerning sporting matters. *One*, especially, who was familiarly called 'Uncle BILLY,' was a rare hand to wile away the time for the whole party, when bait was scarce, or the fish refused to bite. Many was the story I carried home from this coterie. On one occasion, some sluggish fisherman let his baited hook float with the tide into an open oyster; probably basking on the bottom, to enjoy an afternoon's sunshine. The unlucky oyster closed its shell, and was thus brought to the surface. This gave rise to all sorts of speculations as to the probable way in which the oyster was

caught; and 'Uncle BILLY,' being at fault when appealed to, pushed the inquiry aside, with the remark: 'Now look here, gentlemen, you won't believe it, I know you won't; but if you don't, I do n't care; but I know it's a fact. Does any one of you know how a crab 'works it' when he wants to eat a clam or an 'yster? Well, I'll tell ye how he does it. When the 'yster is open, the crab catches a stone in his claw, and lays it in the 'yster so that he can't 'shet up;' and then he eats him up: *that's* the way there comes so many mud-'ysters.'

'Come, 'Uncle BILLY,' that's a very good story, but it won't do here among old fishermen.'

'Well, look o' here,' 'BILLY' would say, 'perhaps you don't believe it, but it's *true*. I've seen the crabs a-doin' of it a thousand times. They eat clams that way, too; and when a crab has a relation that is a 'shedder,' and has cast off his old shell, and lays still, to let the new one git hard, he always stands by him, and claws off all intruders; fo. fish, and worms, and almost any thing in salt water, will attack a 'shedder' if it gets a chance.'

'BILLY,' says one of the party, 'what was that story you told the other day about fish-hawks eating clams and oysters?'

'Why, I said that fish-hawks would dive along the shallow places and catch clams, and then fly up in the air and let them drop on rocks to break them, so as to get at the meat. When they first begun to raise these 'ere Lima-squashes on Long-Island, the fish-hawks used to mistake 'em for large stones, as they were of the same color, and every squash used to have a hole in the top-side and a clam inside! Need n't laaf: it's a fact!'

'On one occasion, however, 'BILLY' was fairly out-done; for VANRANST, who kept the '*Brand-Muler Hotel*' on Burnt-mill Point, now the '*Novelty-Works*,' visited the bridge, and told a story that put 'Uncle BILLY' fairly to the blush. 'BILLY' had bragged about a pointer-dog of his, of which he was exceedingly proud, and VANRANST told the following singular occurrence: Two friends of his went out shooting one day, and each being proud of his dog, they laid a wager as to which dog would make the most staunch point. During the whole day they met no game; but just at dusk, as they passed along the shore of a river, one of the dogs made a point at a fish jumping out of the water in the river. His master fired; hit and killed the fish, and the dog swam out and brought it on shore. They took the fish home, and wondered all the way why the dog should have made the point: 'but on opening and cleaning the fish,' said VANRANST, 'the mystery was solved: for inside the fish was a *small bird*, which had fallen in the water, and had been swallowed by the fish!'

'Uncle BILLY' handed VANRANST 'his hat,' and left the bridge!

THERE is some fun in the '*Soliloquium Fresh-Homines*,' which reaches us from a distant western institution. Its paternity can hardly be fastened upon any one of the classic authors, but it may be referred, with great propriety, to the '*Age of Gold*.' It strikes us that the metre is not 'particular;' some of the 'feet' need amputation, and others a good deal of twisting. We give a specimen, 'with all its imperfections on its head' and 'feet:'

'Me videt' hic cum tormentis surrounded,  
Græco que Mathematicis confounded,  
Nouns et verbs cum long radices compounded,  
Et ceter incum.

'Carus, ANTHON, FELTON, et Bullion pater  
Meruerunt gratias of human natur';  
Nam, ut onion ad turkey et potater,  
Vestibant ancients.

Si versus Pub. VIRGILII Maronis  
Scamper, cum sex pedibus, like mad ponies,  
Ego, loudly vociferans O! bonus!  
Lapsero in duck-ft.

Ut nam que *εκαβολος* Απολλω,  
Pinxert old HOMERUM in oculo,  
Or had caused illum for to quickly swallow  
Confracta brick-bat.

'Sed nunc vertemus carmina HORATIAN,  
Quorum quickly donare good translation,  
Puto certes puzzle—erat the nation  
Of wooden nutmegs.

'Tamen oportet mihi lumbum cingens,  
Ut 'Niger Accipiter,' alias ingens,  
In June-bug pauperimum saltus fingens,  
Conferre pitch-forka.

'Tani exegero monumentum vastum,  
Si viri opponere me, I'll thrash 'em,  
Et ascendere gradum ad Parnassum,  
Frangitur shoe-string!

'Rats habent nunc convivium in the ceiling,  
Racing, scratching, consilantes, squealing,  
From my shelf cheese and butter silly stealing;  
Tam impolite rats!

IN the transactions of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York for July, 1831, (see WENDELL'S Reports, volume seventh, p. 388,) will be found the following report of the case of JACKSON *ex dem.* COOPER *vs.* BROWNER:

'On the trial of this action, the plaintiff produced the original transcript of a judgment given by a Justice of the Peace, filed in the Clerk's office, and offered to read it in evidence; which was

objected to, on the ground that it was not 'written in the *English language*, and in fair and legible characters,' as required by statute. The objection was over-ruled, and the transcript read. It was as follows:

<sup>1</sup>'SAMUEL COOPER vs. FRETTRICK BROWNER. This 25 day of November 1824. Summons returned personal served in a plea of —, of fifty dullows and issue gind, and the parties was rety for trial, and witness sworn, and gudmand fur the plaintiff on a former gudmand fur twenty-six dullows and twenty-six cents. Damiges \$26.96. Costs of suit 72: \$26.08.

<sup>2</sup>'I hereby Surtify that the above copy is a correct and true copy of my poock.

<sup>3</sup>'Given under my hand at seal at Danube, this 18 day of January 1825.

<sup>4</sup>'Signed by the Justice who rendered the judgment.'

<sup>5</sup>'BY THE COURT: NELSON, J.: 'An objection was taken to the transcript, that it was not written in the English language, according to the requirement of the fourth section of the Statute of Jeofails, 1 R. L., 118.

'Without inquiring into the question whether advantage could be taken on the trial of a non-compliance with the statute, it is a sufficient answer to the objection to say, that it is not well founded in fact. The transcript is written in bad English, and probably worse Dutch, and so far is liable to the criticisms made upon it; but the essential parts of it are sufficiently intelligible to answer all legal purposes. Judgment for plaintiff.'

This is almost equal to the Ontario 'Square' whom we mentioned in our last number, and whom the papers are rendering notorious if not eminent. - - - MR. N. DODGE, the eminent surgeon-dentist, at Number 634, Broadway, has discovered a material for filling teeth, which he terms '*Lapidantium*,' and which is inserted in a soft state, and without pain, in the most delicate tooth. It becomes hard in a few moments, and is like white marble in appearance; bearing a near resemblance in color to natural teeth. Being wholly of stone, it has no deleterious effect upon the system. Surely, so valuable a discovery must supply an important desideratum in the *matériel* of the dentist's cabinet. - - - A FRIEND tells a good story of 'Old Hays,' when he was errier of the Court of Sessions. The room was usually warm, and he was very apt in the afternoon to drop away in a doze. On one occasion, while the Recorder was charging a jury, the old man snored, quite audibly. An officer immediately whispered in his ear: 'Uncle JACOB, some one is snoring, and disturbing the court.' Up jumped Hays, and with his stentorian lungs cried out, 'Silence! there must be no snoring in court!' And turning to the Recorder, he said: 'You can go on now without interruption.' The story is sometimes told of him, that being awakened one day by a peal of thunder, he cried out, 'Silence!' - - - SITTING in one of AUGUSTUS BLESSING's truly 'easy-chairs' in Ann-street, under the American Museum, the other morning, we suddenly arrested his soft and facile hand, and through a snow-pile of sweet-scented, face-soothing lather, asked a gentleman, who had mentioned his recent return from Albany, what was the best hotel in that ancient and hospitable Dutch city. 'If you are going to Albany,' was the reply, 'try 'CONGRESS HALL,' and then judge for yourself.' We *did* try 'Congress Hall,' for we *were* going to Albany, and we *have* 'judged for ourselves;' and our verdict is, that for cleanliness, prompt attendance, abundant larders, delicious cookery, quiet service, and good wines, this commodious and beautifully-situated hotel is not excelled by any similar establishment in Gotham. MR. JAMES L. MITCHELL, the proprietor, embodies the 'COLEMAN and STETSON' of 'that ilk' in unobtrusive but assiduous attentions to his numerous guests. - - - Is there not a great deal of truth in the ensuing passage of a note to the Editor from one of the most promising of the young poets of the 'Empire State?' We must say, we consider his remarks eminently just: 'While I have labored from youth on home-themes, with slight recognition of my labors, it is 'Lo here! and lo there!' whenever some moon-struck imitator of foreign models behowls the insulted moon. Obscurity is called 'profundity' by a certain school. You cannot see the bot-



tom of a shallow mud-puddle, but off Mackinaw a pebble can be desiered thirty feet below the surface. The Kings of Thought, SHAKESPEARE, HOMER, and others of a noble brotherhood, spoke out, and were understood by high and low, learned and unlearned. So too did BURNS. If the element of transcendentalism is suffered to blend with our literature, a compound will be formed flatter than poor cider a week after its smoking-hot marriage with pearl-ash. A poet should touch the ground, now and then, with his feet, although his head may be 'in *nubibus*.' He should derive his strength, like the fabled ANTÆUS, rom his native earth.' - - - We have seldom been more gratified than in a visit which we recently paid to *Gibson's Depository of Stained Glass*, in Broadway, near White-street. Aside from his own manufactures, in every variety of beautiful workmanship, his vast establishment is itself a museum of art. A few of the rarest oil-paintings to be found in the city, 'old masters' of unmistakable authenticity, adorn his walls, which are diversified by statuary and fine engravings; while his own particular branch of what was once considered a lost art is not only rich in abundance, but of the highest order of artistic merit. We saw in his establishment some windows, in preparation for the library of a friend, which, in chasteness and appropriateness of design and beauty of execution, we have rarely if ever seen surpassed. It is worth a journey of ten miles to examine his immense library of books treating upon the art of stained glass. Specimens of the choicest works in this kind, from the chief cathedrals and edifices of the world, exactly colored from the originals, may here be encountered. - - - *There* is something quaint and *bizarre* in these reflections of a correspondent in the 'north countrie' of the 'Empire State':

'As I walked from church last Sunday, after listening to my excellent parson's sermon upon the beautudes 'of that celestial world to which we hope to go,' a philosophic friend's remark that 'Heaven is, after all, very much a matter of *geography* in the world,' set me to musing upon the kind and degree of happiness to which untaught and unregenerate man, in the various countries of the earth, might be looking forward. The Arab, for instance, trusting in the divine mission of MAHOMET, looks for his reward in the lasting companionship of dark-eyed Houris, whose songs shall lull him to forgetfulness of satiety, in a place where he shall be wakened from slumber by the cool dashing of fountains and singing of morning-birds, only to the realization of his dreams of happiness. The Chinese, faithful to his national enjoyments, doubtless fancies that the celestial plains are all planted with poppies, and that there, where no 'Vermillion Edict' shall forbid the pipe, he may look to see an opium-shop at every corner, where he may indulge in the 'smoking-mud' by the grain, or, with DE QUINCY, drink it by the pint. Where would be the use of preaching the terrors of 'eternal fire' to a Greenlander, living for nine-tenths of the year in an atmosphere below freezing? 'Something 'rather warming,' with unending relays of raw seal and smoked rein-deer, where he might now and then lay aside his bear-skin coat and boots, and 'keep comfortable' in nothing but his fox-skin shirt and trousers, would be just the heaven of his hopes. Train-oil and horse, in unlimited quantities, we may suppose, would enter as large components of the heaven of the Russian Boor; while the North-American Indian, in his faint glimpses of the spirit-land, sees only far-off visions of perennial forests and sparkling waters, where, with never-tiring strength, he may hunt fat buffaloes and spear the swift salmon. The South-Sea Islander, less particular in his tastes, looks forward to unending feasts of bananas and 'cold missionary'; a prospective bliss, in the hope of which we may imagine the aforesaid missionary does not join with any great amount of *gout*.

'And then to us, laboring daily among Gon's poor in the world, as being by His Providence of them, how soothing to the aching brain and wearied frame comes the sweet consolation of the Psalmist: 'He giveth his beloved sleep!' Ho ye I poor, wearied mortal, whose life is but a struggle for life; whose daily toll is but for daily bread; think, as nightly ye lay your tired limbs upon the scanty couch, and find an aching heart compels to watchfulness, that there is at least ONE who, when want, and weariness, and buffeting with the ills of life, have done their worst, and your worn body sinks, 'powerless to rise,' can give His children rest! Ay, 'He giveth his beloved sleep!' and in *that* sleep what beatific dreams shall come!'

'And here my musing brought me up at my own door.'

'An excellent and worthy relative of ours,' writes a lady correspondent, 'who looks with pleasant eyes upon every thing, and hears all nature's sounds with a sort of human interpretation, told us a short time since of an interview he had with a friendly bobo'link a year ago last strawberry-time. Uncle THEODORE, up with the sun, and away to the meadows, sought to break his early morning's fast by partaking of some delicious wild straw-berries, which he knew hid themselves away every year near a certain old fence, which seemed, in many respects, a guardian of the place. Low bushes, long, tapering wild-flowers, and golden-rods, had made this as agreeable a spot as could be for all the 'songsters of the air,' but especially for the merry family of bobo'links, who assembled here every sun-rise to pour forth their sweet wild melodies. But the father of this interesting family, as plump and well-fed a little body as could be seen of a summer's day, and withal full of song to overflowing, the moment he espied 'Uncle Dosy' crossing the lot, commenced his welcome, in a low under-tone, of which he only caught the following: 'Good morning, good morning, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy; nice morning, nice morning, Uncle Dosy: straw-berries, some straw-berries, Uncle Dosy! Here they are! here they are!' and then raising his voice to a somewhat louder key: 'Over the fence, Uncle Dosy; over the fence, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy; nice ones, large ones, ripe ones, ripe ones, ripe ones, Uncle Dosy!' And then, to the utmost power of his little throat: 'Over here, over here, Uncle Dosy; ripe ones, large ones; plenty of 'em, too, plenty of 'em, too, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy: one, two, three, four, five—any qu-qu-qu-quantity of 'em, too!' And away he flew, rapidly twittering off the finale of his song, while Uncle Dosy stepped over the fence, and sat down on the green meadow to as delicious a banquet as Nature could spread.' - - - THERE was eliminated a good specimen of what has been called 'taking the starch out of a man,' when a Parisian dandy exhibited, with much compositely, to the Prince ESTERHAZY a handsome bosom-pin of *lapis-lazuli*, and asked if he did not think it *recherché*! 'Oh, yes,' replied the PRINCE, 'quite so. I have a chimney-piece of it at home!' - - - OUR friend and umqwhile occasional correspondent, Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, in his far-away home in California, has not forgotten his old punning propensities, as the following extract from a '*Market Report*' in his own journal, the '*Marysville Herald*,' will sufficiently attest:

'HAMS have gone behind a quarter, probably from the fact that they were taken from the hind-quarter.'

'MOLASSES.—Several traders have been 'stuck' with this article.

'BOOTS have advanced fully *two feet*, and are freely 'pegged off' at this rate. As we are now at the 'heel' of the dull season, our merchants will have to 'toe the mark' before shortly.

'CLOTHING.—We coat pants as a good investment.

'HIDES, HORNS and TALLOW.—The holders of hides are almost ready to jump out of their skin. Horns are freely taken—at the saloons. Tallow has gone to Greece in large quantities.

'POWDER.—We have to notice a fair report of the going off of this article, at good rates. DOVER's is preferred.

'SHOT is plenty, principally 'in the neck.'

'POTATOES.—The arrival of a large number of emigrants from the 'first gem of the sea' has caused a decided advance. In fact, not to be measly-mouthed, it appears to our 'eyes' that there must soon be a great scarcity, unless the duty on foreign potatoes be re-peeled.

'BEETS.—Scarcely any in the market, save those of the watchmen on their 'lonely round.' We cannot account for this without going to the *root*, and for that we have n't time.

'FISH.—Prices are rather 'salty.' Salmon is going up—Feather river. Mackerel (well broiled) is getting 'down in the mouth.' Sardines are in good supply, but cannot be had without the *tin*; Oysters *can*.

'CHEESE (particularly old cheese) is lively.'

We would add to this report another item: 'PUNS: market well supplied, and

of a good quality.' - - - We take sincere pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement, on the cover of the present number, of *Mrs. Jones' School for Young Ladies, at Ravenswood*, near this metropolis. We can speak, of our own personal knowledge, of Mrs. JONES' preëminent excellence as the principal of such an institution. Two daughters (one for more than two years) have been the inmates of her school at Red-Hook; and while their progress in learning has been in the highest degree satisfactory, they from the first learned to regard their principal with an affection second only to that which they bore their mother. This moral, domestic influence constitutes one of the chief charms of a boarding-school. The instruction, in all the various branches, is thorough, and of the best. Indeed, our readers may unhesitatingly assume, that in all respects the promise of the advertisement will be entirely carried out in the performance. - - - Not many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of COMFORT, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named RACHEL H—, residing on Long-Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old; or from some *other* cause, his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked, that it was the first modern instance he had known, where 'RACHEL refused to be COMFORT-ED!' This anecdote is only remarkable as being the first Quaker pun on record; 'Friends' generally lightly regarding such distortions of 'plain language.' - - - Some of the '*Spirit-Knockers*' have had a communication with EDGAR A. POE in the celestial sphere, and he has dictated some poetry to them which is as much like some of his earthly effusions as any mere earthly imitation can be. Through the same media we learn that THOMAS PAINE and ETHAN ALLEN are staying at a porter-house in Paradise, kept by JOHN BUNYAN! Our friend of the '*Evening Mirror*,' inspired by these facts, induced a friend, of spare corporeal body, to diet on the shadow of a cabbage until he was capable of the magnetic state, when he passed into a trance, and *he* too got some very strong poetry from POE, imbued with no slight portion of his satirical plain-speaking. - - - MRS. EMMA GILLINGHAM BOSTWICK gave her farewell concert at NIBLO's Saloon, on Tuesday evening, the tenth of February. The capacious hall was crowded with a brilliant and appreciative audience. Her pure, sweet, and liquid tones, and finished and artistic vocalization, were never exhibited to greater advantage. That beautiful cavatina from 'Roberto,' *Robert toi que j'aime*, was sung with a delicious grace and finish; and her 'Casta Diva,' in both movements, was rendered in a style of professional excellence that could not be surpassed. In fact, every song set down in the programme was given with great beauty and rare artistic skill, as was attested by the repeated and rapturous encores of her audience. It is Mrs. Bostwick's intention soon to commence a professional tour. She first proceeds southward: and it may safely be predicted that she will not fail to win the warm admiration of our Southern neighbors. - - - '*The Saint Nicholas Hotel*,' in the Venetian style of architecture, and built of the finest white marble, will soon be one of the chief ornaments of Broadway. It glories in a name dear to all KNICKERBOCKERS, and in Mr. TREADWELL will find one among the best of our metropolitan landlords. GENIX, always 'wide awake,' has secured one of the large and beautiful basement stores beneath, for a most attractive object, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. - - - THE Augusta (Georgia) '*Chronicle and Sentinel*,' one of the foremost journals of the South, in a cordial notice of this Magazine, holds the following language: 'From time to time a singular *sottise* has prevailed at the South, as most of us well know. An agent, with his subscription-book in

hand, ready to enrol your name among those of more facile patriots, importunes you for a fee in the name of an 'exclusive Southern Literature!' It may be gravely questioned whether antagonism in literature is not prejudicial to all interests, and most of all, to the reader's. When we possess here in Georgia, or Carolina, a better or as good a magazine as elsewhere, we may afford to make *that* exclusively the vehicle of our amusement or instruction. In the mean time, let merit, and not the mere accident of geographical position, constitute a claim upon the patronage of all just thinkers.' This is unquestionably sound reasoning, and contrasts strongly with the narrow appeals made by certain pseudo-littérateurs at the South, who are 'prophets' with as little 'honor' elsewhere as in their 'own country.' Does any one suppose that a *good* magazine, like the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' for example, need to rely solely upon local patronage for a liberal support? 'Not a bit of it!' - - - We've been dropping in at the studios of some of our more prominent artists, lately; and have seen enough to satisfy us that the next exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be one of the richest we have had for many years. LEUTZE has upon his easel, and nearly completed, a superb picture of WASHINGTON, with preparations for defence and war, in the neighborhood of Boston, which will add to his already brilliant reputation. He has also a charming and effective landscape, representing the setting on fire of a wheat-field by the wife of General SCHUYLER, to warn him of the approach of the enemy. KENSERT has several landscapes, all of rare merit, and one at least of which he has surely never surpassed. DURAND will surprise even his admirers by two landscapes, which we predict will fill the measure of his fame. They are somewhat different in style from previous pictures from his pencil, but possess all the delicacy and harmony which distinguish his facile touch. Mr. LOUIS LANG has two or three beautiful heads, remarkable for the sweetness of expression and beauty of the flesh-tints. ROSSETER has an unfinished landscape upon his easel, which promises to be a sunny and beautiful picture; together with one or two portrait-groups, which exceed any previous effort of his capable hand. TALBOT, at his rooms, Number 577, Broadway, has two very fine landscapes, one representing a rich and luxuriant valley, prolific of vegetable life, and the other an encampment on the Egyptian desert, of which we hear high commendations. ELLIOTT is brim-full of work, and will have two or three of his best pictures in the exhibition. HICKS, beside a most life-like portrait of a Quaker lady, true in coloring and admirably handled, has in his studio a full-length life-size portrait of Governor FISH, which, in naturalness and ease of position, truth of coloring, and artistic arrangement of accessories, is certainly one of his very best efforts. CROPSKY, too, will 'shine out' this year. His studio is enriched by two pictures of Italian scenery, which will reflect the highest credit upon his pencil. We hear good reports of CHURCH, GRAY, and other eminent artists, but have not, as yet, found leisure to visit their painting-rooms. - - - OUR Magazine circulates extensively in maritime cities and sea-ports; and perhaps we may be doing some of our readers a service by mentioning a recent improvement invented by Mr. WILLIAM H. JENNISON, of this city, which, in setting up and securing the standing-rigging or shrouds of vessels, supplants entirely the old-fashioned 'dead-eye' and 'lanyard' which has so long disfigured the rigging of our ships. Several of our first ship-builders have given the invention their cordial approval. It may be examined at Mr. GIBSON'S Glass-staining establishment, Number 374, Broadway. - - - CALIFORNIA 'is a great nation.' It is a lively country, and, 'variety' being the 'spice of life,' it is *all*



*spice* in that region. By way of proof of this fact, here is a polite invitation to a 'hanging' in 'the diggin's,' given to a friend by a clerk in the general post-office at Washington, who opened a large lot, returned from California among the 'dead letters.' Great 'ked'ntry' that:

'MR. A. BURCH:

'Crawford, April 8, 1851.

'DEAR SIR: The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at THE HANGING, on Friday, the eighteenth instant.

'SNIFFLEDECHARGENKILL, Manager.'

WE know of no boarding-school in the city superior to Mrs. HUNTER's, at Number 201, West Twenty-Second-street, Lenox-Place. The principal, with her family, and the resident teachers and pupils, form one household; and the intercourse between all the members of this household is such as to revive and cherish the feelings of home. Her series of instruction embraces all the regular and extra branches, while her references are numerous, and of the very highest respectability. - - - We beg leave to say to our correspondents, or would-be correspondents, that we do not wish *long* articles in verse. We have some twenty or thirty pieces of very passable verse, that are altogether too long for our pages. Another thing: we believe long poems in a Magazine are seldom read; always excepting, of course, good narrative verse. And as for dramatic poetry, it is not perused by one reader in five hundred. We like the remark of a western clergyman, who, upon being complimented upon the brevity of his discourses, prayers, etc., said: 'I suppose I have done some wicked things in my life, and I know I have done many foolish things; but I *never did a long thing!*' - - - We have heretofore spoken of LITTELL's '*Living Age*,' and we refer to it again, only to express our admiration of the excellent manner in which it is conducted. It is, without exception, the best compend of the best periodical literature we have ever seen. Its selections are made with great good judgment and taste, from the most abundant sources. It is well printed, and afforded at a price so reasonable as to be within the means of almost every body. We are not surprised to learn that it has a large and constantly increasing circulation. - - - INTERESTED reports having obtained, that that excellent French journal, the '*Courier des Etats Unis*,' had fallen off in its circulation, the proprietors have shown by figures that it has *increased* nearly four thousand within seven months. It well deserves its success, for it is conducted with great ability. - - - AMONG the articles in prose and verse, in type or on file for insertion, are the following: 'An Episode in the History of the House of BEBLOWD;' 'Transcripts from the Docket of a Late Sheriff of Gotham;' 'Sketches of Western Life;' 'A Trip to Cintra;' 'The Fathers,' Part Second; 'The Sequel to Sr. LEGER;' 'Literary Quakers;' 'The Gathering of the Clouds;' 'A Leaf from the Port-Folio of a Traveller;' 'The Masquerade of Life;' 'The Gypsies of Science;' 'To a Violet;' 'The Lost Heart;' 'Lines' by the 'River-Bard;' 'Auld Familiar Faces;' 'The Five-Fold Fight, a Ballad of Mexico,' by ALFRED B. STREET; 'To my Wife in Absence,' by PARK BENJAMIN; 'The Orange-Flower,' by WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE; 'The Valley Where the Village Lies,' by WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND; 'The Child's Footstep,' by Mrs. E. H. EVANS; 'Stanzas,' by Mrs. MARY S. MONELL; 'A Mountain Idyl,' from the German of HEIME, by EDWARD WILLETT; 'Live it Down,' by RUFUS HENRY BACON. - - - ISN'T this present a pretty good number of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'take it bye and large!'

\*. SOME fifteen new works have been received at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER; but as our matter must all be in the printer's hand by the fifteenth of each month, they came too late for notice in the present number. The great increase in our circulation compels to an early issue of the Magazine. The favor of the public exceeds our most 'anguinary expectations.' *It shall be reciprocated.*



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## Schedisms.

BY PAUL BIGSVOLE

### A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.

SOME common ideas are so nearly alike in their bolder outlines and grosser qualities, and at the same time so intangible and evanescent in their nicer shades of meaning, and, withal, each of them in itself so complex and multiform in character; and, more baffling than all, so closely allied to each other; that it is a severe task of discrimination to fix clearly in the mind distinct and separate notions of them. It is sometimes more difficult still to express, when so fixed, those distinct notions in intelligible language. However, there is no safety and but little profit either in discussion or dissertation, unless you *define* before you begin: nay, not unfrequently, where definition begins, difference and discussion end. Then 'there is the rub;' how to define precisely; how to express that definition in such language as to exclude every thing foreign, and yet to comprehend with perspicacity every thing cognate: in short, how to include every thing proper, and yet include nothing too much.

Purely intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no light matter to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then, too, our conception of them takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Beside, the stubbornness of language will not bend at choice to embrace exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as Wit, Humor, Poetry, and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

It may be that we are apt to attribute too much of this misfortune to the poverty of language, and too little to our own want of grasp and precision of thought. The mind is oftener at fault, perhaps, than the tongue we speak: the dialectician more culpable than the dialect. Fix the idea clearly before the mind; scrutinize it closely; examine it critically; be sure you have purged the ore from every particle of dross; see that you comprehend its positive and negative qualities; its abstract nature, its exact relative position to other kindred ideas: look to it that you see without confusion wherein lies the difference between it and other similar and seemingly synonymous ideas, and I believe the tyranny and poverty of language will greatly vanish, and its copiousness and felicity begin to be apparent in no inconsiderable degree. Still, it must be confessed, the task is tedious and perplexing; and one is often puzzled for a word, and is compelled to adopt an awkward circumlocution, or ambiguous phrase, to save a happy, idiomatic expression: or, what may be worse, re-model an entire sentence, and perhaps in the end as badly want some other word.

I encounter all these difficulties in no ordinary degree at the outset, as I presumptuously attempt to jot down 'A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.' I had better confess at the start that I have no definition to give. I do not set up for an oracle. I throw out the suggestions, and leave for others, who have more leisure, and can bring to bear upon them greater power of analysis, the task of testing their worth. Moreover, I am very far from pretending to insist that all of my views are correct; or that I may not have been betrayed by fanciful antitheses, or seduced by an appetite for paradox, into many an error. If, however, I shall succeed in prevailing upon my reader to reflect on the distinctions I allude to, and, whether my notions be real or fanciful, shall assist him, either as an opponent or a proselyte to my propositions, in coming at a clearer view of the meaning that should be now universally attached to the two words, Genius and Talent, I shall have accomplished my uttermost hope. I do but attempt, by abstract considerations, and with little or no argument or illustration, to *suggest the basis of a definition*, and to help, by strong contrast, to discriminate between two mental characteristics so widely dissimilar, and yet so often popularly confounded. Popularly, I say, for I do not conceive this mistake lies very deep. Among accurate-thinking men such a distinction is pretty well established, and generally recognized, though not yet absolutely and unmistakably defined with such precision and lucidness as to prevent the one being sometimes confounded with the other, even there. I fear, however, I shall be very dry and tedious: and unless my reader is stimulated by great curiosity, and softened by much charity, he had better pass me by 'on the other side.'

Genius, as I understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, moral qualities, and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has; and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is not Taste, nor Wit, nor Humor. It is not Common Sense or Facility. Finally, it is not Talent. It may coëxist with each and all, or it may exist essentially independent

of either. Now I apprehend there is but little practical danger of confounding any of these, except talent, with genius. The difference between *them* is comparatively easy of illustration, but they are hardly susceptible of separate definition.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and re-produce truth, beauty, and harmony: talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and re-construct truth, beauty, and harmony. Genius is creative ability: talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'subjective:' talent, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'objective.' Genius is speculative and visionary: talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and the possible: talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents: talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develope what it finds within itself: talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adopt a word, Genius is *intransitive*: talent is *transitive*. In their works, genius is easy and natural: talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise: talent shows you its clue, long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*, talent the *reason* of the understanding. Genius 'substitutes intellectual vision for proof,' and has the 'clear conception out-running the deductions of logic:' talent moves by regular processes of thought: the operations of Genius are *à priori*, from cause to effect: the operations of talent are *à posteriori*, from effect to cause. Talent is sagacious appreciation; genius is intuition. Talent ascends; genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental; genius is transcendental and prophetic. 'Nothing can be proved to exist,' says Talent: 'I know that I exist,' says Genius. Thus Talent arrives at a conclusion: Genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius has more enthusiasm and self-devotion; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility; talent by the passions. Genius overstrained is more apt to burst into madness; talent overtaken to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each moving more freely where it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse, and is desultory; talent, chained to the will as a motive-power, is methodical and direct. Genius *excels* unconsciously; talent is always aware when it produces an *effect*, and toils to produce it. Genius has its 'end shaped' by a divinity; talent 'rough-hews' its own. Genius finds its motive in its own gratification, and is but half-conscious of effect and external accomplishment: talent dies without appreciation, seeks the plaudits of the world, and knows marvellously well when it has made 'a hit.' Genius 'wakes up in the morning and finds itself famous:' talent lies feverishly awake all night, and wonders why that morning and its fame don't hurry along.

The growth of capacity and power in genius is like the growth of a fruit, or a tree; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself, yet indivisible and a unit, still having the same identity. The same growth in talent



depends chiefly upon cultivation; it is like the growth of a crystal, (as science reveals it,) adding to itself, yet each addition separate, severable, and obvious. The former grows by expansion from within; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God, and the mystery of man's nature, and, by 'wreaking its thoughts upon expression,' to ally itself and mankind with the great GODHEAD Himself: talent labors to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a *torch* in its hand, and, seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks: talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a *clue*, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the day-light of other men's minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth: talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion has forced it into exercise.

It would be a curious and perhaps a profitable investigation, if practicable, to find out how different men get possession of their ideas. I know of scarcely any thing that could afford a more edifying entertainment, than to hear the honest confessions of a hundred able men as to the mode in which their ideas reached them. When we hear a great intellect announcing as a definition of genius the single word 'Patience,' we may safely guess that to such an one, ideas come slowly and laboriously. And when another refines upon that definition, and says: 'Genius seeks and Patience finds,' we may conjecture that to such an 'one, too, there is much 'beating about the bush' before the game is started. And when a third tells us that 'Genius is capacity for mental effort,' we may well imagine that *his* thoughts are not generated without much sweat of the brain. And here, let me say, I am forced to believe that one reason why so many different and contradictory theories are afloat in the world, respecting the intrinsic nature of genius, is, that self-love has hindered all who have attempted to define it, from so circumscribing its boundaries as to exclude themselves from its territory.

But, to return: Charles Lamb speaks of 'crying halves to ideas' struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, 'an idea HEAVEN intended for some other man.' But the most honest expression I have ever met with on this head, is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage. 'The mind,' says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically, as myself: 'the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have,' says the Rev. Sydney, 'asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Every body has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to

carry on any process of thought.' Now, I suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by men of more talent than genius, but that the 'crying halves,' and intercepting 'ideas intended for other men,' better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their ideas; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts and ideas of genius; while those of talent are obviously slow and anticipated.

'By genius,' says Fuseli, 'I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while *talent* arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius.' That is to say, genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Thus, in art and letters the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard, imitative and prosaic, or grotesque and fantastical. With the first, every thing revolves on the pivot of truth; with the other, this common centre is wanting. Genius is a law unto itself; talent must obey the law as it is written; and as it deviates, so it errs.

Perhaps no man was ever so peculiarly qualified to expound these distinctions as S. T. Coleridge. Certainly, in a few words he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. 'Genius,' says he, 'finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE.' Again: 'To possess the end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the *moral* constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinguished from mere talent.' Even as the true moralist 'does right' not from the paltry and contemptible motive that 'honesty is the best policy,' but simply because it *is* right, so the man of genius develops the great power within him from a law of *its* being, and because he finds that power there. In another place he says: 'Genius is originality in intellectual construction; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books, and other conservatories of intellect.' And in still another place: 'This is a good gauge of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself.' These are golden sands, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed. I do but gather them up; I am not worthy to fuse or fashion them.

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with Tact, or even Cleverness: these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and Sensibility are phases of genius. Genius is a 'fiery particle,' deriving its light and color from within itself, and, like a burning coal, shines in the dark; talent borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard and prosaic as it is, is deficient: indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, I know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable; either, taken separately, can scarcely be trusted. The ideas of men of genius do so come in flashes—the blaze suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torch-light in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden inconsistency, though with all real sincerity. Now, with men of talent the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and, like nature, never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects, and polishes its ideas; but they are finite, have ‘iteration in them,’ and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, unsteady, and ‘studious of new things;’ talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel, in which it flows the more easily and powerfully as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of *habit*. Genius has no habits.

It would be a bold proposition to start, that such men as Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, were not men of genius; and yet it is true they were not men of *mere* genius. They had also prodigious talent, and they achieved their great works after so grand a manner, that they stand out like pyramids on the deserts of the past, colossal and sublime, because they had also talent commensurate for the magnificent schemes their genius planned. Now, this vital distinction must always be kept in view while analyzing a mind: and herein lies the main difficulty of considering this embarrassing subject, and the source of most of the confusion that prevails. There are many men of genius with little or no talent, and there are many men of talent with little or no genius. Of the two classes, *the former* is made of finer clay, and fashioned in a more exquisite mould; so that in an atmosphere purely intellectual and refined, they will be found rising higher than the latter; but in most instances, doubtless, they ‘die, and leave no sign,’ and are forgotten. *The latter* often do much work in their day and generation, and often to great and good purpose. The former are commonly too gentle and too sensitive for the rough rockings of the cradle of poverty and obscurity: except when lucky accident of birth or fortune rescues them from so sad a fate, and makes them *ornamental*, there is danger of their becoming mere drones, to encumber the face of the earth—*nati consumere fruges*. I have encountered many such an one. The others are the workers in the world; the ‘material aid’ that men of more imagination and subtler intellects press into their service. They are the intellectual ‘hewers of wood and drawers of water.’ God bless the utility of Talent! They hew down giant-oaks of the primeval forest, and, turning the furrow, let in the fructifying light of sunshine where murky shadows have slept for centuries; they circumnavigate the globe; they ransack the archives of antiquity; explore the recesses of antediluvian temples, and decipher their hieroglyphics; they unearth the ‘buried majesty’ of Egypt, and they drag up the secret treasures of the unfathomed caves of the ocean. God bless Talent! And yet, alas! as he that has the heart to conceive often lacks the power to do the work, so he that has the hands to do it, sometimes finds them idle, because he

hath neither eyes to see nor ears to hear; or, in colloquial phrase, cannot set himself to work. Nay, it is only when Genius bears the torch, and Talent gives its strength to the work, great deeds are accomplished. Then, 'by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on!'

Genius without talent, I say, finds itself much at a loss how to get on in the world. Its peculiarities are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius generally gets on bravely, and succeeds oftentimes from the absence rather than the presence of qualities; as a man with a conscience will starve sometimes, where a man without a conscience will thrive and fatten: nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling-block from its path: for as we know, genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, while talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees so much and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action, and hesitates. It 'considers too curiously.' To borrow from Hamlet the great dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

— '*thinking too precisely on the event;*  
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward.'

and finally puzzles itself into inaction. But, on the other hand, with talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that does it, with all its might: nay, to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it 'rushes in where angels fear to tread.'

Beside, genius often derives more strength from the *heart* than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, and careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler minds, and, by all these outlets, is constantly diverted from its purpose, and its time wasted: the tide in its affairs is *not* 'taken at the flood,' and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart: is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness; is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husbans its resources, spreads every inch of canvas, makes every thing 'tell': nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feebler men, and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic; talent is the essence of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labor, and shudders at practical details; while talent likes to work, and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession; but talent glories in the manifestation of superiority. And, too, genius is full of doubleness and a riddle; is mystic, and walks in a cloud; but talent is single in purpose, plain, practical, no greater or other than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled and profaned by strangers and barbarians; but talent *has* no household gods. In short, to sum up the whole matter, genius should have talent combined with it, and talent should have genius to enable either to act with independence and compensating energy and success in the affairs of life. To quote from Coleridge: 'Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower.'

February, 1852.

## T H E F I V E - F O L D F I G H T .

A BALLAD OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN BY ALFRED D. STREET.

Come, neighbors, come! close ranks around! loud beats the driving snow:  
I feel just in the mood to-night to talk of Mexico;  
To tell ye what you oft have striven to draw from me in vain;  
For, neighbors, I despise a tongue that cannot bear a rein:  
I feel just in the mood to-night. Close ranks around the fire;  
Let the fierce tempest rage without, we will not heed its ire:  
Let the fierce tempest rage without, the red hearth crackles free:  
I'll tell the tale of the five-fold fight, each fight a victory.

You know I joined the army late. I followed in its wake;  
It was only at Jalapa I its rear could overtake:  
I joined an upward baggage-train escorted by dragoons,  
And left the sands of Vera Cruz by the loveliest of moons;  
Dissolving in the warm night air, at every breath I drew,  
The ravishing scent of the orange-flower extracted by the dew;  
While silver pictures, formed of wood, field, stream, and hill-side, sketched  
By the pencil of the moonlight, all around me sweetly stretched.

Oh! the glories of that journey! *Bell!* although a poet, ne'er  
Hath e'en thy fancy painted scenes such as I witnessed there:  
Such flowers, such trees, such rich blue heavens, such glorious sun-set dyes!  
Such clear, soft, lustrous moon-lights, such splendid starry skies!  
A world of pure enchantment seemed bright beaming all around;  
A magic glowed in every sight, and breathed in every sound.

If thirsty, I but stretched my hand—an orange filled my hold;  
If hungry, the banana straight displayed its mellow gold.  
'What flashes 'mid the leaves are those,' I asked, 'green, blue, and red?'  
'They're paroquets!' a grim dragoon with great mustachios said.  
'And what those darting colors there, like blossoms taking wing!'  
'Why, humming-birds!' again he said, and gave his spur a swing.

And then the scaly cocoa-umbrella for a giant,  
And the lofty-climbing passion-flower, so graceful, wreathed, and pliant;  
The tall, superb palmetto, with its leaves like bayonets,  
And the cactus, that all round its bristling, bushy figure sets;  
With the nameless flowers beneath, around, and o'er, in myriads spread,  
That buried your feet, and twined your breast, and densely roofed your head.

And then the ripe pomegranate, that melts upon your lips,  
And the glutinous, seedy fig, as sweet as drops the honey-comb drips;  
The exquisite chirymoya; the banana, soft and smooth;  
The cocoa's cool and limpid draughts, the feverish pulse that soothe;  
The grape's plump, gushing lusciousness; the melon's sugary flesh;  
The lemon's pungent fragrantcy; the pine-apple rich and fresh;



The grenadita's perfumed pulp; the cooling sugar-cane,  
And heaps on heaps of oranges, dropped all around like rain!

The first soft twilight that stole on, great gems of golden green,  
Sailing around I saw, so bright, they kindled up the scene:  
When one flashed by, the scabbard-tip, stirrup, and bridle-bit  
Of each dragoon gleamed clearly out as with a lightning-fit;  
Large as the eye-balls of my mule, they glittered and they flew,  
Till through the gathering dusk long threads of lambent flame they drew.  
What were they, neighbors, think ye! They were fire-flies! but, ye powers!  
Planets to fluttering chimney-sparks compared with those of ours!

Then the village, with its plaza, where the church stands still and dark,  
And the village fandango-dancers, each as merry as a lark;  
The horseman at the cross-road near, curvetting in his pride,  
With his rich saddle, striped sarape, long spurs, sombrero wide;  
The Arriero, winding slow, up, up the mountain-way,  
His mule-bells tinkling sweetly, and his loud song echoing gay;  
And the way-side girls, all offering milk and plantains as we passed,  
The sweeter for the eye-shots bright, and dimpling smiles they cast.

It was at fair Jalapa, as I said, I joined the host,  
Jalapa fair and beautiful, Sierra Madre's boast!  
Oh, the rows of graceful dwellings! oh, the gardens thronged with flowers!  
The fields on fields of waving grain, the clustering orange-bowers!  
The brilliant days, yet bland and cool; the soft and fragrant nights!  
Jalapa, of all Mexico, the fullest of delights!

At length we left Jalapa, our knapsacks loaded down  
With delicate fruits, our persons wreathed with flowers from foot to crown.  
We passed Perote, whose chest-like peak a snowless grandeur showed;  
Up, up we climbed, until we gained the summit of our road,  
The last of those great terraces from Vera Cruz ascending,  
And then again to where spreads out Pacific's grandeur, bending.

Oh! many were the villages we went at twilight in:  
We found them steeped in quiet, we filled them with our din:  
The doors and cage-like balconies, as through the streets we filed,  
Sombreros and rebosas showed, fierce eyes and faces wild.  
The Arriero in the plaza drove his mule away;  
The maiden left the water-tank; the lepero would not stay,  
Though stretched in shade upon his back; and quick the peon's bound,  
As we passed along with measured tramp, and drum and trumpet sound.

Then the merry fandangos at moonlight, within the rancho's wall —  
How oft doth Memory those sweet times of joyous mirth recall!  
Each señorita's little feet seemed spinning in the air,  
So light they sprang up from the earth, as the waltz went whirling there:  
Each little form had willowy grace, and sparkling every glance:  
'Si, Señor Americanos!' they lisped, as we asked them for the dance.  
And off we whirled, and round we whirled, while stood the hombres nigh,  
With jealousy on each scowling brow, and in each snake's eye.

At length we came to a summit, and looked down on a plain  
Girt round with lofty mountains, and level as the main;  
Far, far away it stretched, with woods, and villages, and fields,  
Waving and smiling with the charms that cultivation yields:

And in the midst, like an island, were roofs in a cluster wide,  
With two great peaks of gleaming snow, built up in the sky beside.

'Twas Mexico, with its plain! Hurrah! hurrah! the goal is won!  
The Halls of the MONTEZUMAS there are flashing back the sun.  
The goal is reached — But, soft — the foe, the foe is in our way!  
No matter! our arms are in our hands; no force our path can stay:  
What stays the American eagle? not surely the Aztec snake!  
Through all his batteries and his walls our throngs in scorn will break.

Now all was vivid action; all hearts were highly strung;  
Low talk amid the ranks all day, in the night-tents loud the tongue.  
One fair-haired boy I noticed: beside his sire he marched,  
With springing step, and soft blue eye, and brow like a woman's arched.  
His father was old but vigorous; he bore his musket strong,  
And much he loved on his son to gaze, and cheer his steps along.

We passed through fields of barley, we passed through fields of maize,  
We passed by haciendas white, in the fierce, broad, burning rays;  
Each moment brought us nearer — my bosom bounded higher,  
And stronger I my musket grasped, until my blood seemed fire;  
I longed to have the conflict come — though, neighbors, a kind of dread  
Stole o'er when I thought a few days more might see me with the dead!  
I thought of this, my native home, of my mother, and then of prayer;  
For oft I had knelt me at her side, to ask the ALMIGHTY's care.

But on we marched by field and stream; and as they came, we oft  
Caught glimpses short of the waiting foe on the level or aloft:  
Now, through the gold of the waving grain, we saw the weapons high,  
Bright yellow cloaks and crimson caps of the lancers filing by,  
And, manœuvring near the batteries, the dresses white and green  
Of infantry, as in squares they stood, or filed across the scene.

Another day we onward marched: 't was the nineteenth of August now:  
Before us reared Contreras his fortified, wild brow.  
That was the point of attack, we knew. I sat down on a drum,  
Late pouring its rattling music, and I felt the time had come.  
My musket I viewed, and thought how soon 't would be, as I turned it o'er,  
Black with the grimy powder, or red with the gushing gore!

I looked at the ranks, as they stood around, and I thought how soon might they,  
'Mid shrieks, and groans, and iron hail, be gasping their lives away:  
I laid my hand on my heart — how soon its pulses might be still!  
But off with thought! with folly 't was fraught: I looked at that fortified hill.

The night was dark and rainy; at length the day-dawn came;  
'T was the twentieth day of August, that day of eternal fame:  
With ranks close-dressed, and haughty crest we passed up toward the height,  
Which opened upon us its batteries, but could not arrest our night:  
Right through the storm of flame and hail, right through, right through we  
rushed:  
What though our corpses strewed the earth; what though the strewed earth  
blushed?  
Right through, right through, up, up we flew; and a moment scarce it seemed,  
Before on the height of Contreras our starry banner gleamed!

But on! no rest, no rest to-day: Antonio must be won!  
Beyond us Churubusco is glittering in the sun:  
On, on we go toward the fortified foe; we dash like a billow there;  
We drive our foes — Antonio shows our banner again in air!  
On, on to Churubusco, where the Aztec vulture's flight  
Is stayed for one more desperate stand, in fiercest, angriest might.

All now is scene of wildest strife: the fortified bridge is here,  
Feeling the blows of the dashing Worth; San Pablo's convent near  
Is reeling before the gallant Twigg; thick smoke-clouds, rolling, spread,  
Through whose dark haze shoots the cannon's blaze; the ground is drenched in  
red;  
Whole ranks melt off; groans, shrieks peal up; stern thunder shakes the ground:  
Man's heart is now but the tiger's heart, his step but the tiger's bound!

Still ranks melt off; still yells peal up; still bursts the cannon's roar:  
Ha! is the foe retreating there! On! on! he flies before:  
He leaves the heaped-up bloody bridge: San Pablo only now  
Is launching lessening thunders from his half-conquered brow!

In, in we pour our deadly shots; in, in — But see! but see!  
The white flags from San Pablo stream — the foe is on his knee;  
Victory, victory! O'er the head of Churubusco streams  
Once more our flag, that fairly seems to blaze with trophied gleams!

But still no rest: press on! press on! the foe makes one more stand  
Between us and the city, a stern and desperate band;  
His foot in threatening columns, in crowded mass his horse,  
And battle's music peals again, in fiercer, wilder force:  
Again the dead and dying, again the streams of gore,  
Again the shout blends in with shriek, again the bullets pour!

Now in deep thunder charge the horse, then volleys load the air,  
And then the cannon shakes the earth, smoke wreathes up every where:  
We press the foe — they fly: but now a grape-shot struck my knee,  
And down I fell! My comrades passed, without a thought of me.

As on the plain I lay in pain, I saw a sight which still,  
Good neighbors, makes the inmost chord within my bosom thrill!  
As there I lay, I saw before a slender Mexic boy —  
He was no doubt a father's pride, a loving mother's joy:  
Oh! he was wounded sorely; he had scarcely strength to run;  
Behind him was a tall dragoon, with sword bare in the sun:  
He did not mean to do it, neighbors; I think he did not mean  
To harm the boy, the bleeding boy; but I saw him forward lean:  
The boy had fallen upon his knees, his hands were up in prayer —  
He could not have meant to kill the child, thus kneeling in despair!

Forward I staggered! the boy shrill shrieked — he fell; and the fiery horse  
Plunged his sharp fore-feet down, and left behind a trampled corse!  
He could not have meant to do it; his heart held battle's wrath,  
And doubtless he did not see who there was praying in his path;  
But then, with a heart boiling over with flame, I called on him to turn:  
I felt I should like to have slain him, for my heart was very stern.

Oh! how I wished to strike him low; to grasp, when overthrown,  
His throat, and hear him humbly beg for mercy he did not own!

Just then, I saw another scene, which from this took the sting:  
I saw a wounded Mexican in death's convulsive cling;  
He too was a slender, delicate boy, and beside him, bleeding, lay  
A soldier of my country, whom age was turning gray;  
He was placing to his gasping mouth, as I saw him, his canteen —  
And, neighbors, you must know the thirst of a bloody death is keen —  
He was placing it to his mouth, I say, when brokenly from the child  
Came, 'Water! water!' spoken in tones how thrilling and how wild!

The soldier paused: perhaps the boy reminded him of his own;  
He gazed upon him, as the child sank back with feeble moan;  
He placed the little fellow upon his streaming breast,  
Set the canteen to his pallid lips, then close his figure pressed.  
I watched them both; both gasped in death; the little boy's head at last  
Dropped to his breast — the man fell back — the spirits of both had passed!

But now I feebly rose again; I staggered slowly on:  
Oh! the dread sight of the battle-field, when battle's flame is done!  
The dead in heaps, the dying in heaps, all soaking, all soaking in blood,  
As, neighbors, we see, in autumn rains, the heaped leaves of the wood.  
But I cannot, cannot relate the sight: beside, I fell again,  
For keen, most keen now throbbed my wound; I writhed on the ground in pain.

A thrilling, sorrowful moaning my sight one side me drew,  
And there I saw the father and son that I have described to you:  
That fair haired-son, with his soft blue eye, that father, with locks of white —  
Alas, good neighbors! believe me, it was a very sorrowful sight!  
The son was bleeding to death; the sire was vainly trying to check  
The thick and purple blood that fast was flowing from his neck.

I heard the son say, 'Father, father, do not weep for me!  
Mother, dear mother! oh that thy face thy son could once more see!'  
Oh! wild, wild burst the father's sobs: 'My boy, my boy!' he moaned,  
And rocked his old frame to and fro, as the boy more feebly groaned:  
The handkerchief he had wrapped around the child's neck dripped with gore;  
Closer and closer he clasped him: 'My boy! my boy!' repeating o'er.  
I felt as if my heart would break: but now a shout I heard,  
A thunder of hoofs: I turned, I looked, and by, like a skimming bird,  
His steed all foam, his face all fire, wild shouts upon his tongue,  
Waving his sword above his head, the gallant KEARNEY sprang;  
Past swept his men, with galloping hoofs; the next a darkness came  
Across my eyes, and suddenly back I fell with nerveless frame.

Long, neighbors, did I lie and groan in the hospital's dreary gloom;  
I thank my God that in its air I did not find a tomb!  
At length I rose. Meanwhile, our troops more bloody fields had fought,  
Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and the city's fall had wrought;  
Our noble SCOTT had entered in, with triumph on his brow;  
God bless him! his tall, majestic form I see before me now!  
I joined another baggage-train, saw Vera Cruz once more,  
Then, thanks to HEAVEN, came home again — and my long talk is o'er.

## A N E P I S O D E

IN THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF BEBLOWD.

THE founder of the ancient house of BEBLOWD came over with the Conqueror. He also 'came over' the Conqueror, and, on pretence of reward for some hard fighting, was presented by the gallant Norman with a large grant of land in a flourishing section of the conquered isle. The great Beblowd discovering a castle ready built to his hands upon his land, walked into it one morning, with a few gentlemen retainers of his, and stole it, together with what personal property he found about it. That castle is held by his descendants to this day.

At the time this sketch opens, Sir William Beblowd, the third of the name and line, reigned in Castle Beblowd. This warrior gave himself up to the rational pursuits of a knight of those times: he got drunk, went hunting, made an occasional foray on some weaker neighbor, and sometimes varied the monotony of his life with a duel. Sir William entertained that high and enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex, which was rife with gentlemen of his style of life in chivalrous times. He loved them in the lump; that is to say, the presentable portion of them. Yet Sir William was unmarried. Three or four sturdy-looking cubs, each bearing sufficient resemblance to the knight to be young Beblowds, could be seen, in fair weather, gambolling about the castle, occasionally riding a stray gelding to water, or slyly tormenting a superannuated stag hound. These youths, I regret to say, claimed Sir William as a father, yet was he unmarried. And an old bachelor-life was beginning to tell on him, and a Mrs. Beblowd was every day becoming more and more necessary, to prevent him from going to the devil. Sir William was still young, although his mode of life caused him to bear his years somewhat heavily. His nose betrayed the vintages of many a season, for the knight was not particular about the flavor of his liquor, provided it was strong; his dark hair was gradually creeping back from his forehead, from the constant pressure of a heavy and not particularly bright head-piece; his hands were hard and horny from the wearing of steel gloves; and the probability is, that his elbows and knees were extensively 'barked' from the frequent use of a jacket and trousers of the same durable material. There was a trifling imperfection in his speech, owing to the loss of two of his front teeth, the result of an ineffectual attempt to swallow a silver goblet, which one of his table-companions, in a fit of maudlin eccentricity, had thrown at his head across the table, during a debauch in early youth. But Sir William had never been proud of his good looks, and, at the time, had only smiled at this erratic flight of friendship.

The knight was now nearly thirty, and wished to be married; beside, he had experienced something approaching a change in his feelings. The sight even of the young Beblowds reproached him more and more, as they increased in years; and their father, as he gave them a sidelong glance, or perhaps a kick, as they got in his way, would heave a pious sigh, and say to himself that it wasn't exactly the thing for a Christian; and Sir William *was* a Christian as matters went in those days. The



mothers — there were three or four of them — of these young branches, every day pressed the knight to be made honest women of; but it was n't from their station that he wished to pick a wife; and, beside, one don't like to pay a price for a thing after having received it as a free gift.

Matters were generally getting mixed up at the castle: every day some of the young Beblowds would have a fight; and on one occasion one young man tossed a half-brother into the moat, and he was nearly drowned. At another, two of the Mrs. Beblowds got into a little difficulty on their way to the castle, and a charge of men-at-arms was required to separate them. These occurrences proved to Sir William that a lawful mistress was necessary for the order of his household, and a lawful heir was wanted for the pickings and stealings of his ancestors.

He turned away his father-confessor, whose habits were getting bad, and took a new one, who did n't get tipsy so often. He then went through a regular course of confession, and felt better. He was more moderate in his living; drank light wines, and was n't carried to bed so often. He began to look about him for a wife, and had a new hunting-suit made to go courting in. All at once, the image of Lady Alice Overrule, the daughter of a neighboring knight, glanced across his mind. The image pleased him; he immediately ordered his horse to be saddled, and, getting together a suitable body of men-at-arms to accompany him, was about to start and request the honor of the lady's alliance, when he remembered that some few months before he had made a descent upon her father's domain, and driven off some forty head of cattle. He ordered his charger back to the stable, told his men not to stand about there, looking like fools, and sat down to cogitate.

Sir William Beblowd was more a man of action than of thought, and his musings arrived at no satisfactory termination. He requested the presence of his new father-confessor, the individual who was allowed, by the customs of the times, to do his thinking and praying for him. Father Deadnettle left a jug of 'heavy-wet' and approached the lord of the castle.

'My son,' meekly commenced the amiable priest, 'I am here.' The head of the line of the Beblowds said naught.

'My son,' resumed the *padre*, 'if you have committed some slight murder, I am ready to confess and absolve you.'

Sir William replied by an angry gesture of dissent.

'Peradventure you have increased your worldly store with some of your neighbor's goods. Confess, my son; the holy Church is merciful.'

However true this last venture of the priest might be, still it hardly touched the cause of the knight's thoughtfulness. The father remained silent for a few minutes. Sir William sighed heavily, and seemed to be in a miserable state. At last he looked at the priest, but the dull and somewhat jolly *physique* of that good-natured, but rather slow, minister of the gospel, afforded him but little satisfaction. He plunged at once into the subject nearest his heart.

'I'll tell you what, Father Deadnettle,' exclaimed the knight, 'I can't stand this any longer: I want a wife.'

'A wife!' cried the priest. 'You are pretty well supplied in that way already — four living ladies to my knowledge. Don't bring another

about you at present, my son, for I have a hard time of it now : ' and he sighed. ' They have little respect for my cloth ; and Gertrude, the youngest of your harem, ducked me with cold water from the tower yesterday, probably because I'm ahead of her in a moral point of view.'

' Pshaw ! ' blurted out his patron. ' I want a real one, this time ; a real Lady Beblowd.'

' Oh ! ' said the priest, greatly relieved ; ' you want to be married with the rites of the Church. But pray, my son, what shall we do with the present lot ? '

' Let 'em alone,' growled the knight.

' That's all very well,' replied Father Deadnettle, ' but I'm afraid they won't let you alone.'

' Won't they ! ' cried Sir William, in a rage ; ' we'll see ! I'll have them banished from the environs of the castle, and lock 'em up if they come within ten miles of it.'

' Please you to remember, Sir William, there are four of them,' remonstrated the father.

' I don't care a — if there were forty ! But, father, I've thought of a wife this long while ; I want somebody to regulate the domestic affairs of the castle, and the estate needs an heir-male. What think you of Lady Alice Overrule ? '

' A good choice ; she would do,' assented the priest.

' But I took some of her father's cattle, some months since, and that would rather stand in my way.'

' Rather,' drily answered the *padre*. ' Refund, my son ; put matters on an even footing, and start fair again.'

' But the beasts have been nearly consumed,' said Sir William, ' by these hungry devils about the castle. I can't refund.'

' These are stirring times,' insinuated the wicked priest, ' and each strong arm may help itself. Cattle are plenty and rather fatter to the south'ard. My son, pay Sir Robert Overrule with interest.'

' True : you're right,' exclaimed the knight. And the conference ended, the priest satisfied at having given ease to the mind of his employer, and Sir William elated at the prospect of a new foray.

THE day broke slowly. The rising wind betokened rough weather, for the summer was crowding hard upon the heels of autumn ; the light peered above the eastern hills, stealthily at first, as if afraid to take possession of the field until his old enemy, darkness, should be ready to tramp. The tall trees groaned as they shook off the night's sleep, and lazily waved and stretched themselves for another day. And as nature gradually opened her eyes, the menials and retainers about the castle aroused themselves and bustled about, preparing for a grand southern descent that Sir William was about making on an old enemy of his at the south. To be sure, the quarrel had slumbered for many years, but interest demanded its renewal, and so at it again Sir William went.

The knight was absent about a week, and returned with some hundred head of cattle, some other little matters of property, and a very bad cut over the left eye. Sir William was naturally of a generous disposition — most people give freely what they get by stealing — so he deter-

mined to dispatch the whole hundred head to Sir Robert Overrule, as principal and interest on the forty head he had 'lifted' from that knight. Away they went, guarded by a strong detachment, and when they reached Sir Robert's castle, he was, for the first time, informed that Sir William Beblowd coveted his daughter, and wished to know what the chance was.

Sir Robert was a gentleman of the old school; he was pleased with the cattle: the present was unexpected, and therefore doubly welcome; and he thought that the usury allowed on his forty head was extremely liberal, even in those days of extra heavy interest. He was a gentleman, as I have said, and gentlemen are easily satisfied. Sir Robert was, at any rate, and gladly promised his daughter to Sir William, without any humbug or ceremony about it. Sir William then rode over to visit his proposed father-in-law. The pair swore eternal friendship to each other, and made an arrangement by which, in future, all expeditions to the south should be conducted on joint account.

LADY ALICE OVERRULE was very handsome, and extremely accomplished; that is to say, although she could neither read nor write, she could sing old ballads beautifully, and work tapestry like an angel. Lady Alice had a mind of her own, and decidedly refused to become the wife of Sir William Beblowd. She was immediately put on vegetable diet by her fond father, locked up in the highest apartment in the castle, and allowed to see no body, not even her maid. Human nature could n't stand this long, of course, and at the expiration of two weeks, Lady Alice gave in. She was married in great style the next day.

The old chronicles will tell you how marriages in high life were consummated in the days of William the Conqueror and his immediate successors. I will not detain you here with a garbled account of the ceremony. Of the main features, however, one was the roasting of an entire ox, by which style of cooking some of the wedding-guests, who arrived at the eleventh hour, received some of the inside portion of the beast, and swallowed some very rare-done meat; another was, the general inebriation of the male portion of the company. The ladies were sober, bless them! but were compelled to retire to their own apartments, and lock themselves in until the next morning.

Lady Alice was escorted to her husband's residence by twenty men-at-arms; she was surly during the journey, and refused to answer her lord when he addressed her. Sir William, being a newly-married man, hardly knew what to do under these novel circumstances, and getting rather sore under the infliction, smote a fat page, who happened to be near him, with the butt of his lance, and told him to mind his own business. The youth being of an amiable disposition, and not being conscious of having minded any one's business but his own, was affected almost to tears.

On the night of their arrival at Sir William's castle, a grand entertainment was given, at which drunkenness was again very rife. This over, the matter was considered settled, and all parties applied themselves to the ordinary business of life.

But what a change soon came over the castle! Lady Alice carried it with a high hand; and as it never came to a pitched battle between

Sir William and the lady — for he submitted early — she had it all her own way from the start. She banished the former Mrs. Beblowds miles away; she rated Sir William severely on his late mode of life, and it certainly was the knight's weak point, but he had very little to say about it; she touched on the temperance question, and cut down his allowance of liquor; especially was she hard on the poor priest, who was an easy, good-natured, drunken soul, and had not energy enough to stand up for his own rights and those of the Church. The poor *padre* and Sir William would condole with each other in private, and many a plan was devised to break the thralldom to which they were subjected. The tyranny was terrible; weeks of misery passed, and both felt that something ought to be done. Readers may think it odd that the rough and arbitrary knight should allow his wife to rule the roast; none of his former loves had dared to oppose him in the least. The reason is simple: Sir William, unexpectedly even to himself, had fallen in love with his wife, and the lady had discovered the pleasant secret early, and made the most of her power.

Conference after conference was held between the priest and the knight, but no satisfactory scheme was advanced by either to smooth the family difficulties. Indeed, Sir William's invention was not brilliant, and the intellect of his ghostly adviser had been thickened by good living and a life of freedom from family cares. One night, after the customary conversation upon the subject, they had relapsed into silence; they drank frequently and gazed upon the tapestry. They would, doubtless, have derived a deal of comfort from smoking; but it was long before the age of gallant Sir Walter, and the accomplished adventurer had not then imported from the New-World that deleterious habit of the aborigines of America. At last, the priest jumped from his seat with something very like an oath:

'I'll tell you what, Sir William,' cried he, 'we'll frighten her into submission!'

'Frighten!' growled the knight, 'I've tried that: it won't do!'

'Ah!' said the priest, 'you didn't use the right means.'

'Didn't I? perhaps you can do it better!' replied Sir William, with a contemptuous glance at the portly form and good-humored face of his companion.

'I think I can,' coolly answered the priest. 'Do you believe in ghosts?'

Sir William shook slightly and answered in the negative. Sir William spoke like a false knight, for I am of opinion he believed, after all.

'I do n't, either,' said the *padre*, 'and I defy the spirits of the whole universe, if there be any, to get any advantage of me.' And the holy man murmured a hasty Latin prayer: the Latin was poor, but the prayer was poorer, so I'll not repeat it here.

'Well, well,' cried the knight, testily, 'what has all this gammon about ghosts got to do with the matter in question?'

'Simply this,' said his adviser: 'we'll try a little of the supernatural; I'll play the ghost.'

'Blast it, Father Deadnettle, you're too fat,' remonstrated the knight,

who didn't half like the idea. His faith in the beings of another world began to increase.

'Nonsense, my son,' said the good father, 'only let me try it. Beside, there's some fun in it, and you know we haven't had any of that for many weeks.'

'True!' muttered his patron, with a sigh. 'Let's have a hunt to-morrow; that's fun alive.'

'No, my son, we'll have the ghost to-morrow, and then, perhaps, the hunt. Listen to my plan:'

We will draw a curtain over the conference, and take up the story again after the lapse of some hours.

IN one of the best apartments of the castle, of which she had taken possession on her first entrance into the pile, sat Lady Alice. The night was chilly, and a great fire was blazing in the primitive fire-place; the lady gazed at the embers, and occasionally sighed; ever and anon the cold autumn-wind rushed through the cracks in the masonry, and shook the tapestry; and sometimes the loud voices of the people below could be distinguished, as they yelled a noisy chorus over a late orgie in the great dining-hall. This at last ceased, and there was quiet in the castle.

The room grew darker, and the lady shivered a little from the chilliness which increased in the apartment. She was bending forward to put a fresh log upon the fire, when she distinctly heard the clank of chains. She shuddered. There *is* something ghostly in that sound, particularly when heard in the watches of the night; and that's the reason, probably, why it is tried when a supernatural effect is wanted in melodramas on the stage. The heart of Lady Alice beat fearfully against her pretty bodice, as she caught the sound of a heavy-measured tramp approaching the chambers, and, at intervals, the melancholy, solemn clank of a heavy chain. Suddenly it paused. Lady Alice could scarcely refrain from shrieking aloud; but she possessed a strong will of her own, and remained silent, but breathing short and heavily. Again was the sound heard, and the tapestry at one end of the room trembled; and from an aperture in the hangings there stepped out into the still increasing gloom a figure, the strangeness of which would have caused astonishment, if not terror, in the heart of any lady of the land.

Clothed in a quaint costume, combining the style of the age of the Conqueror with scraps of apparel of a later time, stood a form which made up in portliness what it lacked in height. The upper portion of the visage was concealed by a slouched hat; while over the broad shoulders streamed locks as white as snow. From the waist depended a heavy chain, which reached to the floor. That portion of the face which was exposed was pale as death, but of an extraordinary plumpness. This figure, having placed itself within the chamber, gazed fixedly at Lady Alice with one eye, the other being obscured by the hat. The lady had, on its first entrance, placed the table between the form and herself; but she now recovered her courage, and came in front of her bulwark: and truly there was a tinge of comicality in the appearance of her visitor as she became accustomed to it, which banished her former feelings of ter-



ror. She waited for the form to speak, but no sound came from its lips. She spoke herself:

‘Who are you?’

No answer.

‘What want you here?’

No answer.

‘From what place come you? Speak!’

The figure pointed vaguely *down* with its finger.

‘Oh, you are from down below?’ said Lady Alice.

The form, by an expressive pantomimic gesture, intimated that it was from a very great distance down below.

‘Your name?’

‘I am Sir Hildebrand Beblowd,’ said the ghost, in a low, deep voice, ‘your husband’s grand-father. I am summoned from the grave to reproach you for the course of life you are leading Sir William. Repent, lady!’

‘Well, Sir Hildebrand,’ replied Lady Alice, in an easy, conversational tone, ‘I’m sorry you troubled yourself on my account. You must have come some distance.’

‘Daughter, repent!’ continued the ghost, ‘and trouble me no more.’

‘Why do you wear that chain?’ said Lady Alice, turning the conversation; ‘it seems to me to be rather heavy, and quite unnecessary.’

‘Daughter, it is a punishment for the sins of the body.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Lady Alice, sarcastically: ‘they seem to get up rather substantial-looking chains down below. I’ll trouble you for a nearer look at it.’

As the lady slowly approached the ghost, that supernatural being backed toward the tapestry; but the lady was too expeditious, and seized him by the collar just as he was about disappearing through the aperture by which he entered.

‘It won’t do, Father Deadnettle,’ cried she: ‘it’s too clumsily done, and you’re too fat for this business.’

‘Oh, forgive me!’ exclaimed the unsuccessful actor, falling on his knees. ‘It was Sir William’s doings!’

Lady Alice said naught. She seized a stout cudgel from the fire-place, and the yells of that miserable priest soon aroused the household. He finally succeeded in escaping from the room; but the chain getting between his legs, he made but one step from the top to the bottom of the stairs, where Sir William was awaiting him. The gallant warrior raised the defeated debutant with an oath.

‘What the devil have you been doing, priest?’

‘I’ve made a failure, Sir William,’ said the unhappy *padre*. ‘Look out for your wife!’

And it may be mentioned here, that the knight did look out for his wife, and didn’t put himself in her way that night, at any rate.

AND now there is a serious matter to recount; and, were it not well attested by the old chronicles, the relator would feel diffident about laying it before the public. However, the reader will believe it or not, as he chooses; and the historian (if the writer may borrow that noble expression) can only pledge his word to the incredulous, that he himself believes

it as firmly as he does thousands of other matters which are daily found in the current literature of the day.

Sir William was sitting alone the next night in his private drinking-room, and at precisely twelve o'clock he was, by some strange impulse, induced to turn his head, and see what was behind him, (children have this feeling sometimes. 'Young Knick.' will, doubtless, so aver:) and there he discovered, invested in a dim halo, a form which, at the first glance, he knew belonged not to this world. The apparition was clothed in rusty armor, and its entire appearance was highly ghostly.

The knight, who, being probably 'littered under Mercury,' could steal whatever he might notice that was valuable, who could kill an enemy, and still feel very comfortable about the heart, shook from head to foot now.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed he, doffing his cap, and paying obeisance to the ghost, 'what art thou?'

'Son,' said the Shape, 'you have perilled your soul, and that unworthy priest is at the bottom of it. Why have you done this? Speak, for I am your father's spirit!'

Sir William's teeth chattered, and he muttered something incoherently.

'You have been getting up an imitation of the ghost of my father, your grand-father,' said the Shape, and his voice struck to the soul of the living descendant of the race. 'You have insulted the dead!'

'Father,' tremblingly said Sir William, 'it was that d—— d priest put me up to it.'

It will be remarked that, with selfish turpitude, Sir William and the *padre* shifted their sins upon each other's shoulders, as occasion required.

'You have no excuse, boy!' (Sir William was over thirty!) replied the elder Beblowd. 'I have been sent from the other world to warn you. Repent in time, or you will be lost for ever. Meddle not with the powers above you. Why should you invade their territory? The earth is here for you to bustle in.'

'But, father, she is so hard on me,' replied Sir William; 'and so I—or rather Father Deadnettle—that is, we—thought we would try this last game on her.'

'And a nice thing you made of it!' said the spirit, with ghostly scorn.

'I confess it was a failure,' answered the son; 'the priest was tipsy. But, father, I love her: what shall I do?'

The shadow mused, shook its head, and then, as if struck by an old remembrance, said: 'Your mother was like her, William. She led me the devil's own life. But,' added he, unconsciously, while a sardonic grin passed over his face, 'she is having her reward for it now.'

'Sit down, father,' said the dutiful son; and the ghost of the elder Beblowd, calming suddenly, sat down, and crossed one leg over the other, as he was wont to do in life.

'Drink, sire,' said Sir William, shoving the jug over to his companion.

'I will, my boy,' replied the ghost, 'for old acquaintance sake. I've rather lost my taste for the drinks of this world; we have hotter drinks down there.'

The spirit drank once; he drank twice; he drank thrice; then paused, and smiled upon his son. Sir William felt relieved.

'Send for the priest,' said the ghost. That divine appeared. As he entered the apartment, and noticed the company, he started, and muttered Latin prayers and exorcisms. But his knowledge of the language was limited, and his words produced no visible effect upon the ghost of the late Beblowd.

'Introduce me,' said the spirit, bluntly. And that ceremony being finished, the spirit addressed Father Deadnettle.

'Priest, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your doings are talked of in the lower world by the devil, to my certain knowledge; and unless your habits change, he will be shaking hands with you one of these days. You play the ghost, do you?'

'Pardon me, amiable Sir,' cried the father, 'but Sir William was at the bottom of it.'

'What an infernal lie!' exclaimed the knight. 'Don't believe a word of it, father.'

'You know you did,' persisted the priest. 'You helped dress me, and insisted upon hanging about me that plague of a chain, which tripped me down stairs, and ——'

'Oh, shut up!' said the lord of the castle; 'don't bother.'

'My son,' remonstrated the ghost, taking another horn, 'let the priest alone. I begin to think one is as bad as the other. Listen: try some other way than the last on your wife, or I won't be responsible for the consequences. Sit down, Father Deadnettle,' added the spirit, condescendingly. And that worthy took a seat at the farther end of the room.

'Now, father,' said Sir William, 'don't you think you might aid me in this matter? Why can't you visit my wife, and frighten her into her duty?'

'I!' exclaimed the ghost. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to make such a proposition to the spirit of your father.'

'True,' said the knight, sighing; 'I beg pardon. Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank.

'She is rather susceptible to ghosts, though,' said Sir William, after a short pause. 'If I could get some kind spirit to try it! Don't you know of any one that might ——'

'Hold your tongue, William!' said the governor.

'Excuse me,' murmured Sir William, almost in despair. 'Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank. The liquor was beginning to tell on him.

'Can't you do it for the fun of the thing?' asked the knight, returning to the charge.

'You press me, boy; it's unfilial,' said the parent, smiling faintly.

'The matter troubles me, but never mind. Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank. He raised his shadow-like visage from the flagon, and Sir William distinctly observed him wink at the priest. The knight saw that the ghost was relenting.

'Won't you do it for the sake of the house?' said Sir William.

'Hang it, Bill, I will!' exclaimed the apparition.

'Good! Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank, and, as the cock crew, very unsteadily vanished.

WHEN, at the next midnight, Lady Alice was awakened from a sound

slumber by strange, unearthly noises, she was startled at finding her chamber lighted up, although no visible cause of the illumination at first met her eye. She soon, however, discerned a figure standing near the entrance, about which gleamed a light which rendered every article in the room distinctly visible. That figure was the ghost of Sir William's father, who reappeared that night for the benefit of his son. He was attired in the same rusty armor which he wore the night before, and fixed on the lady a vacant, horrid stare, as she hastily stepped from her couch to the floor.

'What trick is this?' exclaimed she. 'Who takes the priest's part to-night?'

'I am the spirit of thy husband's father,' commenced the apparition.

'You are?' interrupted the lady: 'it will be well for you if you speak sooth, for I'll be the death of you if you are not.' And she seized the friendly cudgel.

'Pause, child!' calmly said the ghost: 'your soul ——'

'Never mind my soul!' cried the lady, in a rage, 'but catch that if you can!'

Lady Alice made a savage blow at her visitor with the heavy staff, but his form, seemingly stout and hearty to the sight, was but as vapor when the weapon touched it. The stick fell from her hand; her beautiful eyes were distended with fear. She made a shuddering motion, as if to touch the shape, but a dizziness blinded her in the effort, and she fell swooning to the floor.

When she recovered, the ghost was standing over her. What transpired during that strange interview was never made public by Lady Alice; but on the ensuing morning her disposition was entirely changed. She sent for Sir William, and, in the course of conversation, conducted herself like a dutiful spouse. The knight departed from her presence with an erect mien; and as he passed the priest on his way to the stables, he gave a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone, exultingly, 'It's done; the old man has kept his promise.'

Lady Alice became a model for wives in that section of the country. Years rolled on, until, with all his faults, she felt a deep interest and even love for her husband. At stated periods, when she presented the house of Beblowd with a new instalment of their race, a shadow-like form, clothed in rusty armor, would be seen, on the night of the birth, bending over the infant; and then, nodding approvingly at the mother, it would glide on to Sir William's private chamber. It was the spirit of the elder Beblowd, who, if we may believe a popular superstition, watched over the fortunes of the house for many a year afterward.

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'THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION.'

BUT for that contention and brave strife  
The CHRISTIAN hath to enjoy, the future life,  
He were the wretchedest of the race of men;  
But as he sours at that, he bruises then  
The Serpent's head; gets above death and sin,  
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

## THE LOCKET: AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HAYWARD.

AND thrice her lily-hand he wrung,  
And kissed her lip so sweet;  
Then, by the mane and stirrup, flung  
Himself into his seat.

And as he galloped through the town,  
He said, 'Though we must part,  
May HEAVEN prove false to me, if I  
Prove false to thee, sweetheart.'

Then by a silken string he drew  
A locket quaint and old;  
The ore and braid, with leaves inlaid,  
Was like a marigold.

He sighed amain, and touched the spring;  
Aside he brushed a tear;  
Smiled out; quoth he: 'This pledge may bring  
A cradle or a bier.'

Beneath a leaden, murderous sky,  
The roaring cannons glow;  
With thunderous wound they scar the ground,  
While loud the trumpets blow.

The air is filled with bloody foam,  
The sward is torn and wet  
By ball and shot, and corpse and clot,  
And deadly bayonet.

But where yon band the foeman dares,  
The noblest, bravest, best,  
Is he who in the battle bears  
A locket on his breast.

He cheers them on! A bullet speeds!  
'What means that sudden start!'  
*The mark!* the locket and the braid  
Is driven in his heart.

They buried him at Vesper Hill,  
The old kirk-wall beside;  
The red kirk tolled another knell,  
When there they bore his bride.

And thrice an hundred years have flown:  
Yet what care they or we!  
'So here's to him, the gallant knight,  
And to his fair ladye.'



## SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

## NUMBER ONE

THE western part of Illinois is partially civilized now. Certes, I have a horror of comparative civilization from the specimen we enjoy of it here. Alas! for the years gone by, when the prairie-wolf paid regular morning-calls at the house-doors, and carried off, as a souvenir, a young pig from the sty, or a fat hen or turkey from the roost, or made a visit to the sheep-fold, and throttled half a dozen woolly innocents; when herds of thirty or forty fat deer bounded carelessly along, their shining rounded hams suggestive of delicious haunches of venison, and saddles of such superior quality as none but a western man ever revelled on.

Oh, for the days when the prairie-grass waved over the tallest hunter's head, and large coveys of grouse and quail rose on 'whirring wings' every few minutes, as he advanced, concealed from observation, or his presence betrayed only by the rustling and swaying of the high reeds!

Oh, for the days of autumn, when the red fire rushed across the plains with dull, hoarse, murmuring sound, and the breath of night was hot and smoky! The greedy flames licked up every quivering blade of grass, and sprang like fiery demons to the top of the tall heavy reeds, which stood clearly defined against the red sky. Like flaming imps let loose on earth, the bright ranks chased, swift as the wind, the wolf and startled deer to the banks of the river; while myriads of birds, roused from their covert, flew in circles above the dun clouds of smoke, filling the air with their cries of distress and affright.

Civilization has done away with all these pictures, so charming to the hunter's or the poet's eye. The prairies now are shorn of their primitive beauties. The grass is short and wiry in summer, brown and bare in autumn. They are now dotted with conceited-looking story-and-a-half houses, with pert porticoes; while tall, bare poles, with a few leaves at top, are planted at uniform distances from each other along the path from the portico to the half-painted pickets, or, more generally, an exceedingly dilapidated worm-fence.

Chickens and pigs are safe, and sheep may roam secure from the attack of wolves, though not of vagrant dogs. Occasionally, in winter, a lean wolf may be seen skulking across the ice; and, once in a while, a persevering hunter may get a long shot at a few timid deer. But the jolly old bucks and dainty does are no more. The geese are the only game which appear to remain at the old ratio in number, and that, I suppose, is because they are geese. The ducks are taking wing, and the swans have nearly vanished; and wild turkeys have retired long ago to Iowa. Now, when walking along the wood-path, is heard in the brake, not the light foot of the startled deer, but the melodious grunting of a pig, in all the enjoyment of maternity, and the squealing of the young tribe in lieu of the bleat of a fawn.

But the west is still very beautiful, (I speak of the part *I* have lived in,) and there are yet to be found a hundred sheltered nooks and shady, silent groves; a silence very often interrupted, it is true, by the clear, regular stroke of the woodman's axe, and the crash of the falling tree. But these sounds are pleasant, when the wood is thick. And on a balmy spring morning, when the sportsman takes his rod and line, and strolls to the banks of fair Rock river, selecting a seat in the cool shadow of a 'bluff,' where the green leaves of the overhanging boughs of the elm and linden dip in the rippling current, he throws out his line; in a minute he grows excited by a nibble; again, and he draws a black bass from the crystal element it shall never be immersed in again; for we fry this fish here! At such a moment, the hunter can feel there is still happiness for him in the west. Beautiful Rock river, wearing on its fair bosom many an emerald gem! Emerald isles truly, but no Irishmen to plant potatoes on them. The scenery on the banks of this thread of silver in nature's robe is varied. Old gray 'bluffs,' with overhanging brows crowned with cedar; woods where the bending trees touch the water with their feathery fingers, and broad prairies sloping to the water's edge. The poet and the painter combined could alone attempt to do justice to the beauties of the river and the surrounding country, and I, alas! am neither.

Within a circle of a few miles, there are many original characters, which I intend to introduce as their names occur to me, as illustrative of the curious *mélange* of which our neighborhood is composed. The individual presented first to my mind, because I saw her lately, is not a native of this country. The very name, Peggy O'Connor, bespeaks her a daughter of the Emerald Isle. But an ardent admirer of the land of liberty, and the good things pertaining to it, is Mrs. O'Connor.

She has lived in the west for a dozen years or more, and regards it as a second and a better home. She rejoices in a large family of boys, and reigns alone in her little log-house; for the good woman had the excellent fortune to lose an irritable, consumptive husband, a few years after their arrival. Alas! the poor soul did not appreciate the blessing of the release: she committed matrimony a second time. But I anticipate: this is the latter part of her history.

She lives in a small log-house, (one room,) in the middle of a prairie. She has many neighbors, however, and cultivated fields surround her, some of the largest and best her own; for the 'widdy,' as she is called, is comparatively well off, and her boys work hard. Still she 'works out' occasionally as servant, or washerwoman, as her services are required, and goes sometimes on certain delicate errands it befits not a bachelor to mention.

Mrs. O'Connor is remarkable for the blunders she is accustomed to make in talking; saying exactly the reverse of what she means. She is a type of her country; weather-beaten, good-humored, passionate, and noisy, I have heard, but I never witnessed myself the truth of the assertion. She can be recognized a mile off, coming over the prairie on a windy day; her bonnet, a very battered, antediluvian-looking black silk, hanging back of her head, and her plaid cloak, held by each end at the bottom, filled by the wind, bulging out behind her, like a balloon; and

stooping a little, she bears up against the high wind with long strides. There was one family she particularly favored with her washing-visitations; persons who had once lived according to the rank of a gentleman's family, but had fallen to the last rung of Fortune's ladder. They had been numerous, but at the time I speak of were dwindled down to an old gentleman, (not *the* 'old gentleman,') his daughter, and her grand-mother. Some of them had died, some married, and others were wandering over the world. For this family, I say, Mrs. O'Connor had an especial fancy. She would enter the house with a broad grin, and answer the salute of 'Good morning, Mrs. O'Connor; how are the children?' with 'All's well, thank God! But Patsy and Mick have the faver-an'-ager, an' Hinry let a rail fall on his fut, an' he can't stir out of doors yit, and mesilf's had the tooth-ache. How's all here, Miss?'

'Grand-mother is not so well to-day.'

'Ah, thin, what she does suffer, praise the LORD!' heaving a deep sigh; then resuming, after the lapse of an instant, her usual expansive smiles, she exclaimed, 'So, thin, we're goin' to lose you, Miss, I was tould the other day?'

'Lose *me*, Mrs. O'Connor! why, what do you mean? I'm not going to leave the country or the world yet awhile, I hope.'

'Shure, I know that, Miss! But that young gentleman that's come from *New-Yorick* — ha! ha! Miss, it's him 'll take you from us!'

'Why, where on earth did you hear *that*, Mrs. O'Connor?'

'Shure, Taffy tould me, Miss, that it was all sittled, too, whin you wor to go.'

'It's perfectly false, Mrs. O'Connor. I do not care for him, and, what is more to the purpose, he would not have me!'

'Och, thin, see that now! Oh, glory be to God, what *loys* people can tell! Will, Miss, it's not necessary for you to marry yit. Niver fear, Miss, but wid the help o' God you'll find some wan yit!'

Such were Mrs. O'Connor's sublime consolations to this waning star. It was with Mrs. M —, the girl's grand-mother, that Mrs. O'Connor's conversational powers shone most brilliantly. I remember once (at the period of the late disturbances in unhappy Ireland, shortly after the famine) she was talking to Mrs. M —, who was informing her of the miserable situation of the unfortunate inhabitants. Mrs. M — was deeply interested in the subject, and exclaimed, earnestly:

'Oh, Mrs. O'Connor, are you not frightened to think of what may happen to your poor father and mother among the soldiers?'

'Troth, thin, I ain't, ma'am; for may-be *they've died of the hunger before this!*'

Mrs. O'Connor always protested she would never marry again, but remain faithful to the memory of the departed Patrick. But ah, for the fabled constancy of woman! After an incredibly short siege by a drinking, scare-crow-looking countryman of her own, she yielded in an evil hour, gave up the keys of the citadel, and let the traitor in to all the comforts of a home already furnished, a farm well stocked, and a ready-made family waiting to receive him; thereby saving Mr. Malowny the trouble of providing all these necessities of life by any exertion on his part. For a while 'all went happy as a marriage-bell;' but hardly had a year elapsed,

when quarrels began, which ended in a separation of the parties, and a division of the property; the 'widdy's' own by right, though not by law. But when the adventurous Mr. Malowny appeared to take off his spoil, Peggy O'Connor's blood rose to fever-heat with rage, and, making a furious onslaught on the unlucky man, with scratchings and with blows, she drove him from the field, and remained for a short time flushed with victory. But the strong arm of the law came to the vanquished Malowny's aid, and he bore off a large portion of the poor woman's hard-earned gains.

She still speaks bitterly of her wrongs, and laments the day she was beguiled, by his 'wily, flattering words,' into the supreme folly of putting that little badge of servitude a second time on her finger. She will not even bear the name of Malowny, but has assumed her older and dearer appellation of Mrs. O'Connor. She hardly ever mentions the unworthy Malowny without stamping his place in society as 'a dirty baste;' and always concludes, with many a sigh, 'Ah, thin, it was a bad day for me when my poor Pat. died! Heigh, ho! dith makes great changes, praise the Lord!'

But I am growing prosy in Mrs. O'Connor's affairs. It is likely my reader may think I have been so afflicted from the commencement of her history. Very well, my first sketch is ended; and I can only say, if you find Number One tedious, you had better slight Number Two. L. M.

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L I N E S T O —.

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BY A. S. M.

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NAY! be not startled that I have unsexed me,  
Thus to beg alms at the door of your heart:  
Is it a crime to be needy and hungry,  
If I am poor but wherever thou art?

Half of my poverty is that I'm lonely,  
And I am weary for some one to love;  
And often I think, if I had but this only,  
I could outsoar the Zenaïda dove.

I should forget my life's raiment, grown older,  
Once clad in the glory of purple and gold,  
Nor think of the head-stone where memories moulder,  
If I could but hope that my love were *twice* told.

Sad looks the lily disrobed of her whiteness,  
The star that is fading away from its throne;  
But sadder than aught that hath worn through its brightness,  
The heart that is throbbing for ever alone.

## A M O U N T A I N I D Y L .

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

STILL the moon her face concealeth  
Far behind the green fig-trees,  
And our lamp within the chamber  
Dimly burns in the evening breeze.

But the cold blue stars above us  
With a sparkling lustre blaze;  
Brightly glows the purple fire-light,  
And the darling maiden says:

'Little people, tiny fairies,  
Steal our bread to-night unknown;  
In the chest it lies at evening,  
In the morning it is gone.

'Little people now are sipping  
From our creamy milk the best;  
All uncovered stand the dishes,  
And the cat licks up the rest.

'And the cat is an enchantress;  
For she creeps, when night-clouds lower,  
Yonder to the shadowy mountain,  
To the old decaying tower.

'There of old-time stood a castle,  
Whence the shining armor glanced;  
Crowds of knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
In the merry torch-light danced.

'An enchantress, tower and people  
Evilly enchanted all;  
Only ruins now are standing;  
Night-owls nest within the wall.

'Yet has spoke the holy grand-dame:  
When a certain word one says,  
On a certain hour at night-fall,  
Yonder in a certain place:

'Then again a stately castle  
Will the hoary ruins be,  
And the knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
Dance by torch-light merrily.

'Who shall wake the tower and people  
By the speaking of the word,  
Music of the drum and trumpet  
In his honor shall be heard.'

Also forms of ancient fables  
O'er her rosy spirit fly;  
Upward to the cold blue star-light  
Casteth she her beaming eye.

Round my hands the little fairy  
Winds her golden hair so free;

*New-York.*

Pretty names she gives her fingers,  
Laughs and kisses endlessly.

All things in the stilly chamber  
Bend on me a knowing gaze;  
Both the cupboard and the table  
Seem like friends of former days.

Friendly-earnest talks the house-clock,  
And the cithern, it would seem,  
Of itself begins to jingle,  
And I sit as in a dream.

Now that 'certain hour' has come,  
And the 'certain place' is here;  
If I spoke that 'certain word,'  
Would it fright thee, daughter dear?

As I speak the word, the mid-night  
Darkens, and the building shakes;  
Louder roar the brooks and fir-trees,  
And the lofty mount awakes.

Songs of dwarfs and tinkling citherns  
Through the mountain's crannies ring,  
Whence, as if by sudden magic,  
Mighty rows of forests spring:

Flowers, wondrous, fairy flowers,  
Wondrous leaves, so broad and long,  
Scented, colored, and quick-growing,  
As pressed forth by passion strong:

Roses, in the busy bustle,  
Sparkle out like flames of fire;  
Lilies, like to crystal columns,  
Upward heaven-high aspire:

And the stars, like suns in greatness,  
Earthward gaze with earnest glow;  
To the lilies' giant cups  
Streams of star-light downward flow.

But ourselves, my darling daughter,  
Even more transformed are we;  
Gold and silk within the torch-light  
Glisten round us gorgeously.

Thou art now become a princess;  
This our cot a castle fair;  
Crowds of knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
Dancing and rejoicing there.

I have gained the lordly castle  
By the speaking of the word;  
Music of the drum and trumpet  
In my honor now is heard.

EDWARD WILLIOTT.



## SKETCHES OF AUTHORS, PAINTERS, AND PLAYERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES.'

## NUMBER ONE.

THE 'GYPSIES OF SCIENCE': SKETCHES OF SIR I. BRUNEL · DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER · DR. PARADAT · WILLIAM JERDAN, AND THOMAS MOORE.

THERE exists in England a society, partly scientific, partly literary, denominated 'THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.' Among its numerous members are to be found the most eminent *savants* of the day. Every year, from all parts of the civilized globe, the most distinguished philosophers flock to its anniversary meetings, which continue during six days, and are held in various parts of Great Britain. It is this migratory feature of the Association which has conferred on its members a title which, at the first glance, may appear somewhat paradoxical; for every one who has read George Borrow's records of the Zingari, or his recently-written 'Lavengro,' must have formed an opinion by no means favorable to Gipsy acquirements in science. The nick-name was bestowed on the learned vagrants by the London *Times*, a journal which, year after year, has regularly fired a red-hot ball into the camp of the philosophers, wherever they may have chanced to pitch it, and of course it has stuck to them ever since. Heedless, however, of these attacks, the Association still pursues its primary objects, and its members congregate annually in some locality available for scientific investigation.

On such occasions the 'human curiosity'-seeker has fine opportunities for gratifying his passion for oddity-hunting; for in the multitude of members are to be found some of the most remarkable specimens of the *genus homo*. Visit one of the general evening meetings after the various scientific sections are closed, and a strange medley will be presented to the view. Antiquaries, as dry-looking as their most valued treasures, with coats rusty as the old iron vases they describe, and with the 'blue vinny' in their very looks, chatter with daintily-dressed ladies whom curiosity has drawn into the profoundly scientific vortex, or converse gravely with dowdy blue-stockings, the most unfeminine-looking of their sex. There a profound optician may be heard explaining to some wondering youngsters the mysteries of polarized light, or a learned chemist dilating on the constituents of a candle. And the dreamy poet, side by side with the matter-of-fact lover of statistics, listens to details far less fascinating than the fictions of fancy or the vagaries of the imagination. Then, too, there are crowds of idlers, mere starers at famous people; artists, who are seeking for subjects, and reporters on the hunt for paragraphs; parsons who, in sober attire, supply the black portions of the learned harlequinade; and gourmands, whose faces brighten up when they behold the well-filled tables; for be it remembered that these assembled philosophers despise not creature-comforts, and that the banqueting-hall on each day is usually much better filled than either of the lecture-rooms.

The limits of such an article as the present effectually preclude minute

details. I shall, therefore, from among a crowd of members and visitors, select but a few notabilities as subjects for sketching. The names of my subjects are as familiar, I fancy, in America as in England; and so, some particulars concerning them may be welcome. Let not the reader expect finished pictures on these leaves; if he does, he will most assuredly be disappointed, for I only profess to give mere outlines, which, after all, are sometimes as effective as labored productions.

Not very long since, the British Association held its usual anniversary in the city of Bristol, a place well calculated for such a meeting; for, though the once second city in England has fallen most wofully from its 'pride of place,' it is yet rich in association. It was within its precincts that Sir Humphry Davy labored in his laboratory, and made some of his most brilliant chemical discoveries. Thomas Chatterton was born there, and in his humble home wrote the celebrated Rowley Poems. Bristol was also the birth-place of the greatest painter of his day, Sir Thomas Lawrence; and of the first prose-writer of his time, Robert Southey. Bird, the painter, lived and died there; E. H. Bailey, the celebrated sculptor of Eve at the Fountain, is a native. Coleridge and Wordsworth resided in Bristol, and there their first poems were ushered into the world by a native publisher of Bristol, Joseph Cottle. The present celebrated Dr. Harris, author of 'The Great Teacher,' and president of an English college, is a Bristolian; Robert Hall, the prince of modern preachers, spent in this commercial city his early and closing years. Richard Savage died in the debtor's prison of Bristol; and John Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, sailed from its wharf to that as yet unknown shore.

Surrounded by lovely scenery, and filled with relics of antiquity, in addition to the personal recollections associated with the place, it is little wonder that in it one of the most fully attended meetings of the British Association was held. And now, reader, let me crave the pleasure of your company as I wander about during the great gathering; for, partaking of the vagrant nature of the members, to which allusion has been made, I mean to describe my peregrinations from section to section, and from one show-place to another, without reference to order, but just as memory recalls the events of my Bristolian pilgrimage.

It is nearly eleven o'clock, the hour at which the philosophers are wont to assemble in their various public section-rooms. As these gentlemen proceed through the streets to their different destinations, a practised eye may, at a glance, detect the peculiar vein of knowledge worked by each. We will at present join the practical-looking procession who are crowding into the Mechanical and Engineering section, and lo! having exhibited our 'open-sesame,' we find ourselves in a spacious hall, at the upper end of which is a platform appropriated to the uses of the President, Secretaries, and the lecturers of the day. By the side of this is a place for reporters; and being one of the Fourth Estate—for the *Athenæum* has engaged us—we join our brethren of the broad sheet, sharpen pencils, and prepare for the 'encounter of wits.'

A gentleman takes the chair, and all is at once attention. Well may the most profound respect be paid to him, for he is one of the foremost men of his age. He is rather above the medium height, and inclined to

corpulency. At the first glance he presents no indications of more than common talent; but watch him closely, and you will alter any opinion to that effect which you may have hastily formed. As he speaks, which he does with the slightest foreign accent possible, his gray eye, half-shaded by bushy, dark brows, kindles, and becomes quite luminous with intelligence, an intelligence conferred by the not high but broad brow, whose summit is thatched with iron-gray hair.

The subject to be treated of is Ocean-Navigation by Steam-ships, a topic of great interest, especially in Bristol, where a huge steamer, the *Great Western*, is building, for the purpose of dashing through the wild Atlantic to New-York, and so settle the vexed question. The Chairman believes such a feat possible, and in plain, common-sense terms states the grounds of his opinion. He is not eloquent: far from it; but, what is more to the purpose, he is convincing, at least to most minds present: to most, but not to all, for a gentleman sits near him, who, by sundry gestures, implies that he entertains opposite opinions to those enunciated by the chairman.

The gentleman who so evidently dissents is a somewhat singular-looking personage. The cast of his countenance is decidedly Milesian; his face is large, square, and deeply marked with lines running in many a direction. The brow is low and broad, but a brown, unfashionable wig does not set it off to the best advantage. The eyes are small, twinkling, and assisted by round-rimmed spectacles; the brows are large. On the whole, one is reminded of O'Connell by the combined features, for there is a similarly shrewd expression to that of the great Agitator. A shabby blue moreen cloak, with a red plush collar, entirely conceals this philosopher's figure, which appears burly and strongly built. A stranger might take him for a hard-headed, middle-aged gentleman; but it is questionable whether one in a hundred would consider him to be what he assuredly is, one of the most scientifically learned men of the age; for, in fact, what he has often been called, an encyclopædia on legs!

The Chairman and the individual just glanced at are both of them men who have occupied a large share of public attention; the former is Sir ISAMBERD BRUNEL, the great Engineer, and constructor of the Thames Tunnel; the latter, Doctor DIONYSIUS LARDNER, the editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, published by the Longmans, and known to the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* as the 'Dinny Lardner' of William Maginn.

Sir I. BRUNEL ceases to speak, and then follow other scientific engineers. After these Dr. LARDNER rises, flings off his cloak, and exhibits a rusty, snuff-stained suit of black.

All the world knows that at this very Bristol meeting LARDNER declared that the Atlantic could not be navigated by steam; and all the world, too, that in a very few months afterward the learned Doctor proved himself to have been wrong, by taking a steam-trip to America in company with Mrs. Heaviside, of Brighton, she having left her husband and young children for love of the amatory philosopher, who, however, had his spectacles smashed most unscientifically, and his wig burned by her enraged and injured 'better half.'

I am quite aware that, very recently, the Doctor has denied that he stated his opinion as to the impracticability of ocean-steaming. Hun-

dreds, however, heard him so speak, and the writer of this sketch was one of his auditors.

But let us travel to the section of the Chemists. No need to describe the exact locality of the place where these analytical and synthetical gentlemen sit in session. Wherever it is, we soon reach it, and, fronting us as we enter, sits a gentleman, whose countenance is so striking, that having in the image-chamber of our memory the perfect recollection of a sketch by Maclise, we knew at once the said countenance to belong to MICHAEL FARADAY, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institute of Great Britain, and perhaps the greatest of living natural philosophers. What a face! The hair is black as the plumage of a raven's wing, and parted exactly in the centre of the high and comprehensive forehead. The eyes are large, black, remarkably sparkling, and are perpetually glancing hither and thither, beneath the straightish brows. Like Lord Brougham's nose, those eyes are ever in motion; the nasal feature is long, and well shaped; the mouth, and lower portion of the cheeks, much like those of LEIGH HUNT. Indeed, FARADAY, altogether, resembles in person the author of 'Rimini.' His figure is tall and spare, not lean; its motions are sudden and frequent. During two consecutive minutes the great electrician, as some call him, is never still; but his is not mere restlessness. One can see that his great mind is always on the move, and so perhaps influences the muscles of his frame. The expression of his countenance is very pleasing, his voice sweet, and his manners courteous. The profound philosopher seems to possess all the gentleness, simplicity, and joyousness of a child, giant as he is in science. He may not unaptly be called, as indeed he was by Sydney Smith, the laughing philosopher.

Dr. FARADAY's origin was not aristocratic. He was a book-binder's boy in Dublin, and from reading an article on electricity in a Cyclopædia his master was binding, imbibed his love of scientific research. He now stands preëminent as a philosopher. As a lecturer he is charming, especially to juvenile classes, and his courses are attended by the most brilliant of audiences. It is sad, however, to know that his prodigious studies have so seriously injured his health, that several times he has been compelled to abandon them. In a letter which some four years since I received from him, he complained of his memory becoming defective, a symptom in the case of such a mind calculated to create great anxiety, at the least.

On quitting Boston six years ago, a packet for FARADAY was intrusted to me, with a charge to deliver it into his own hands. When I arrived in England, I heard there that he was at Brighton, and concluded to defer executing my commission till his return. One night, while at a literary party at CAMILLA TOULMIN's, I was told that FARADAY had returned to London.

'Where can I find him?' I inquired.

'He is seldom to be caught at home; but if you will go to the Sandemanian Chapel, in the Barbican, any Sunday morning or afternoon, or at seven on any Tuesday evening, you will find him!'

'What! FARADAY a Sandemanian?' I asked, in astonishment.

'Yes, a zealous one; and he never misses attendance at this chapel. Wet or dry, rain or shine, he travels on foot to the Barbican.'



I made up my mind to see him there, and accordingly, on the very next Tuesday, dashed through the Strand, posted along Fleet-street, ascended Snow Hill, floundered through the mud of Smithfield, and reached the Barbican, which I may say is a long street, and not a portion of a fortress.

With no little difficulty I discovered the Sandemanian place of worship. It was situated at the end of a long passage, of about three feet wide. Seeing some lights struggling through a few low windows, I entered, and found about sixty plain people assembled. In the centre pew stood the thin, tall figure of a man with a white head, the back of which I could only see. This individual was in low solemn tones expounding a chapter of the New Testament. That exercise ended, and with it the service, for I had entered late. The lights were dim, and the voice low, so that I could not tell who the expounder was. As an old woman passed me on her way out, I asked her if DOCTOR FARADAY attended the chapel.

'There he is,' she answered, pointing to the gentleman with the gray hair.

The old lady very obligingly went to the Doctor with my card, and told him that I wished to see him; whereupon he turned, and jumping over the back of the pew with the agility of a boy, (some ladies crowded it toward the door,) hurried toward me.

I told him my errand, and placed the packet in his hand. His face was all over smiles, as usual, and I could scarcely recognize him to be the same man who had been so solemn and sedate but a few minutes before.

'Queer place to find me in!' said he, in his peculiar, quick way. We then walked homeward together, and he asked me a score of questions concerning the state of science in America. The Christian philosopher (for such he is) became suddenly a scientific querist, and I parted from him in Regent-street.

I never saw a man so altered as FARADAY. He had grown in six years twenty years older in appearance. His raven hair was whitened by intense study, and his brow was ploughed with thoughtful furrows; but his eyes were dark and lustrous as ever.

Dr. FARADAY is still the Royal Institute Professor of Chemistry, and but a few months since astonished the scientific world by his dia-magnetic revelations. In England he has no rival. America alone can furnish a similarly great philosopher, in the person of Dr. Henry, whose guest I once had the happiness to be at Princeton, New-Jersey, and who, in his laboratory, exhibited to me some of his remarkable experiments on light.

DURING this association-anniversary, Bristol was visited by many eminent literary men, who, among the ladies especially, were 'lions.' I was one day strolling through the College-Green, with the late lamented Dr. WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, when he suddenly stopped, and directed my attention toward a couple of gentlemen who were coming along the tree-shaded avenue toward us. These individuals, in respect of personal appearance, were the very opposites of each other, as I had an ample opportunity of observing; for, on their nearing us, they stopped to speak to my companion.

One of them was tall, and clumsily built. His broad shoulders resem-



bled those of a porter: his long, ungainly arms hung clumsily by his side, and terminated in huge hands, which, being ungloved, reminded one of small shoulders of mutton. His face was long, and its features large: his bulging gray eyes appeared any thing but speculative; and his monstrous nose, and long chin, any thing but resembled those of Cupid or Antinous. The skin of the face was rough; it might be called granulated. What little hair was discernible from beneath a 'shocking bad hat,' was grizzled. Yet, spite of these draw-backs, there was an amiable expression on the countenance, and some kindly lines round the monstrous-lipped mouth. Nor was the facial expression deceptive; for beneath that rugged frame was a generous heart, albeit it belonged to a professed critic. Many a perpetrator of books will bear me out in this, when I mention as the name of the tall, burly gentleman, that of WILLIAM JERDAN.

Mr. JERDAN is, and has been for many years, the editor of 'The London Literary Gazette,' a weekly review. JERDAN, to his honor be it spoken, has done many a graceful and generous thing for young literary aspirants, and has always avoided the slashing style of criticism, though he has been invariably just. He first discovered, and was the means of bringing before the public, the genius of 'L. E. L.,' not until long afterward revealed as LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON, and who, when Mrs. MACLEAN, died mysteriously in Africa, at Cape Coast Castle, of which her husband was governor. Had he never accomplished any thing more for literature than this, JERDAN would deserve honorable mention.

As I have observed, JERDAN's companion was the reverse of him in appearance. He was a dapper little man; so short as to look quite *petite*. His face was full of vivacity, and some twenty years before must have been most captivating. Captivating, indeed, it still was, although in the angles of his bright, dark eyes, those unmistakable traces of Time's flight, crow's-feet, appeared. The hair was crisp, and slightly curly, but a little touched by the great beauty-killer. A short nose, somewhat *retroussé*, gave a sprightly air to the face; and the mouth was small, and well cut. This gentleman's small figure was very well dressed, but there was not any fashionable foolery about it. A black ribbon encircled his neck, and at its extremity dangled an eye-glass, which near-sightedness caused him frequently to use. As he stood by JERDAN's side, he scarcely reached higher than the critic's elbow; and he reminded one forcibly of Goldsmith's 'abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.'

The only thing approaching to affectation in the stranger was a slightly mincing walk; for the sharp points of his unexceptionable boots appeared to spurn the rough gravel of the pathway, and to long for a Brussels carpet. That, however, might have been accidental, and probably was. I felt sure I had met this gentleman before, his face was so familiar; but I soon found that I had never done so, except in frontispieces, and such like; for no sooner had the usual morning salutations been exchanged, than COOKE TAYLOR introduced me to no less a personage than Mr. MOORE.

Yes, that small gentleman before me was 'THOMAS LITTLE'—the veritable TOM MOORE himself, Byron's biographer, Shelley's friend, and Rogers's companion; the author of *Lalla Rookh*, the 'Irish Melodies,'

and a score of other brilliant productions! JERDAN I had met years before, and with him then I merely, of course, renewed an acquaintance.

MOORE, when informed by Dr. TAYLOR that I was then engaged on the biography of Chatterton, with *both* hands took one of mine, and said several kind things of a little volume I had sent him months before. Of course, when I left him that morning, I was in the seventh heaven of literary vanity!

I met MOORE a few days subsequently at the table of a mutual friend, and was charmed with his society. His conversation was rapid, sparkling, and full of epigrammatic point. His manner, too, was most fascinating. What else could have been expected from the Bard of Erin?

Alas! that I should have to close this sketch with one sad recollection of TOM MOORE. As soon as symptoms of insanity appeared, and before his brilliant fancy became entirely extinguished and rayless, he was taken to London for medical advice. I met him once in society, but he was a melancholy, silent man. The beauty of his eyes still remained, but 'the light of other days' had faded from them. The death of a son had produced, it was said, this affliction, but I imagine other causes might have aided to crush his intellect. Years of continued mental excitement frequently produce softening of the brain and consequent idiocy, as in the cases of Dr. Buckland the geologist, and Robert Southey.

A lady informed me that she, a short time since, spent an evening at MOORE's residence, Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wiltshire. Mrs. Moore asked her to sing, and she, hoping to rouse the dejected poet, played one of his own Irish melodies. He listened attentively, appeared pleased, and remarked that he fancied he had heard it before, but could not recollect when or where.

I might have sketched others of these 'Gipsies of Science,' and 'Lions' of literature too, but my space must not be crowded, for I have many an occupant yet waiting for their niches in this 'Walhalla' of mine.

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#### A MOTHER'S INVOCATION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MOTHER of CHRIST, upon whose forehead shone  
 The light ineffable, that from above  
 Streamed from the dwelling of eternal love,  
 What time thou travailest with thy blessed Son,  
 Forshadowing in thine agony the pains  
 He suffered on the cross; oh, intercede  
 For her who seeks thee in her utmost need:  
 Fan the faint spark of life that yet remains  
 In my scarce-conscious babe: in mercy plead  
 That those small hands, cross-folded on his breast,  
 May not lie rigid in eternal rest:  
 Thou know'st a mother's anguish, and wilt heed  
 A mother's prayers, remembering the child  
 That from thy breast looked up to THEE and smiled!

Washington, February, 1852.

R. B. CHITTON.

## S T A N Z A S .

## 'THE VALLEY WHERE THE VILLAGE LIES.'

BY WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND

'Distant, secluded, still, the little village lay in the fruitful valley.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight, descending,  
Brought back the evening-star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.'

EVANGELINE

THE valley where the village lies  
In summer beauty, lone and still,  
Is shaded; now the sunset dyes  
The gorgeous west with glory fill!

The hills from which our path has led,  
They hold a fairy village too;  
Perched like a bold bird, mountain-bred,  
That nestleth close to heaven's deep blue.

The village and the quiet vale,  
I see them as it were in dreams:  
The pine-trees sigh beneath the gale,  
Below, the lake's broad mirror gleams:

The hills sweep round, and close me in  
From dust, and heat, and wearying toil;  
The wild-bird's notes for city din,  
For rattling streets, the fertile soil.

Beneath the swaying boughs I lie,  
As in the summers long ago;  
Indeed, I cannot choose but sigh,  
Such changes into life will grow.

For I look back to olden days,  
When 'neath the swaying boughs reclined;  
All Nature's freshness meets my gaze,  
But lost delights no more I find!

The light of youth, a flickering gleam,  
Along its far horizon dies:  
I rock on mid-life's rushing stream,  
That every day more swiftly flies.

I rock upon the wild, wild wave!  
Yet sometimes moor my tossing bark  
In quiet bay, near sea-shore cave,  
And thence the outer billows mark.

Within my haven-inlet fair,  
Peace broods upon the water's breast;  
Her lilies floating here and there,  
Where the lulled wavelets sink to rest.

But ah! the guileful current bears,  
With force unmarked, my boat away;  
Still on, still on — till, unawares,  
Quite vanished is my sheltering bay.

Again mine ear the brawling tide  
Saluteth with its dreaded roar;  
Again the ocean plain spreads wide,  
And out to sea I bound once more!

My haven is the quiet vale,  
The village nestling 'mid the hills;  
Furled, for a while, Life's swelling sail,  
And hushed the breeze its breast that fills.

I may not sing as he hath sung,  
Who wove the wild and mournful lay  
That tells how Indian maiden flung  
Her hapless, love-lorn life away.\*

But I have stood at shut of day,  
And gazed with awe adown the steep;  
The rugged cliff so stern and gray,  
The waving woods that round it sweep.

The placid meadows far below,  
The distant hills, the bright blue lake,  
The sunlight splendor fading slow,  
Might well our noblest bard awake.

They 'sang old songs of Love and Death' —  
Oh! Love and Death are wondrous strong!  
And hearts have broken while the breath  
Has poured some well-remembered song.

No need to tempt the dizzy verge,  
And leave the life in eddying air;  
Those treasured tones are oft a dirge,  
And smiles have masked the worst despair.

The valley where the village lies  
Is robed in mist; each wooded hill,  
In sentinel's protecting guise,  
Its sleeping charge is watching still.

And later, on each lofty crest  
Glimmers the moon-beams' paly light;  
And, sinking in the far-off west,  
Fair VENUS bids the stars good-night!

*Lenox, Mass., August, 1851.*

## TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF OF NEW-YORK.

MR. HEBERTON FITZJAMES was (and, if he has not gone 'down the banks,' is) a gentleman such as we frequently see at the watering-places; a leader of the select parties there congregated. He heads the movements of fancy-balls at those places. He is eminently supreme of all the *haut ton*, as he goes to Paris, and employs the most celebrated *maitre de danse* to invent and teach him a new *pas*, figures, etc.; arrives 'bock agen,' introduces the dance, instructs the butterflies in the new figures, and consequently enjoys a rare monopoly in all the polkas, 'valse,' etc. He dresses specially for breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, and the rout; and at intervals beside, a *rara avis* is Heberton Fitzjames!

I became acquainted with Fitzjames in my way of making new friends. I had professional engagements with him, and from the name of 'the plaintiff,' I concluded it grew out of a sporting debt. Ah, Heberton, in that you were nearly gone 'down the banks!' I went to the boarding-house of Fitzjames. A negro waiter presented himself at my summons, and desired to know my wish.

'I want to see Mr. Heberton Fitzjames.'

'He not in, Sar.'

'Not in!' I replied; 'why, he can scarcely have breakfasted; 'tis not now twelve o'clock!'

'Not in, Sar,' reiterated the darkey, surlily.

'He must be in, Henry,' said I, addressing the negro familiarly. 'I must see him this moment. I have particular business with him, and can't go away without seeing him:' at the same time handing a quarter to the negro.

'Well, *dat* does alter de case, bein' as you' b'isness is partickler wid Mr. Fitzjames. Go up sta'rs, Sar; fust flo', back room, to de lef'. De genterman ain't good at g'essin', dough. My name ain't Henry; it is Robert, and ain't nuffin else, 'cept Barcaloo,' apostrophized this man of sable.

'Ah, *Robert*,' said I, 'you must excuse me; I didn't mean to call you 'out of your name.''

'Oh, sartingly, Sar; I excuse you,' making a low bow: (all to the quarter, however, thought I.)

Proceeding to the object of my visit, I reached the room to which I was directed, and rapping at the door, was directed, by a thin, delicate voice from the inside, to 'come in.' Upon entering, I saw a table arranged for breakfast for two. Heberton Fitzjames (I knew him when I saw him) had just finished breakfast, and was then wiping his hands with a towel. He was standing, and was in *déshabille*; he had not completed his morning-toilet. He was, apparently, about twenty-five years of age, medium height, thin, and well made, (artificially, or otherwise, I cannot say.) His features were small, and femininely developed; a complexion of a *sallow* hue, yet clear, unwhiskered. Still, to mark himself more distinctly



as of the 'upper ten,' he cultivated a delicate moustache, elegantly rounded at the corners of the mouth, and well gummed. He was an exquisite specimen of those drones of our city 'who toil not, neither do they spin,' by the circumstance of being born rich; but who, nevertheless, are of some value to the community as consumers.

Seated in the same room, holding languidly between his knees the morning-paper, was one of that very valuable class of characters always in the wake of 'nice young men,' 'men of fashion,' 'of fortune,' etc., and usually called 'ma particular friend,' etc. Let me describe his appearance. He was, apparently, fifty years old; the head quite bald; hair, what there was of it, gray; a pair of spectacles, thrown high, perched on his head, probably to add gravity or wisdom to his appearance; a body almost as rotund as a ball; legs, scarcely any, except below his knees; and, as he sat, his back well poised against the back of the chair, his legs on a line stretched out, (I could scarcely discern any thighs,) his belly being on a line with his legs. He was, without doubt, the Mentor of Fitzjames—his man of business—and I will introduce him under the name of Bovee Pitts, Esq.

I intimated to Mr. Fitzjames that my business was with him, and of a private nature.

'Don't mind,' said he, fingering his moustache, and rounding it off where it curled; 'don't mind the presence of my friend. Bove knows all my privacies. Bove is my adviser, my inseparable.'

'Well, Mr. Fitzjames,' said I, 'here is an 'execution' against you for twenty-four hundred dollars; will you be so kind as to pay it?'

'An execution!' said he, with surprise.

'An execution!' said Bovee Pitts, Esq., dropping the newspaper at the same time, and looking at me with amazement. 'An execution!' murmured he again, the words dying on his lips in mute horror.

'Ay, an execution, gentlemen,' said I.

'Bovee—Bove, ma boy, what does he mean by an execution?'

Mr. Pitts, after asking me to permit him to look at the writ, holding it up, scanning it eagerly, and anxiously digesting with a bad appetite its contents, replied to Fitzjames's question: 'Ah, oh! *'feri facias*;' 'sheriff;' 'commanded;' 'goods and chattels;' 'bailiwick;' 'twenty-four hundred;' 'real estate;' 'sixty days;' 'witness.' Ah, um!'

'*Fieri facias*!' said Mr. Fitzjames, twirling his moustache, '*Je comprend*. I understand.' And turning to me: 'Ma dear Sir, what do you wish with this *feri facias*?'

'I wish, Sir, to collect the amount of it from you.'

'Ma dear Sir,' said he, 'I don't owe the money. It's very strange, is it not, Bove, ma boy?'

'Very strange—remarkable!' echoed Pitts.

I hereupon intimated to Fitzjames, that unless the amount of the 'execution' was forthcoming, I should levy it upon his property.

'Well, as to that,' said he, continually smoothing and twirling his moustache, to get it into its desired curve, 'I should deem myself too happy, and you most fortunate. But you see, ma dear Sir, I have n't *got* any property.' And then, assuming an air of importance, turning to Mr. Pitts, he said: 'Bove, ma lion, put this fellow out of the room! Oust

him! get him out, ma friend! He will insult me—me, your Fitzjames! I cannot be insulted; indeed, I cannot.'

At this call on his friend to put me out, Mr. Pitts reflected some time, and finally answered, 'Can't do it; is sheriff; against the law.'

'Three sage conclusions; all physical conclusions,' said I. 'You have not the strength to combat with any of them, have you, Mr. Pitts?'

'Bovee Pitts, Esquire,' interrupted he.

Finding now that I should have to deal without reserve in the matter, I remarked, that I had no doubt I could find property belonging to Mr. Fitzjames, and that it was my intention to 'levy' upon his wardrobe.

'Levy upon and take my clothes!' said Fitzjames, imploringly, still twirling his moustache; 'you are not—you cannot be in earnest, my dear Sir, are you? Take my clothes! Bovee, he will take my clothes—my wardrobe!'

'Clothes! wardrobe!' ejaculated Mr. Pitts.

'Certainly, gentlemen,' said I; 'wardrobe, clothes, and all; not allowing even a change. 'The law allows it, and the court awards it.' You can satisfy yourself on that point, Mr. Fitzjames, if you consult the authority laid down in 19 *Wendell*, p. 475, *Bowne vs. Witt*. There it is decided, *that an officer on execution has, by the law of this State, the right to seize the wearing-apparel of any one who is not a householder*; and the exemption does not apply to such as you, who are a single gentleman, and who cannot be regarded as coming within the statutory provisions. Ahem!!' said I, giving myself a peculiarly wise look. This, thought I, must be a poser to the twain: and so it was.

'Horrible!' exclaimed Mr. Fitzjames. '*Is that the law?*'

'Horrible!' exclaimed more loudly Mr. Pitts. 'IS—THAT—THE—LAW?'

'IT IS THE LAW!' said I, louder than either.

'Ma dear Sir,' rejoined Fitzjames, who, by this time, had gotten to be exceedingly courteous and *spirituelle*, 'since it is your pleasure to——'

I interrupted him, and told him that it was not my *pleasure*, but my *duty*, and I hoped he would excuse me if I insisted upon proceeding at once to the execution of that duty. Thereupon, I opened his bureau-drawers, his closets, wardrobe, his trunks, etc., and removed from those depositories his entire wearing-apparel, which I 'levied' upon; and while I was assorting them, Fitzjames exclaimed, at the seeming vandalism, '*Awful! horrible!* eh, Bove, ma boy, ma friend?' To which Mr. Pitts responded, '*AWFUL! HORRIBLE!*'

When I had completed my business, by taking an 'inventory,' Fitzjames was very anxious to explain to me the reason why there were no more *under-garments*. I told him there was no necessity of an explanation under that head, as doubtless he would say the most of his linen was at the washerwoman's. It was often the case with clothing of men of fashion to be 'under the spout.'

'... yes, my dear Sir,' interrupted he; 'pon honor, they are at the washerwoman's. You anticipated my excuse, my dear Sir; my linen is at the washerwoman's. Is it not, Bove, ma friend?'

'Washerwoman's!' echoed Mr. Pitts, growing solemn and sententious.

'Now, my dear fellow, my dear sheriff,' curling and twirling his mous-

tache constantly, 'what do you intend to do with my clothes, *et cetera*; you assuredly will not take them away? Because, my dear Sir, if you do, you will leave me but half-dressed. I have neither coat, nor vest, nor boots, nor shoes, nor hat, nor any thing except what I have on. You will not surely be so cruel? He won't be so cruel, will he, Bovee, my friend?'

'Cruel ——' something, uttered Mr. Pitts; but possibly fancying that, like his three propositions aforestated, *it would n't do*, he rather choked the utterance of the coward word, and fell into a stupid stare.

'I certainly will, Mr. Fitzjames,' said I, 'take away all I have levied upon, unless 'security' is given to me for '*the forthcoming of the same when demanded*;' and perhaps, Sir, you can give the desired security?'

'Yes, yes,' with the same twirling of that incorrigible moustache, which had not courage to keep in curl, 'yes; I think,' drawled he, 'my attorney can fix it; yes, he can arrange matters. Bovee, my friend, my invaluable, run to Mr. Bagg, my attorney, and tell him all about it! Do, my friend, my dear Bovee; run, run!'

Well, now, this request to his friend Pitts to run, was to me exceedingly funny. '*Run!*' thought I; 'I would like to see him run!' He got up, with great difficulty, from his chair, where he sat the whole time I was in the room, and I could not avoid laughing aloud at Mr. Pitts's effort 'to run,' as he was requested. The operation was a labored attempt to move. Move he did, but it was like the movement of the stone of Sisyphus, or of the boy on the ice — seemingly one move forward, and two backward. He managed, however, at the earnest request of Fitzjames, 'to be in a hurry; '*toute suite*, 'to get on his errand;' and I was compelled to wait full an hour before the swift messenger returned from his errand.

Mr. Pitts brought a note, addressed to me, from Mr. Fitzjames's attorney, wherein he requested me to call upon him with 'a bond, or receptor,' and he would sign it, and 'become responsible for the return of the property, or the value thereof.'

Upon the receipt of this note, finding that my business with Mr. Fitzjames was about to end for the present, I was preparing to leave, when I was again entreated by Mr. Fitzjames to give faith to the excuses he had given for the small number of under-clothes the inventory I had taken exhibited; averring, 'pon his honor, that the balance were at the washerwoman's;' a proposition I did not dispute with him; but I fancied the 'balance' could no '*tale unfold*.' I bade the party farewell, and have never seen either since.

'A stay of proceedings' was served upon me the next day. The 'judgment' was settled shortly afterward, and my 'costs' (not an unimportant item) were paid.

Here is the 'inventory,' or memorandum of levy. Start not, dear KNICK., it is religiously true:

'73 vests, assorted, summer and winter.'

'39 pair cloth and cassimere trousers.'

'9 SHIRT-BOSOMS.'

'3 UNDER-SHIRTS.'

'4 PAIR OF DRAWERS.'

'6 SHIRTS.'

'6 COLLARS.'

'5 PAIRS HALF-HOSE.'

'1 court-suit, complete, chapeau.'

'35 pairs of gloves.'

'19 pairs of boots.'

'16 pairs of shoes.'

'3 braces.'

'4 hats.'

'2 smoking-caps.'

A stock, thought I, large enough to commence a second-hand clothing-store — *except the under-garments.*

FLAVOL

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S T A N Z A S .

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BY MRS. MARY E. MONELL.

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I'm thinking of a pleasant nook  
 Along a river-side,  
 With graceful birch and willow-trees  
 Reflected in the tide.

I seem to see the sparkling sands,  
 The pebbles smooth and white;  
 The rippling waves I used to watch  
 With ever-new delight;

The humble flowers, that always grew  
 Around that shady spot;  
 The butter-cup, the violet blue,  
 The small forget-me-not.

I hear the droning, summer sound  
 Of busy honey-bees,  
 Filling the clover-fields around  
 With drowsy harmonies.

I feel the sunshine and the air  
 That swept the fragrant lea,  
 As when, a child, I wandered there  
 In days of memory.

Oh! many a silent hour I passed  
 Beneath my favorite tree,  
 A stately elm, whose waving boughs  
 Made music over me.

Close to its sturdy trunk I pressed,  
And watched the changing sky,  
Till evening mantled in the west,  
And swallows winnowed by.

And when the lonely stars appeared,  
Bright, wondrous thoughts arose  
Deep in my heart, like drops of dew  
Close hidden in a rose.

And like my pulses' measured beat,  
Those precious thoughts kept time;  
And danced with tireless tinkling feet  
To many a tuneful rhyme.

Fair Nature wooed me, even then,  
And whispered lovely things;  
And bade my sleeping fancy soar,  
And try her folded wings.

But, oh! I revered from afar  
The holy gift of song;  
And never dreamed so rich a boon  
Could unto me belong.

Yet, when above my lifted brow  
The elm-tree branches stirred  
Like choral symphony, that called  
For many an earnest word:

Or, when I wandered slowly home,  
And saw the clouds that rolled  
Far in the north, like argosies  
With freight of pearls and gold:

I often longed, with tearful eyes,  
For utterance bold and free,  
Like those high-priests that stand within  
The fane of Poësy.

And if my feet, in coming years,  
Shall pass that threshold o'er,  
To lay my humble offering down  
Beside the bards of yore:

I'll thank the music of the streams,  
The color of the sky,  
The first pale star of even-tide  
That caught my lifted eye:

The beauty of my early home,  
So peaceful and so mild;  
And those deep lessons Nature taught  
To me, a dreaming child.



## RANDOM LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

'It takes all kinds of people to make a world,' and all kinds of people assemble in the city of New-Orleans. During the winter, or carnival season, the weather is delightful. On the Levee you meet with people of every language, nation, and color. It is just the spot of all others on the North American continent to study human nature. It was one of my most pleasing pastimes to rise in the morning, at five o'clock, and cultivate an appetite for the delicious breakfasts served up at the St. Charles hotel, by a stroll along the Levee to the market-place, while the perfume was fresh upon the newly-gathered bouquets of flowers which were ever and anon presented you, for the trifling sum of a Yankee shilling, by the dark-eyed brunettes of the sunny South. Oh, their manners were so bewitching, and their movements so graceful, that the veriest old woman-hater—pardon, ye old bachelors, I believe there are a few more such left—found them irresistible; and many were the gallant knights from Yankee-land, in search of a new market for their 'notions,' who were plundered of all their loose change, until they became sufficiently wary to leave their purses at home.

During one of my rambles, I was attracted by the soliloquy of a philosophical 'loafer,' who had spent the night under the broad canopy of heaven, with nothing but a cotton-bale for his pillow. As he sat rubbing his unshaved chin, contemplating with rueful countenance his last remaining 'levy,' which he had succeeded in chasing into the corner of his last un-hole-y pocket, he soliloquized: 'I'm no longer decent; I'm a disgrace to my cloth. I'll be taken for a 'loafer,' if this beard is not shaven off. But I can't do without my julep, and this is my last shilling: what is to be done?' The struggles between the demands of decency and the cravings of a vitiated appetite appeared intensely absorbing; and there he sat, the picture of despondency, scratching his head for a new idea; until suddenly his dull eye lit up with a momentary flash of intelligence, and he continued: 'I have it! I have it! I'll toss up. Here goes! Heads, a julep; tails, a shave.' Up went the levy, and, chuckling with the excitement, he leaned forward to see which side had it; when, seeing tails uppermost, his barometer was for a moment all stormy, and his high hopes lost their bearings; until another bright idea came across his vision, and he again 'sung out: 'That's not fair; I'll try it again. Here goes! Heads, julep; tails, shave.' Up went the levy the second time. This effort brought up heads, when, springing to his feet and rubbing his hands in ecstasy, he cried: 'Julep it is!' and off he ran, at full speed, to the nearest saloon, to cool his coppers with that delightful beverage called a julep.

Strolling on toward the market-place, the smile which was yet playing over my countenance, in memory of my late adventure, was suddenly chased away by one of those tragic episodes in life which blanch the cheek and send the warm blood home to the heart. A noble ship had just been hauled in, and had her first gang-way plank run out as I reached the Levee. A tall, firmly-knit man walked on shore, and stopped

a moment to look about him. This was his first visit. Every thing is strange and bewildering to him. His head is almost turned with the whirl and excitement which he sees going on around him, and he feels that he is indeed a 'stranger in a strange land.' But his reverie is doomed to be of short duration. He has not been standing five minutes before he is seen and recognized by one who has been in search of him for many years, each year increasing the venom of his unsatisfied vengeance for injuries inflicted and unatoned for in other days. The victim stands totally unconscious of the presence of an enemy whom he had escaped for years; but the enemy, turning with rage, seizes the first weapon within reach, (a heavy stick of cord-wood,) and, before the by-standers have any idea of his intentions, has felled the stranger to the earth, and stands over him exulting in his fall. 'Who shall unravel this mystery?' 'who shall explain this daring act?' is the universal cry. It is clear to every one present that not a word has passed between the parties. One of them has just landed from a vessel entering port: what connection can there be between him and the man on shore? In a moment they were surrounded, and the belligerent man secured. Let him tell his own story: 'Gentlemen: ten years ago this d—d rascal and I resided in the city of St. Louis. We were both desperate characters. We crossed each other's path in many places, and many times we were on the eve of mortal combat, but he always shrank from a fair and open field and no favor. Finally he caught me helplessly intoxicated, and fell upon me with his bowie-knife, and left me for dead. He fled the country. I recovered slowly, and day after day, as I lay too much prostrated to turn on my bed, I vowed in my heart to follow him to the ends of the earth. I have at length found him. He is now in the condition he left me in, and I am revenged.'

After delivering this speech, in slow and measured accents, he folded his arms in conscious dignity and self-possession, awaiting his removal to prison.

'Such is life.' 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made.' What immense intellectual power was in this dreadful man! What capacity for good deeds! Alas! that in the inscrutable ways of PROVIDENCE such intellects should fall to the charge of parents totally incapable of appreciation and proper training. But methinks I see bright visions in the future. The subject of early training never before occupied so large a space in the thoughts of mothers—our only proper moral tutors—and may God give them light and strength!

The transition from the Middle and Western States to the city of New-Orleans, in days gone by, was as great as the change from an Atlantic city to one of the Old World. Indeed, the change was even more marked, inasmuch as no other city of the same number of inhabitants with that of New-Orleans could present such a varied and cosmopolitan population. My friend, the soliloquizing 'loafer,' was only one of a thousand strongly-marked characters to be met with by the close observer. Months might be spent in contemplation in the market-place and on the Levee, and the new phases of character would be as continually changing as are the various colors in the rainbow-spray that floats in fantastic forms around the brow of Niagara.

But hark! A shrill, harsh, piercing, grating sound is floating upon the air, as if Mount *Ætna* had taken cold, and was indulging in the agony of a sneeze. It announces the arrival of one of those floating palaces from the upper country, a high-pressure steam-boat, freighted with the varied productions of the valley of the Mississippi: beef, in barrels and on foot; pork, ditto; horses, mules, sheep, corn, oats, flour, beans, tobacco, hemp, lead, eggs, butter, nuts, geese, turkeys, ducks, chickens; and last, though not least, sundry 'Hoosiers,' 'Buckeyes,' 'Suckers,' 'Pukes,' and 'Wolvereens,' representing this incongruous mass of live stock, all wide awake, and ready for business. Some there may be who have visited New-Orleans before, and have had some experience in the *modus operandi* of selling turkeys; and others whose only knowledge comes from wonderful stories of how a man must keep both eyes open to hold fast to what the law allows him. Unfortunately, such fellows fail to profit by advice, since they are too prone to look upon it as the manufacture of rival traders, who would like to keep all the market to themselves.

The arrival of a steam-boat from the upper country brings together the 'Poultry-Dealers,' a class of population unknown in any other city of the Union, and confined almost exclusively to the female sex; a motley crowd of the fag-ends and waste-pieces of humanity, so strangely amalgamated as to verify the old adage, that 'It takes a wise child to know its own father.' It is usual to place such freight as poultry in coops, on the hurricane-deck of the vessel; and in discharging the cargo, these coops are the first to be removed. Hence, the sale of such ventures generally commences immediately on the arrival of the vessel; and it very often happens that before the coops are entirely discharged, the group of poultry-dealers are assembled on the Levee plotting a grand 'coup de Louis Napoleon.' The usual process with traders who have experience, is to look out for some huge pile of cotton-bales or other produce, and so arrange their coops as to have them fortified on all sides from the advances of the poultry-dealers, whom they very properly regard in the light of enemies. By this means, with the aid of one or two assistants armed with knives and tomahawks, they can keep all hands off the coops but their own, and then they hand out their turkeys securely, one by one, taking good care never to let one go until they get the money in their fists. But alas for those who have never cut their eye-teeth on the penny whistle! I have seen them running the gauntlet after the following manner: The dealers are always on the look-out for 'green-horns,' and know them at a glance. As soon as they see one, they surround his coops and commence jabbering like monkeys, and just about as intelligibly. This confuses him; and, watching their opportunity, they press upon him, all wanting to pay for a turkey which they have managed to get hold of at the same time, and each offering a bill, which requires time to hunt up the proper change. He soon becomes absorbed, and loses sight of his coops, and the minions of the dealers are then as busy as bees, emptying them, and covering their plunder like magic under their long dresses. Thus he goes on swimmingly over one coop, and his visions are bright with the profits he is realizing; for every turkey that he gets the money for is bringing him treble what it cost him. But what is his horror when, on looking around for the next coop to

commence operations on, he finds it entirely empty; and then another, and another, until, in a terrific agony, he cries out, 'Murder! murder! Stop thief! Every body run here! I'm robbed! ruined! I had a hundred turkeys, and, before God, I've only got the money for ten!' And, wringing his hands in anguish, he sinks down in hopeless despair.

In the days of which I write, there were 'gens d'armes' for the protection of life and property at night, and no city was more safe than New-Orleans; but experience had not then taught the efficiency of a day-police; and such robberies were frequent occurrences in the face of day; and the only protection the poor fellow had who ventured on shore with his coops of poultry was his own good right arm and mother-wit. Experience was then, as it is now, a good teacher, and no one ever suffered more than once; but strangers were continually pouring in with every arrival, and the unwary adventurer was 'done for' before he knew of the danger, and it was accomplished with such dexterity that redress was impossible.

But the New-Orleans of 1852 is not the New-Orleans of twenty years ago. The innovations of the Anglo-Saxon race have been steadily undermining the manners and customs of the aborigines of the country; and the lover of romance, on returning to the city after a lapse of years, sighs for the good old times that have passed away for ever. The Creole influence breathed its last breath in the late struggle against the amalgamation of all the municipalities under one government; and New-Orleans is now an Anglo-Saxon city. That her course is onward in the march of improvement, in wealth and commercial importance, no one can for a moment fail to perceive; but then, I cannot help regretting that this one spot should not have retained its primitive simplicity of manners as a reminiscence; an oasis in the desert of this unromantic age.

But it is not with the New-Orleans of 1852 that I have any sympathy. I love to dwell upon its peculiarities in days of yore, when life was a romance, rather than a reality, the very antipodes to life in any Anglo-Saxon city. It is true, business had to be attended to in those days as well as now, for man is no where exempt from labor; but then there was no occasion for violent and wearing exertion, or rail-road speed to keep ahead of his neighbor. The fruits of labor were so well preserved and appropriated, that 'enough was as good as a feast,' and all the work that was done was in reality more deserving the name of rational exercise than hard labor.

The proprietor of an establishment was on terms of close intimacy with his employées, and when the business of the day was over, night found them together in search of congenial amusements. On first observing this feature in society, I was forcibly struck with it, and could not but admit that the contrast between this course and that of ours of the Northern cities was manifestly against us, where the distance between the employer and his clerk is so great, and his disinclination to see him taking any amusement whatever is so well understood, that a young man has to tax his wits to find enjoyments that do not come under his displeasure.

How essential are pleasing recreations, both to health and happiness! And how much more certainly would the recreations sought by young men

be instructive and honorable, when shared in the society of their employers! But it seems we are ever playing at cross-purposes. The youth who feels the injustice of his unsympathizing employer, awaits the 'good time coming' when he is to assume the reins of government of an establishment, and find his redress in visiting his old experience, with compound interest, on the devoted heads of his employées.

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L I V E I T D O W N .

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BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

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SHOULD envious tongues some malice frame,  
To soil and tarnish your good name:  
Live it down!

Grow not disheartened; 'tis the lot  
Of all men, whether good or not:  
Live it down!

Rail not in answer, but be calm;  
For silence yields a rapid balm:  
Live it down!

Go not among your friends and say,  
Evil hath fallen on my way:  
Live it down!

Far better thus yourself alone  
To suffer, than with friends bemoan  
The trouble that is all your own:  
Live it down!

What though men *evil* call your *good*?  
So CHRIST himself, misunderstood,  
Was nailed unto a cross of wood!

And now shall you, for lesser pain,  
Your inmost soul for ever stain  
By rendering evil back again?  
Live it down!

Oh! if you look to be forgiven,  
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,  
And love to you shall glide from heaven.

And when shall come the poisoned lie  
Swift from the bow of calumny;  
If you would turn it harmless by,  
And make the venomed falsehood die,  
In God's name, live it down!



## ON THE ECONOMY OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

I HAVE already alluded to Lamb's idiosyncrasy as a man of letters, and attempted to separate the components of so delicate a style. In the last scrutiny and analysis, they were found to represent the pure, precious, unalloyed gold of humanity. In this respect he was so peculiarly original, that his literary tastes unveiled his virtues, and did not serve to hide a blemish. Plausible style is apt to be a great hypocrite; and where you see well-culled words, and apparently without art and studied elegance, you are astonished often that those who write so well conduct themselves so ill. But we should not estimate any by their words alone, though they be *εκα πτεροεντα*, wingéd-words, like Homer's, or *χρυσιατερα χρυσου*, more golden than gold, like Sappho's. They are the rich ore from the *mind* alone; and in comparison as the pit is deep, it is dark and noxious; while gems are more precious as they represent *tears* which gush up from the pure well-spring of the heart. 'Actions,' says the homely adage, 'speak louder than words,' and to this test I proceed next to subject the author, in building up, by degrees, a simple monument of affection to his memory. It will not be embellished with 'sepulchral lies,' costly devices, or cherubic emblems, but with the name of my dear friend, CHARLES LAMB. I call him my friend, because I know him, and love him almost more tenderly than I do any other writer. Shakspeare makes you acquainted with the hearts of others, but this one affectionately reveals his own; and though his speech is sometimes halting, and his words like Arabian odors wafted from a far distance, they tell an 'ower true tale' of what is, for the most part, regarded as fictitious Faëry Land—a heart of true love. A phase exhibited in the daily, practical life of *Charles*, will be the topic of this essay, that the rays of truth may be concentrated, and cast, with rosy light, on that part of a character which is so touching and beautiful.

The 'Final Memorials,' by Sergeant Talfourd, reveal a dreadful secret, religiously kept from the public eye for many years, and rendering the former biography unaccomplished. Few knew, beyond the precincts of his immediate residence, a fact in his history\* which invested it almost with the interest of a fatal drama, and gave to the complexion of his thoughts, even when most playful, a hue of tender sadness, such as the face of patient suffering is apt to wear. His sister, in whom a tendency to insanity early appeared, suddenly seized a case-knife and stabbed her aged mother to the heart. What a prospect was before him, immediately after the occurrence of this event!

'A matter of twenty people,' he says, in one room, thoughtlessly and jocularly jesting, his murdered parent in the other, at whose side he

\* To the fact that *only the fact* was recorded in the *London Times* and other newspapers, without any mention of *names*, this happy ignorance of the public was due, with reference to this unfortunate event.

kneeled almost frantic, asking God to forgive him for forgetting her so soon; his father in a state of drivelling dotage, seeking some one to play at his favorite game of cribbage while the coroner's inquest was sitting; a brother, incapacitated or indisposed to take care of old age; a sister, at present a raving maniac, and whose returning sanity was insecure, while he himself, with a proclivity to the like disorder, was but a poor clerk, a drudge at the India House, earning his bread by hard and uncongenial labor 'betwixt the daylight and the dark,' and the whole weight of this miserable family resting upon him! Was not all this enough to have crazed or crushed a stout, courageous man? How much more a youth with a spirit so gentle, in a body so delicate and frail! He rose up under the burden rather with the calmness and energy of a Christian than with the supernatural spasmodic effort of despair. 'I closed not my eyes in sleep that night,' he says, 'but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used *not to rest in things of sense*; had endeavored after a comprehension of mind unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time,' and *this kept me up*.' From such a cloudy morning, which never cleared up into any thing better than a pale sunshine, his life was one of toil, of suffering, and of self-sacrifice, in whose placid intervals he went to wander in the flowery fields, and out of the gathered sweets compacted such delicious honey! Even the bitter food and poison commended to his lips, by assimilation with his chastened genius, became a nectar fitted for the gods. How many in like position would have succumbed to misery, or indulged a fitful genius, while every better principle became lax! Your geniuses are not the men to struggle in the wave:

'With lusty sinews throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.'

Their cry is, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!' Charles was poor, industrious, frugal, temperate, honest, self-denying, and generous to the last degree. When I say this, it is not an extravagant way of speaking, but I mean to the very extremest verge. There is not one liberal man out of ten thousand, and he is only *penultimately* generous.

I have spent a day in following the light foot-prints of these virtues over the whole ground of Talfourd's last volume, and, looking at them as if in the wintry snows of his fortune, I have recognized them by their insimilitude to other tracks, and, stopping to admire one and another of them, as if it were antediluvian, have instinctively exclaimed: 'This is Lamb's!' Here is a measure which can only be applied to him, unless it may suit angels' footsteps on their 'few and far-between' visits to the earth. How well-defined! how delicate! how unlike the vulgar hoofs which all about have ground the soil and crushed the tender flowers! Beneath these tracks the myriads of microscopic things have life, unhurt by him who 'would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm!' Gentle Charles!

He was indeed poor. Educated according to the straitest sect a classical scholar, one of Nature's noblemen, with exacting tastes, and sensitive to the slightest rudeness of the world, though none depended on him, he would have been considered until his day of death in straitened circumstances. Wealth and poverty are comparative, and one has either,

according to the relations in which he is. The boor can more than satiate his desires with what he gains, while natural taste and artificial culture bleed from pinching want. It makes a great difference whether we wish a dinner of herbs, or a vellum-bound volume: a house with rude beams, or walls covered with choice pictures; a mug of home-brewed ale, or wine of some old vintage; familiarity with choice souls, or with the ignoble vulgar; rough work among the clods, or comfortable ease with dignity; to take a walk within the stony limits of necessity, or suburbanly among gardens such as Shenstone would admire: in short, pabulum for the mind, or mere beef and cabbage. 'When Southey becomes as modest as his predecessor Milton, and publishes his epics in duodecimo,' says the poverty-stricken essayist, who bitterly wanted the volumes, 'I will read them. A guinea a book is somewhat exorbitant, *nor have I the opportunity of borrowing the work.*' No; he had not the opportunity, or rather not the face, to borrow for himself; although, in the disinterestedness of his nature, he would submit to beg a book for his friend, to judge from the following extract of a letter to Mr. Manning: 'Have you a copy of your Algebra to give away? I do not ask it for myself; but that worthy man and excellent poet, George Dyer, made me a visit to borrow one, supposing, rationally enough, that you had made me a present of one before this. Now, if he could step in and find, on Saturday morning, lying for him at the porter's lodge, Clifford's Inn, Manning's Algebra, with a neat manuscript on the blank-leaf, running thus from the author,' etc. We can imagine him looking wistfully at some old edition of his favorites, deposited on the shelves of a book-stall, with his hand in his pocket, weighing the chances of to-night's reading or to-day's dinner; then sorrowfully turning away, with his head full of lore, to take his place on a high bench before a desk at the India House, to pore all day over ledgers; books which, in his expressive language, were 'no books'—*biblia a-biblia*; snatching a moment or two to write a letter to Wordsworth, fantastically, under an official order or bill of sale, before going home to play all the evening at cribbage with a doting old man!

As to work, he says, 'It takes all the golden part of the day away; a solid lump from ten to four.' This is only a part of the sorrows of a poor man like Lamb: to have luxuries, such as exorbitant epics and rare volumes, inaccessible. The poet, with his god-like faculty, can create something out of nothing, if a little *time* be rescued to him from toil and supervening drowsiness, to indulge his genius with 'books which *are* books,' and with friends which *are* friends; sharpening his own face with each delightful frontispiece, and borrowing a few thoughts from some, only to return them new-stamped, and in a better coinage. But to have '*all the golden part of the day*' taken away, leaves him poor enough. A man of genius, who cannot afford to purchase the thoughts of others, can feed upon his own, if hard necessity allows a little breathing-spell. Such, however, was seldom the lot of Charles Lamb, unless we count his school-boy days, or hours spent in the little dusky room of the 'Cat and Salutation' tavern, before he attained his majority. Every evening, when he closed his ledgers, he sighed, '*Perdidi diem!*' 'In the lonesome, latter years,' he did indeed contrive to redeem a few precious morsels of time, to hold converse with living friends and the souls of departed authors. He took

the malleable ore, collected in those to him 'golden hours,' and chased it with an exquisite workmanship of his own, so that you would know that it was not done in common work-day hurry, but in some *happy* moments of inspiration, segregated from vulgar current time. After all, had he been gifted with the fee-simple of the long illuminated stretch between sunrise and sunset, having only to do with printed books instead of printed calicoes, would the *Essays of Elia* ever have been written? As the best flavored honey is not collected near the perpetual glowing belt of the Equator, but in the scarcer intervals of northern sunshine, so he extracted quintessence in the narrow strips which lay between the dark hours.

Nor had he the means to satisfy a craving heart more prodigally than the desires of a craving intellect. A little boy of only fourteen years, whom I knew, once wrote, in that charming Doric simplicity which an older poet would not have used :

'How pleasant are the joys of love  
Unable to be told!'

*Unable to be told!* But the inability of such joys to be adequately expressed; that tender passion for the beautiful, and for woman, its highest type on earth, which is at the very core of every poet's heart, was painfully manifest in Charles, the most affectionate, yearning nature that ever was, nevertheless *too poor* to fall in love. Rather let me say, too noble, too Christian, to sacrifice the higher to the lower: an erotic passion to a hard, imperative duty, which is the love of God.

'Being just twenty years of age,' says Talfourd, 'he began to write verses, partly incited by the example of his only friend, Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady, residing in the neighborhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as the 'fair-haired maid.' How his love prospered, we cannot ascertain; but we know how nobly that love, and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were resigned, on the catastrophe which darkened the following year. The fair-haired maid, whatever her charms, was not preferred to a sister, who required all his care, until the very end of his life. For soon :

— 'Upon his poor, unsheltered head,  
Did PENURY her sickly mildew shed;  
And soon are fled the charms of early grace,  
And Joy's wild gleams, that lightened o'er his face.'

As he was a man of figures, (I refer not to those rhetorical or poetical ones with which his works are garnished, but to mere counting-house figures,) his melancholy account-current with the world, at the age of twenty-one, stood somewhat thus: Himself, an inefficient brother, an old aunt, a childish father, a sister in the mad-house to take care of; as an offset to which — But the account shall be rendered in his own words: 'My aunt has generously given up the interest of her little money, which was formerly paid my father for her beard, wholly and solely to my sister's use. Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maid-servant to look after him when I am out, seventy pounds, or rather one hundred and eighty pounds a year, out of which we can spare at least fifty or sixty pounds for Mary, while she stays at Islington, where she must and *shall* stay, during her father's life, for his and her comfort.

I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the mad-house and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love her, and are taken with her amazingly : and I know from her own mouth that she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. . . . A legacy of one hundred pounds, which my father will have at Christmas, and this twenty pounds I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will much more than set us clear. If my father, an old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on one hundred and thirty or one hundred and twenty pounds a year, we ought to burn by slow fires : *and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital !*'

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S T. R E G I S W I N D O F L A U F E N .

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FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNER.

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UNTIMELY was Lord ERNEST's wrath, when in an evil hour  
 He struck the false maid-servant with all his might and power :  
 He struck the false maid-servant, he spurned her with his heel :  
 'Now, Baron ERNEST, know, for this thou shalt my vengeance feel !'  
 It was the false maid-servant who hastened through the hall ;  
 She left the castle — sooth, her look might stoutest heart appal :  
 Adown the vale she hastened, with a fierce and eager joy,  
 While deeds of direst vengeance did her guilty thoughts employ.  
 There sported on the flowery mead Lord ERNEST's lovely child,  
 A maiden in the spring of life, of aspect sweet and mild ;  
 Then plucked the false maid-servant three roses from the heath,  
 With devilish art to lure the child to the wild stream beneath.  
 'Wilt come with me, my pretty babe, into the vale below !  
 And I will lead thee to the spot where fairest flowerets grow.'  
 Then, grasping with a hurried hand the sunny locks that gleam  
 Adown her neck, like waving gold, she plunged her in the stream.  
 Awhile the waters hid the child, awhile it rose again :  
 Loud laughed in scorn that wicked hag ; full soon her vengeance came !  
 She fled from that accursed spot, fled over hill and plain ;  
 Many a weary year she roamed, but rest might never gain.  
 In Baron ERNEST's castle-hall is heard a wailing sound ;  
 In grief they brought him his dead child : 'mid roses was she found ;  
 And on her clay-cold cheek are seen — oh ! rare yet beauteous sight —  
 The mingled hues of the blushing rose and of the lily white !  
 In a coffin crowned with roses red he laid his darling child —  
 A dreary home for one like her, so gentle and so mild ;  
 And mothers with their tender babes, whose guileless souls ne'er sinned.  
 Have knelt in sorrow by the tomb of little REGISWIND ;  
 But whene'er the father visited his hapless daughter's grave,  
 The roses in new beauty bloomed, and rarest perfume gave.  
 And ever as departing years bring back the fatal day,  
 When from its gentle dwelling-place her spirit passed away,  
 To many a little child has come, when in infant slumbers bound,  
 The holy form of REGISWIND, with blooming roses crowned.  
 And many a little child since then, to early suffering given,  
 Whom death by night has visited, and called away to heaven,  
 At morn, by sorrowing parents in its cradle has been found,  
 Like the holy form of REGISWIND, with blooming roses crowned.



## The Fudge Papers:

REPRODUCED INTO WRITING BY IK MARVEL, AMANCHESS FOR TOMY FUDGE

### CHAPTER FIFTH

#### WASH. FUDGE ABROAD.

\*YEA, I protest, it is no salt desire  
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,  
Nor any disaffection to the state  
Where I was bred, (and unto which I owe  
My dearest plots,) hath brought me out: much less  
That idle, antique, stale, gray-headed project,  
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with ULYSSES:  
But a peculiar humor of my mother's.' VOLPONE. BEN JONSON.

THE speech of Mr. POLITIC-WOULD-BE, in BEN JONSON's play, twangs as admirably with the humor and intent of WASH. FUDGE, as he set off upon his travels, as can be imagined. Mrs. FUDGE and WILHELMINA waved their handkerchiefs theatrically from the Jersey dock, as the steamer which bore GEORGE WASHINGTON paddled off into the bay. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE waved his hat, in the graceful manner which he had learned when returning the plaudits paid to him as Mayor of the city.

I cannot say that the parties were much overcome, on either side. Mrs. FUDGE, as usual, bore up stoutly. WILHELMINA might, I think, have shed a tear or two, had her eye not lighted, in the very moment of her enthusiasm, upon a dashing fellow upon the quarter-deck: and she conceived the sudden and cruel design of fascinating him where he stood.

It is the custom to call ladies tender-hearted: I am inclined to doubt the fact. Certain it is, that cruelties of the kind above hinted at are practised from day to day in the most wanton manner, without any kind of provocation; and, fortunately, in many instances without any recompense. I have no doubt that the basilisk eyes of Wilhelmina were fastened upon the dashing gentleman at the very moment that she twirled her handkerchief for the last time toward the dimly-receding figure of WASH. FUDGE, and subsided gracefully into the arms of her mother. Her position was a good one upon the dock. Mrs. FUDGE had arranged her dress as she supported her; the cambric handkerchief, which waved adieu, was trimmed with lace; the wind was moderate; the by-standers were numerous; and the whole affair was creditable to the heart and to the head.

As the crowd dispersed, Miss WILHELMINA recovered her spirits and her footing.

As for WASH. FUDGE, who had learned some experience in the nautical line, by one or two excursions in mild weather, in a small, sloop-rigged yacht, to Coney-Island, he avowed himself to the dashing gentleman before-named, to be quite in his element. The element seemed to be kindred with his qualities down the bay, and for some twenty hours thereafter. After this, it would appear that young Mr. FUDGE was less talka-

tive than usual: he seemed fatigued; he reposed frequently upon the settees lashed to the 'lights' of the after-cabin. His appetite failed him; especially at breakfast. There were very violent calls for the steward from state-room number fourteen, such as could hardly have been anticipated from a dashing yacht-man, in his own element.

I am told that there is something excessively awkward in the position of a ship's decks at sea. My opinion is that WASH. FUDGE experienced this awkwardness very sensibly. I can imagine my young friend, wedged of a morning very tightly in the angle formed by a thin mattress and the wall of his state-room, the victim of irresolution, and of considerable nausea. I can fancy his plaid pantaloons swinging over him, in a very extraordinary manner, from the farther side of his room, the contents of his wash-bowl plunging toward him very threateningly, and the bed-clothes, and ship generally, wearing a very bad smell. In any delirious attempts to dress, I can easily imagine him making sad plunges toward the leg of his pantaloons, sometimes taking a rest, with his hand in the wash-bowl, and struggling frightfully to recover the escaping end of his cravat. Under these circumstances, and while recovering some composure by a resort to a horizontal position, I can imagine the contrast afforded by the pleasant, off-hand manner of the English steward, as he announces breakfast: and I think I can picture to myself the parched and yellow expression of my usually cheerful young friend, as he listens to the appetizing and kind enumeration of 'Grilled fowl, Sir! nice curry, Sir! broiled bacon, Sir!'

Young Mr. FUDGE has been specially commended by Mr. FUDGE, senior, to the Captain. The Captain would not, of course, fail to be obedient to the wishes of Mr. FUDGE, late Mayor, etc. He pays them the same degree of regard which sea-captains usually pay to such demands upon their time and attention. On the third day, perhaps, he pays a visit to his *protégé*:

'Eh, bless me! not out *yet*, Mr. FUDGE?—rather under the weather?'

'Deveelish sick, Captain!'

'Ah, well, brave it out, my man: eat hearty: stir about: rather nasty weather, this. Good morning.'

A bottle of old particular Madeira, secured upon the first day, holds its place obstinately in the rack: Mr. FUDGE finds that taste changes at sea. A nice little packet of flat cigars, on which he had counted for a vast deal of luxury, are entirely discarded. The same may be said of a nicely-ruled diary, in which Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE had suggested the record of such practical observations as occurred to his son upon the voyage. There are, indeed, a few notes upon New-York bay: brief mention of the first day's longitude, and one or two observations upon steam-engines. In a letter to an old companion, eked out upon the calm days, WASH. FUDGE shows himself more discursive, and possessed of more fertile resources:

'Dear Tom,' he writes, 'hope you are well and thriving down at Bassford's to-night: can't say the same for myself. The motion is different from that of the Sylph, and the engines keep up an infernal clatter: prefer sailing, myself. Beside, one has no appetite: the truth is, I've been a little under the weather. My chum, a chubby Englishman, in gray coat and

gaiters, shaves regularly at eight. I expect to see him cut his throat every breezy morning: it would be a great relief.

'I don't know as you were ever sea-sick; it's uncommonly annoying!

'I have managed a game or two of piquet, with a nice, gentlemanly fellow aboard; but he plays devilish well: no very tall figures; but I'm in for three or four pound. I mean to learn the game.

'There's a confounded pretty girl aboard — *Jenkins* is her name — with her father or uncle, I do n't know which. I wish you'd find out who they are, what set, etc., and let me know. She's deuced stylish. No chance for flirtation aboard ship. When you come, Tom, don't, for Heaven's sake, count on any great dash. It's no go. The style is a stout sou'-wester, and gray pants: only at dinner a little show of waistcoat and fob-chain.

'I take pen again to tell you the voyage is up. Irish shores in sight. Uncommon low, black steamers they have this side. Haven't made any progress with Miss *JENKINS*: shall see her in Paris: am in for four pound more at that infernal piquet: mean to learn it. Give my love to the boys.'

From the *Adelphi*, Liverpool, WASH. FUDGE, in obedience to maternal wishes, communicates such facts as he trusts will be interesting to Mrs. FUDGE. I quote only a few passages, which certainly show a condensed and pointed style, as well as careful observation:

'Immensely stormy passage, and there were great fears of being lost: at which I hope you will not be alarmed, as it is now over. Was sick for a day or so, but soon over it. There was a pretty Miss *JENKINS*: blue eyes, uncommon pretty hair. Do you know any family of that name? Write me if you do: also any thing else interesting.

'Liverpool is quite a large place, but foggy, very. The ladies hold up their clothes at the crossings considerably higher than in New-York: clogs pretty general. Don't dress so prettily: rather taller than they are at home: fatter, too. Haven't seen many pretty faces: Miss *JENKINS*'s is the prettiest.

'They gamble badly on board ships. It is melancholy to think of it. Kept a diary, but it's too big to send with this, postage being high. Shall write again from Paris or London, can't now say which.

'Love to WILHE. Yrs. aff'y.'

At London, WASH. FUDGE is quartered at Morley's Hotel, recommended by his dashing partner at piquet. He understands, moreover, that the *JENKINS*ES have expressed an intention of stopping at the same house. He has the misfortune, however, to miss them.

In obedience to the reiterated wishes of Mr. *SOLOMON FUDGE*, he transmits to that gentleman a brief record of his observations. I beg to premise, that Mr. *SOLOMON FUDGE*, with true business tact, had always recommended great precision of language, no redundancy of words, and close observation of foreign habit, especially in all that related to commercial life, into which line he has a strong hope of one day warping his son's somewhat scattered habits. The hope appears, in some degree, illusory.

'My dear father,' writes *WASHINGTON*, 'for account of voyage please see mother's letter of 6th: also for general notes on Liverpool. The

docks are large, of brown stone, containing an immense deal of shipping. They are called Prince's dock, Salt-house dock, Queen's dock, and others : all said to have been dug out of the cemetery, which seems probable, as the cemetery is very deep.

'Delivered Mr. M.'s letter the 4th. Counting-rooms in Liverpool are dark, in other respects resemble those of New-York. Dined with Mr. M. next day : expressed regard for you. Dinner much the same as at home, only sit longer over wine : glass of porter served. Beef is specially tender and juicy. Waiter wears white gloves : ditto cravat. I think this description of a British merchant's dinner will be agreeable to you.

'Left Liverpool Monday. They call the cars carriages : stuffed seats, but very expensive. I am afraid, dear father, you will have to extend my credit two hundred pounds. Station-house at Birmingham is very large ; built, I should think, of iron. Did'n't see much of the country : should say it was fertile, very. Could'n't tell how many passengers there were, but rather a long train.

'As you have seen London, I will not describe it. A young gentleman came on with me, who has kindly showed me a good many of the build-ings, theatres, and others : but as he is rather a gay lark, I think I shall avoid him some.

'I go to church on Sundays : quite a large church at Liverpool, with a chime of bells. I have not been to the docks yet, but hope to, in case I leave by sea. I shall go to Paris shortly, and remain, meantime, very dutifully, etc.'

Not being myself very familiar with London, I do not wish to be considered personally responsible for any statements above made. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that WASH. FUDGE visited the Tower, the Hay-market, and London Bridge, with great apparent interest : he was also particularly struck with the huge sentry at the gate of the Horse-Guards. In short, like most young Americans, Mr. FUDGE turned his back upon England, with only such knowledge of British habit as could be picked up along Oxford-street and the Strand, and with such acquaintance with the British country and agriculture as may be gained in the Park of St. James, or in the 'Long Walk' of Windsor.

At Paris, WASH. FUDGE is again, as he expresses it, in his own element, notwithstanding a very unfortunate ignorance of the language. He takes rooms, as most fresh Americans do, upon the Rue-Rivoli, and commences observations of continental habit by minute study of the long-legged English, and dashing couriers, who usually throng the court-yard of MEVRICE. These observations, being of a valuable character, he jots down for Mr. SOL. FUDGE, of Wall-street, in this strain :

—'Thus far it appears to me that the French are a tall people, and talk considerable English : some wear gilt bands on their hats. They (the bankers) have their offices in their houses, and call them, very funnily, *bureaux*.

'Paris is an expensive place, and I hope you will remember about the credit : am glad to see Dauphin is rising : hope it will *keep* rising. M. HOTTINOTER was very polite : asked me to step in occasionally, and read the papers. They call the Exchange, *Bourse*, I find, and do considerable business. It is a building with pillars : theatre opposite. I rarely go to

the theatre. They have beautiful gardens here : Tuileries, and Mabil, and others. Occasionally they dance in them. The French are fond of dancing. I shall probably practise a little.

'As you advised me to pay attention to business matters, called to-day at several shops on the Rue de la Paix. The shop-keepers are very polite. A great deal of wine is sold in Paris. Some newspapers are published. I have not had much time to read them. The form of government is republican. People seem contented, especially at the balls up the Champs Elysées : (translated, means Elysian Fields!!) Am getting on pretty well with French. A good deal of order seems to prevail. The wine is made in the provinces. I have not yet seen the provinces : am told they are very extensive : also the vineyards. Have not yet seen the President, but a good many cuts of him : the cuts are said to be very fair.'

It may be as well to leave our cousin WASH. at this point, premising only that he has ascertained the quarters of the beautiful Miss JENKINS, having met with her two successive nights at the opera, and only waits for advices from his mother, to decide upon the policy of prosecuting the acquaintance : Mrs. FUDGE, with true maternal regard, having cautioned her son against forming such associations abroad as would retard his advancement upon a return to New-York, especially among American travellers. There was a time, indeed, when the rarity and expense of foreign travel was a certain guaranty for gentility ; but now-a-days, as Mrs. FUDGE very justly observes, the popular taste for European society and observation renders a great deal of caution imperative.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

## OTHER FUDGES

'LIKE to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE novelists have a happy way of shifting their ground very much at random ; and I observe that they do it more especially when they lack material to carry out any particular description or story. I admire their good sense, which avails itself of a rhetorical figure to conceal their poverty. I shall do the same thing myself.

I have already spoken of Mrs. FUDGE, the widow, and of her daughters, JEMIMA and BRIDGET FUDGE. I now take the liberty of introducing them more particularly. I feel sure they will appreciate the honor. They admire literary people. They adore sonnets. And if the two Miss FUDGES were not rather old girls, there would be no safety for stray unmarried poets. They would be carried by storm, particularly by Miss JEMIMA.

To Miss BRIDGET, as I have already observed, I have recommended a cheerful, retired, retail man, of an opposite lodging. The affair, however, does not progress beyond the opera-glass already mentioned.

They live humbly, in a street little known. Their parlors are dingy,



but furnished in *recherché* style. There is a plaster cast, full length, of Juno, another of Hebe; attractive figures, both of them. There is very much crewel-work, for which cousin BRIDGET is famous.

Asking my readers up stairs, I beg to present them to the Miss FUDGES, in their chamber. The thought of this will spread blushes upon their cheeks. They are seated by the window, commanding a view of the grocer's window, already alluded to.

BRIDGET is busy with her embroidery, relieved by occasional somewhat frigid glances over the way; where, presently, the identical grocer and opera-glass do, singularly enough, make their appearance. JEMIMA wonders that her sister can give any countenance to such awkward attentions. To which BRIDGET insists very strongly that such a thought had never entered her head; that she would not show enough notice of the gentleman to leave the window; wonders her sister could have imagined such a thing; breaks her crewel in her mortification; hunts over her basket for the right color; pricks her finger, and relieves herself by an indignant look at her sister, and another furtive glance over the way.

JEMIMA, meantime, having disposed a stray curl, which 'gives' (as the French say) upon the street in a killing manner, rests her brow upon her fore-finger (the ring is a row of pearls) and continues her reading of TUPPER on Love.

The grocer improves the occasion to convey his hand to his mouth, and to waft what may possibly be a kiss across the way. Miss BRIDGET is, of course, horribly scandalized, blushes very deeply, glances at JEMIMA, lights up with a ray of sisterly affection, and, without one thought of meeting opposite gallantries, conveys her hand innocently to her mouth, for the sake of drawing her crewel a little farther through the eye of her needle.

JEMIMA, meantime, sighing over some exquisite passage of MARTIN FARQUHAR, slightly changes the position of her fore-finger, so as to smooth the hair at its parting, employing the opportunity for a very virtuous glance over the way. The poor grocer was just then unfortunately returning, in a vehement way, what he considered the advances of Miss BRIDGET. JEMIMA is very naturally shocked in her turn, and vents her excess of indignation upon Miss BRIDGET.

The quarrel would undoubtedly have ended—as such sisterly quarrels usually do—in tears, if at that very moment the maid had not made her appearance with a letter for the Misses FUDGE.

I know nothing, so far as my own limited experience of the society of maiden ladies extends, which so sets in motion the blood of a prudish damsel upon the wrong side of the marrying age, whether it be twenty, twenty-five, or thirty, (for these things are regulated more by character than by age,) than the announcement of a letter. Whether it is that the frail residuary hope seems to lie in that imaginary form, or what may be the reason, I will not undertake to say. Certain it is that I never yet met, in all my varied observation, with a lady very prudish, very ugly, very old, or very disconsolate, whose eyes did not expand and leap forward, as it were, at the mere mention of a letter. It is a singular fact; and as such only, I beg leave to record it.

The letter here in question was addressed in a manly hand, a strange

hand, but, unfortunately, to the sisters in common. It could, therefore, contain no express proposal. Much as the sisters were attached to each other, I cannot but think that this indefinite mode of address was a source of regret to both.

BRIDGET had no doubt of its being from the gentleman opposite, who had availed himself of this ruse, to open communication with herself. JEMIMA doubted as little that it was a waif of praise from some admirer of her poems, who was desirous of a personal interview with the rare creature who had so disturbed his dreams.

After a pleasant sisterly quarrel, it was agreed that JEMIMA, being the more literary of the two, should have the opening of the mysterious paper, while BRIDGET should keep an eye over her shoulder, to see that all went off properly.

'My dear cousins!'

The surprise of such commencement, compelled instant reference to the close of the letter.

'Pshaw!' said JEMIMA.

'Faugh!' exclaimed BRIDGET.

I observe that it is the way with accredited story-tellers to make large draughts upon the organ of the marvellous. Mr. JAMES would, I have not a doubt, under present circumstances, furbish up a letter full of ingenious hints at some great crime, or equally ingenious hints of some prospective elopement, and conceal the name at the end, until it should become revealed very effectively at the tail of some old parchment deed, discovered by accident in some old desk of an old house.

I shall do nothing of the kind: first, because I am not writing a novel; and second, because I should fail if I attempted it.

The name at the close of the letter was none other than TRUMAN BODGERS.

The letter did not contain the slightest hint of any elopement; nothing of the kind. It was a business letter, yet arranged with tact and affection. I shall give the burden of it in my own way.

I have already spoken of KITTY FLEMING, living in the same town with TRUMAN BODGERS, and niece of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. I have expressed some admiration for the young lady named. It is needless, therefore, to remark upon her attractions: she is pretty. Mr. BODGERS knows it; and partly out of real kindness—for he is a man of the old stamp—and partly out of spite at cousin PHEBE, who has discountenanced his views, he is desirous of giving to KITTY a sight of the world, and a little 'top-dressing,' as he calls it, of city-life.

With this intent he makes appeal to Misses BRIDGET and JEMIMA, thinking, I dare say, and with a great deal of discretion, that Miss KITTY will be eminently safe under their guardianship. Mr. BODGERS is a shrewd man, and, fancying that opposition to the plan would come chiefly from the 'girls,' has addressed the daughters rather than the mother: thinking very plausibly that if he could but open their hearts, the old lady, in virtue of a postscript relating to 'compensation'—'feeling of delicacy'—'his own lack of family'—'no hesitation, etc.,' would cheerfully comply.

'It's very odd!' said Miss BRIDGET.

'Very,' said JEMIMA.  
 'Can he think of marrying her, MINNY?'  
 'Nonsense, BRIDGET: he's forty.'  
 'Forty's not *very* old, MINNY, dear.'  
 'I wonder if she's pretty?' said JEMIMA.  
 'They say she is: quite pretty, for a country-girl,' said BRIDGET, despondingly.

JEMIMA's face lengthened in the slightest perceptible degree.

'How can we take her, BRIDGET, dear?' said she.

'To be sure, *how can we?*' said BRIDGET, glancing over the way.

'Possibly she may be a belle,' said JEMIMA.

'Who knows?' said BRIDGET, with an air of resignation.

'That would mortify Aunt SOLOMON,' said JEMIMA, reviving.

'And WILHELMINA,' said BRIDGET, cheerfully.

'BRIDGET, dear, I think she had better come.'

The last view of the matter was decisive. The pretty KITTY FLEMING, then, is to be transferred from the quiet shades of Newtown to the small front chamber of the Widow FUDGE.

Thus, upon one side we have the cheerful WASH. FUDGE in plaid tights, coquetting with the heroines of the Mabil, while the elegant Miss JENKINS looks on coldly from the distance.

Upon the other, we have the timid KITTY, making her entrée upon New-York life, supported by the affectionate sisters, JEMIMA and BRIDGET, while the dashing WILHELMINA appears in the back-ground, covering gracefully the retreat of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

Upon this disposition of the family characters, I beg leave to drop the curtain for another month.

# S O N N E T .

TO MISS J. A. S.

FRIEND of my heart!—Jo, JOSIE, JOSEPHINE,  
 (Take whatsoever name may suit thee best;)  
 In what sweet future, by the kind Fates blest,  
 Dwells he whose heart shall claim thee as its queen?  
 Me, other bonds detain; yet in my heart  
 I hang these votive lines, a gift to thee,  
 Like dripping sea-weed from Life's changeful sea,  
 For Friendship's sacred altars set apart.  
 So, while amid thy thoughts Love haply writes  
 Another name, oh leave, I pray, for me  
 A little place in thy sweet memory;  
 That thoughts of thee, like stars on stormy nights,  
 May shine upon me while Life's pulse still lingers,  
 Or thy sweet harp seems 'touched by fairy fingers.'

Utica.

H. W. R.

## THE CHILD'S FOOTSTEPS.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

## I.

There is a sound most musical and sweet,  
A sound that ever bringeth joy to me,  
And thoughts of innocence for angels meet,  
And warmest love in all its purity :  
'Tis the light bounding step, all gay and fleet,  
Of happy childhood, with its tiny feet.

## II.

No noiseless gliding, as on sin intent,  
Nor slow and measured entrance at the door ;  
Each footstep, with a music eloquent,  
Sounds clear on winding stair or polished floor ;  
And ere the little dimpled face appears,  
The quick, sweet bound hath charmed away my cares.

## III.

Whether in satin slipper delicate,  
Or in its native freedom springing by ;  
If in proud palace halls its petted fate,  
Or in the lowly home of poverty ;  
Alike its buoyant gladness charms the ear,  
And bringeth thoughts of heavenly beauty near.

## IV.

I wonder not, if, in His lowly guise,  
Surrounded by the hardened and the vile,  
A sudden splendor lit the Saviour's eyes,  
And His lips parted with a holy smile,  
When, with their upward, sunny gaze, drew nigh  
The little fearless forms of infancy.

## V.

Ah, blessed little ones ! Their rosy charms  
Leaned on His bosom, all unpaled by fear :  
Serenely resting in His mighty arms  
Who framed the glory of each starry sphere,  
No thoughts of sinful years for them uprose ;  
No grief or shame to mar their sweet repose.

## VI.

Then let His lowly followers not disdain  
To guard such flower-like beauty for their Lord,  
Nor deem the moments wasted, while they train  
Fair infant minds obedient to his Word.  
Nay, rather let us, as their bloom we view,  
Seek our own innocent pleasures to renew.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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HAND-BOOK OF WINES, PRACTICAL, THEORETICAL, AND HISTORICAL: with a Description of Foreign Spirits and Liqueurs. By THOMAS McMULLEN. In one volume: pp. 327. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE elegant form and appearance of this volume, and the manifold edification we had derived from its perusal, were moving our critical judgment to a highly favorable notice of the same, when, on a sudden, a ghastly apparition obtruded itself upon our intellectual view, and plunged us into a fit of doubt and musing. Recalling to mind the awful image under which our favorite, JEAN PAUL, has represented VICE, as a mighty serpent, enveloping in its folds the entire globe, and burying its head deep in the human heart, we could not but pause and hesitate, lest by unguarded approbation we might haply entice new prey into the jaws of the truculent monster, or bring fresh victims within the charmed circle of its fascination. Under the influence of this appalling phantom, we had half resolved to refrain from laying such a stone of offence as the present recommendation must be in the path of our respected friends who urge the axe or guide the buoyant raft (plotting meanwhile the regeneration, *nolens volens*, of the human race) between Piscataqua and the far Passamaquoddy, when our *famulus*, or literary attendant—who possesses, in the absence of other funds, a very considerable one of practical good sense, and has made so many ‘experiments of living’ that he can speak of them all from actual knowledge—presented himself before us, poisoning with a delicate hand, so as not to agitate the precious contents, a bottle of genuine Chambertin, the gift of a valued friend to our thrice-unworthy self, and singing, with no unmelodious voice, the lines from ‘*Les Petits Coups*’ which run:

‘MAÎTRES de tous nos désirs,  
Régions-les, sans les contraindre:  
Plus l’excès nuit aux plaisirs,  
Amis, plus nous devons le craindre.’

Hereupon, the serpent which had so annoyed us rapidly uncoiled itself and retired into a dark corner; and as the *famulus* placed before us the welcome flask, shrewdly remarking that wine was undeniably a good thing, although it might sometimes tumble a man down stairs, we returned to our original purpose and penned the following lines, which we recommend to the reader’s attention.

Vice is surely nothing else than the abuse or misuse of those sources of pleasure which PROVIDENCE has bestowed on man to cheer his journey through life. Are we then to look upon the various benefactions of a kind CREATOR as only so many snares to tempt us to our ruin, and rudely to repulse the proffered kindness! No! Where Nature ‘spreads a common feast for all that lives,’ the ascetic



who coldly rejects her bounties appears to a rightly-judging mind but little less culpable and quite as ungrateful as the boor who grossly riots in her abundance.

That the vine deserves to be ranked among the most precious of vegetable productions, is apparent from Mr. McMULLEN's first chapter, which contains much curious information about the various uses of the plant, some of which will be quite new and surprising to those unacquainted with the subject, who will find it treated in a very agreeable manner. In the excellent chapters on 'Wine' in general, which are prefixed to those that treat of particular kinds, as well as in the one on 'Fermentation,' this latter process is seen to be so simple and natural, and to take place in such a vast variety of liquids, that we must perforce regard the generous draught thereby obtained as specially designed for man's solace and delight. Our author next proceeds to particularize the wines of the different countries of the world; and his terse, accurate, and interesting descriptions will be found extremely convenient for reference. The remaining portion of the work, however, will perhaps prove the most attractive to the general reader. Under the heads, 'Conservation of Wines,' 'Mixing of Wines,' 'Adulteration of Wines,' 'Purchasing of Wines,' etc., it imparts such information as tends on the one hand to promote rational and refined enjoyment, and on the other to discourage intemperate indulgence.

On the whole, we regard the appearance of this 'Hand-Book' with pleasure, and warmly recommend it to our readers. It is a careful and judicious blending of all the valuable matter contained in the very best European authorities on the subject, and may well take rank as a standard authority and book of reference with regard to wines and foreign spirits, which latter subject also receives its due share of attention. The author possesses a practical experience which embraces both Europe and this country, and extends over a period of thirty years. His *dicta* may therefore be safely relied on by the physician, the merchant, and the druggist, as well as by the ordinary consumer and the connoisseur. As a specimen of his style, we quote this delightful picture of the 'pleasant land of France:'

'THE cultivation in all the wine districts is agreeably striking; and the beautiful vineyards which so charmingly clothe the sides of hills, otherwise barren from not suiting a different purpose in agriculture, with fertility and verdure; even the rockiest and shallowest lands, from the Moselle to the Mediterranean, from the Rhine to the Atlantic, display in this way either the skill or the old prejudices of the people. As a whole, what a picture does this rich country present, flowing with corn, silk, wine, oil, and honey! Corn, wine, mulberries, and olives, dividing from north to south the soil which a genial sun warms, and an agricultural population look upon with unflinching joyousness.

'In other countries, to nature is left almost the sole management of the production of such wines as obtain a celebrity beyond the territory in which they are grown. In Italy and Spain, nature has done every thing, and man has generally deteriorated her gifts. One of the first red wines in the world is the Val de Penas, yet it is scarcely to be drunk beyond Manzanares without the defilement of pitch from the goat-skins in which it is carried. In France, the slightest foreign taste, scarcely perceptible to the stranger, would not be suffered in the better classes of wine. The national honor cannot be more scrupulously watched, than the purity and perfect quality of the fruit of the vintage is regarded by the better class of vine-growers. The consequence is, that no wines in the world are its equals.

'The production of wine constitutes the materials of a vast commerce, and is, next to the ordinary business of agriculture, by far the most extensive and valuable branch of industry in France. It is stated on the best authority that the quantity of wine annually produced in France amounts at an average to one billion one hundred millions of gallons, and its value is not less than two hundred millions of dollars. Upward of three millions of persons are employed in its production, and about three hundred thousand wine-sellers.' — pp. 48, 49.

How forcibly are we here reminded of the mythic story of the Greeks, according to whom BACCHUS follows CERES to civilize the earth and unite mankind in the gentle bonds of social polity. When we reflect that, as our author tells us, (p. 4,) 'in America upward of seventy kinds of wild vine are known,' and that the two finest of the French wines, champagne and burgundy, are produced at

the most northern limit of the vine region, we cannot but entertain the hope that our own vicinity may some day exhibit a similar scene of happy industry and well-rewarded labor. It is plain that debasing indulgence in spirituous liquors would thereby be greatly checked.

The chapter on the 'Art of Drinking Wine' abounds in lively and sensible observations, and a collection of some of the choicest proverbs and sayings relating to wine appropriately succeeds. We observe, however, that the following distich has escaped Mr. McMULLEN'S notice. Profound researches in German literature have lately brought it to our knowledge. It comes from a nation of deep-thinkers and deep-drinkers, and may be supposed to contain the sum and substance of their ripe reflections on the subject, and reads:

'WER nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,  
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.'

of which an accurate translation must conclude our notice:

'Who loves not Woman, Wine, and Song,  
Remains a fool his whole life long.'

'Whate'er the frowning zealots say,' we must give them this parting shot:

**THE STANDARD SPEAKER:** Containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry for Declamation in Schools, Academies, Lyceums, and Colleges, newly translated or compiled from celebrated Orators, Authors, and Popular Debaters, ancient and modern: a Treatise on Oratory and Elocution: Notes Explanatory and Biographical. By EFES SARGENT. In one volume, large 12mo: pp. 558. Philadelphia: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT AND COMPANY.

Most of our compilers seem to have regarded it merely as a leisure day's pastime among old scrap-books and antecedent school-books, to make up a 'Speaker.' Very differently has the editor of the present large and handsome volume entered upon his task. While he has retained all the indispensable master-pieces, and restored many that have been omitted from the collections of the last twenty years, he has given an amount of fresh, new, and appropriate matter, that will astonish and delight the youthful prize-seeking orators of our academies and schools. He has translated from MIRABEAU and VICTOR HUGO a number of speeches of appropriate length, which will become as familiar as the 'Give me liberty, or give me death' speech of PATRICK HENRY. That by HUGO at the trial of his son, and that on the liberty of the press, are among the most forcible specimens of oratory of any age. Three or four eloquent passages from ROBESPIERRE are given; and the department of translated French oratory is rich in striking and effective pieces, now for the first time rendered into English. Ancient eloquence is well represented; and here, too, the editor has given new selections, translations, and adaptations, showing how much good material has been neglected by our elocutionary compilers. The speeches of BRUTUS, CANTILIUS, and VIRGINIUS, paraphrased from LIVY, will all become favorites in our schools. The passages from DEMOSTHENES, ÆSCHINES, and CICERO are as spirited, in the new versions here given, as any thing in the whole range of modern oratory. Some capital extracts for declamation are quoted from what the editor calls 'that strangely depreciated work,' COWPER'S HOMER. It is indeed a little surprising that these passages have not been before appropriated by our compilers. We can only account for it on the supposition which we mentioned at starting. Under the Senatorial division are a succession of brilliant exercises, a great majority of

which are now for the first time introduced into a Speaker. Nothing could be better for the purpose than those of CHATHAM, BURKE, GRATTAN, BARRE, FOX, SHERIDAN, CANNING, and, among the debaters of later times, of BROUGHAM, TALFOURD, CROKER, MACAULAY, and SHEIL. The selections from the last two are particularly good, and will soon be familiar as household words in the mouths of school-boys. SHEIL's splendid harangue in reply to LYNCHURST's slur upon the Irish as 'aliens' is not forgotten. What adds materially to the interest of this department, and indeed of the whole work, are the notes, explanatory and biographical, illustrative of the text, and conveying information that the student ought to be possessed of, in order to declaim intelligently. The eloquence of the United States is well represented, and without a sign of sectional bias.

The dramatic and poetical departments are well filled; and while the 'standard' character of the work is faithfully adhered to, many new and choice extracts and entire pieces are given, which have the merit of novelty and striking adaptiveness to the purpose of recitation. SCHILLER is laid under contribution for some highly dramatic and beautiful exercises; while from KNOWLES, BULWER, CROLY, and other authors, many are derived that cannot fail to be much sought after by pupils. An original treatise on Oratory and Elocution opens the work, in which, while giving a faithful review of all the prominent systems, the editor expresses his incredulity in regard to their efficacy; and applies to them COWPER's well-known lines:

'DEFEND me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy; from the toll  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up!'

Among the original translations in the book is the following, versified from a prose fable, but so altered that it might be more appropriately called a paraphrase:

#### THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC.

ONCE on a time, the Nightingale, whose singing  
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,  
Consented at a concert to appear.  
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,  
And with them many a critic wide awake  
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake:  
She sang as only Nightingales can sing;

And, when she'd ended,  
There was a general cry of 'Bravo! splendid!'

While she, poor thing,  
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,  
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.  
The Turkeys gobbled their delight; the Geese,  
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,  
Gave this one no denial:

It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,  
An Ass was present, pompous and profound,  
Who said: 'My friends, I'll not dispute the honor  
That you would do our little prima donna.  
Although her upper notes are very shrill,  
And she defies all method in her trill,  
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,  
With study, may some cleverness attain.  
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul;  
But, but —'

'But!' growled the Lion; 'by my mane!  
I never knew an Ass who did not strain  
To qualify a good thing with a *but*!'  
'Nay,' said the Goose, approaching with a strut,  
'Do n't interrupt him, Sir; pray let it pass:  
The Ass is honest, if he is an Ass.'

'I was about,' said Long Ear, 'to remark,  
That there is something lacking in her whistle—  
Something magnetic,  
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,  
And kindle in the breast a spark,  
Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.'

The assembly tittered; but the Fox, with gravity,  
Said, at the Lion winking:  
'Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,  
Has given his opinion without shrinking;  
But, to do justice to the Nightingale,  
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,  
What sort of music 'tis that does not fail  
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.'

'Why,' said the critic, with an air potential,  
And pricking up his ears, delighted much  
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential;  
'Why, Sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch  
My feelings, and so carry me away,  
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray!'

'I thought so,' said the Fox, without a pause;  
'As far as you're concerned, your judgment's true:  
You do not like the Nightingale, because  
The Nightingale is not an Ass like you!'

PKNSHURST: HIS WANDERINGS AND WAYS OF THINKING. By DONALD McLEOD. One volume: pp. 300. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is the title of a forthcoming volume, at present in the press of CHARLES SCRIBNER, containing pictures of scenes in Switzerland, valleys, mountain-passes, and avalanches; now an episode by way of foil; now a lively conversation with a peasant; now a legend, the whole strung on a charming narrative. From a perusal of some of the proof-sheets, we are prepared to pronounce it a brilliant production, abounding in touches of wit, and passages of the most tender beauty. We content ourselves for the present by fortifying our assertion with the following sketch, or episode. It is called in the book, '*Little Paquette*:'

"You see, Monsieur, that ADELE (that was PAQUETTE's mother) was our youngest child, and very pretty, and as merry as a bird, with the lightest foot in the dance, and the sweetest voice for a song, and a rosy cheek, and soft eyes, full of love and gentleness.

"When she went away in the morning to her work, (for she made gloves, Monsieur,) it was like a light put out; and when she came back, the house got bright again.

"Well, in the winter she was kept very late; and coming home one night, she said she was not well; and at last we refused to let her go out any more, and she would sit in her room and cry all the day long; and so, by-and-by, little PAQUETTE was born; but ADELE was not married.

"Poor ADELE, she is dead now; we buried her the day her child was christened.

"Till she died, she never tired of holding it in her arms and kissing it, but she never smiled till after she was dead, and then the sweet light came back again to her face. Father ADRIEN called it the smile of the forgiven.' Here the old man paused for a moment, and sighed, and so went on.

"Well, Monsieur, little PAQUETTE thrived and grew prettier every day, and was the idol of us all; and Sister MARY ANGELA, one of the good sisters of St. Vincent, taught her to read and write, and to work beautiful things for the rich ladies, and to say her prayers and catechism, and never to tell a lie. And when she was fifteen, it would have done your heart good to hear the creak of her wooden shoes, and to see her soft eyes as she came home in the morning from the early mass.

"Well, at sixteen, she was to be married, to the finest young fellow of a CLAUDE BONJOUR in the world, with only one fault: he agreed with PIERRE about the regeneration of mankind and universal fraternization.

"Now, I did not think it became him so well as PIERRE; for PIERRE knew Latin, which made it more natural; but he was an idle fellow for all that.

"So when they talked about crushing tyrants, and doing away nobles, and making all men equal, little PAQUETTE would tell them that the king was a very good king; and that they must learn to be good themselves before they could make other people better; that one could not make bread cheaper by killing a king; and that the best way for the poor to get rich was to work honestly, and not spend their money in the wine-shops, nor their time in the debating-societies. To be happy, was to be like Father ADRIEN and Sister MARY ANGELA, who began by being good; and who, though born nobles, worked harder among the poor and the sick in one hour, than PIERRE did in a month, even for himself.

"Then PIERRE would laugh, and tell her that when the nobles fell, the priests and the sisters must go too; that they were drones, and lived upon the poor. And then, Monsieur, little PAQUETTE

would talk to them, just as you did, about God and holy Church; and would always come back to this: that to be happy, one must be good; to be prosperous, one must work; and that CLAUDE would be no richer if there were not any kings.

"And so things went on till that revolution came, and then men killed each other, and the king was sent away.

"Well, Monsieur, there is little more to tell. Good little PAQUETTE begged and pleaded with CLAUDE to keep at his work; but he would go to Paris, to the barricades, to fight against the tyrants, he said.

"So, after a while, what with the firing of guns and shouting of men, PAQUETTE got nearly crazy, and said she must go to look for CLAUDE; and when she did not come back again — for the cars were always running in those terrible days — I followed to look for her.

"It was a horrible sight in Paris; the workmen raving and swearing behind the barricades, the dead lying bloody at one's feet, and the moans of the dying all around one. So I ran hither and thither, looking for my child. Every gown I saw, I was sure it was PAQUETTE, but when I would come up and look in the face, it was only to be disappointed.

"Then some one shouted my name, and bade me get out of the way, for that the soldiers were coming. But just then I saw PAQUETTE; she was kneeling down, with CLAUDE's head in her lap; for he, the fine fellow, lay there dead. So I ran between the people and the soldiers to get at them, just as the people fired and threw volleys of stones; and then the fire was returned, and all the bullets swept over the old man, but one pierced the fair, white temple of my little child. So she sank down slowly beside CLAUDE, and never spoke nor moved again.

"They tell me, Monsieur, that I am a great deal better off now; that there are no more tyrants nor haughty aristocrats; and they write 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' all over the city. But PIERRE says that France is not regenerated yet; and I, Monsieur, I know that my little PAQUETTE is dead; and all that the Revolution has given me is a silent home, and a broken heart, and the cross upon the grave where the lilies are. It is the third, Monsieur, as you go into the church-yard of Notre Dame."

We think the reader will agree with us, that there is a great deal of natural tenderness and simplicity in this little sketch; nor will they fail to regard it as a foretaste of a work of more than common promise.

THE BUCKEYE ABROAD: or, Wanderings in Europe and in the Orient. By SAMUEL S. COX. In one volume: pp. 444. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 155, Broadway.

WE regard this handsomely-executed and liberally-illustrated volume as one of the very best of its class of travel-narrative. There is a freshness, new and peculiar, in the manner in which the author sees, feels, and describes the objects of interest which he encounters. This may be partly owing to a fact of which he himself speaks in his preface: 'A native of the West, and of that part familiarly known as 'The Buckeye State,' may be supposed to look upon the scenes and mingle with the throngs of the Old World with new and peculiar sensations, which may find sympathy, at least with the readers of his native State.' Indeed, it was such an interest at home that called for the revision and publication of the passages of travel before us. They embrace a tour through France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Scotland, England, and Ireland; delightful sojournings at Rome, Naples, Malta, Venice, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Geneva, and amidst the Alps, and observations along the Mediterranean, amidst the isles of Greece. The impressions recorded by the writer were mostly taken upon the spot, and the allusions, historical, classical, or other, were not sought for, but sprang out of the time and the locality, which is something quite different from your mere ordinary book-maker's process. Each lineament of each form in nature or art, each custom and characteristic, were rapidly daguerreotyped from the original, as it appeared in itself and in its surroundings. We close our too brief and imperfect notice of the volume (which we are glad to hear the public are already widely appreciating) with a passage toward its close, which will certainly not lessen the curiosity of our readers to examine its contents: 'Pardon me that I have occasionally indulged in the light, when there was so much of the serious to be written about. I feared to attempt the profound, lest it should



turn into the heavy, which even the inspiration of the Old World, with its thronging multitude of interests, could not relieve. But my readers will do me the justice to say, that when antiquity was present as a power, and God was visible in the grandeur of His works, I have not indulged in the frivolous. There is one part of the tourist's record which has not regaled my readers. Have I made mouths over meals, called on the reader to condole with my boiled egg or pudding, or to swear at Boots while I stood in stocking-feet, bawling in bad French? Have I dilated upon the want of water in my pitcher, or grumbled, like JOHN BULL, at the infamous charges of landlords? Content to eat what I could, and surprised to find the world so much more honest than it has credit for, I have endeavored to realize my childhood's dream and boyhood's wonder, by finding in the scenes of the Old World an enchantment and a presence, which, in the repose of home, Memory will 'not willingly let die.'

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MEDITATIONS IN AMERICA, and other Poems. By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. Second Edition. In one volume: pp. 143. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WE are glad to welcome a second and more beautiful edition of these poems by Mr. WALLACE, a young poet who has 'the vision and the faculty divine' in no ordinary degree. One is continually impressed, in reading his verse, of the exuberance and breadth of his imagination; and while the reader may not, in all cases, agree with the taste of the writer in his choice of adjectives, he is never at a loss to understand the meaning, or to apprehend the picture which is intended to be conveyed. In the neat and tasteful volume before us, we recognize not a few pieces which we had been accustomed to admire, without being aware that they were from the pen of Mr. WALLACE; and we remember giving in these pages a passage from the feeling lines on 'Greenwood Cemetery.' There is a great deal of true 'fall'-feeling in '*Autumn in America*.' We quote from it the following lines:

'THEN the trees — that gave, in the summer time,  
Each One his different tone,  
This glad and proud as a cymbal's chime,  
That making a harp-like moan;  
All falling in with the Wind that grieves  
O'er the little grave and the withered leaves,  
Together make a moan,  
While the desolate moon weeps half the night  
In a misty sky alone;  
Not a star to be seen in the misty night —  
The moon and the sky alone.

'Yet a grandeur broods over all the wo,  
And a music's in every moan;  
As through the forest-pass I go,  
The cloud and I alone,  
I face the blast and I croon a song,  
An old song dear to me,  
Because I know that the song was made  
By a Poet,\* now in the grave-yard laid,  
Who was fashioned tenderly.

'O, great, mild Heart! — O, pale, dead Bard!  
For thee on the withered grass,  
When the Autumn comes, and the pale wind counts,  
Like a weak, wan nun, with fingers cold,  
Her string of leaves by the forest founts,  
I chant a Poet's mass;  
And the mist goes up like incense rolled,  
And the trees bow down like friars stoled.

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\* WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, whose poetical and prose writings deservedly occupy a distinguished place in American literature.

'Away!—away! for the mass is said,  
And it breaks the heart to think long of the dead:  
But where can I go that the winds do not sing?  
To the house? Ah! there they will knock at the doors,  
Or stalk, with a pale-mouthed muttering,  
Like ghosts through the lonesome corridors.

'O, LAND away o'er the dark-blue sea!  
The good God loves us too:  
The year is with us as it is with thee,  
For he weareth every hue.  
It is from the darkness and the blight,  
That we love the bloom and we know the light.'

In the stanza before the first here quoted, our poet speaks of '*pale wind*,' in a very touching picture. Now a '*pale wind*,' to our poor conception, is very much like a '*crimson motion*;' and yet the writer's meaning, although delicate, is clear enough. The choice of the word '*pale*,' as a mere matter of taste, is liable to comment. Among the best patriotic effusions in the volume is that on '*The Old Liberty Bell*,' in the State-House at Philadelphia. We annex the only passage for which we can find space:

'ABOVE the dark mountain, above the blue wave,  
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave;  
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall,  
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all:  
The sabre was sharpened; the time-rusted blade  
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade  
Like a herald of wrath: And the host was arrayed!  
Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave  
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks of the Brave;  
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,  
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,  
Like the wing of some seraph flashed out from his home,  
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

'O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,  
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,  
In the storm, in the sunshine and darkness unrolled.  
It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the mast—  
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast;  
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;  
And the heart of the multitude soon  
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night,  
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.'

The strong American feeling that pervades the work, gives it, in our eyes, a peculiar charm. The volume is embellished with a very faithful and striking likeness of the author.

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EXAMPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS very interesting and beautifully-written volume was issued about six weeks since: and before we have had time to give it the notice it so richly merits, the first edition has been sold, and the second is in the hands of the binder. It contains twenty-four examples of Christian character, presented in the impressive and beautiful language of our distinguished authoress. It is a Christian record of the temptations, trials, and sufferings of noble hearts, and of the faith which sustained, and the triumph which crowned them; written by an equal, who has learned to sympathize and to rejoice in the same school of sorrow and gladness. The work was designed for, and is admirably adapted to, the Christian reader, for his Sunday reflections. As such, it points to that hope which comforts in the dark hours of this life, and sustains the trembling soul before the mysterious portal of the world to come. May we experience its solace and sanction, when the dark-winged angel comes to lead us to our FATHER'S house.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'POOR POWER!'—The recent acquisition of a fine English portrait of TYRONE POWER, which we had desiderated, with longing eyes, for years, and which now embellishes the sanctum, has set us anew to thinking of that masterly delineator of comic humor and pathos. 'Comic pathos' may seem an odd phrase; but who that ever saw POWER in 'St. PATRICK'S EVE,' for example, but would at once understand it? At one moment the auditor's eyes were wont to overflow with the 'waters of laughter,' and at the next, suffused with 'pity's tender drops.' What a difference there is between POWER and the imitators who have since assumed to wear his mantle! Of these latter, however, it is but justice to say, that Mr. LEONARD, who came to this country some years ago, and Mr. HUDSON, are by far the best. They approach POWER more nearly in their personal characters, as educated gentlemen. It would have irked 'poor POWER,' could he have lived, to find his personations imitated by ambitious aspirants, whose representations bear about the same relation to his, that the apings of JACQUES STROP do to the sublime performances of ROBERT MACAIRE. Well may we say, 'poor POWER!' lamenting scarcely less for him than for ourselves; for 'when shall we look upon his like again!' Well do we remember the last time we saw him; standing upon the upper deck of the ill-fated 'PRESIDENT,' and waving his white handkerchief in response to the cordial greetings of numerous friends upon the shore. When he had long been gone, and when at last no intelligence reached us of the ship; when expectation had 'darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair,' and we felt only that she had sailed from her port and would never be heard of more; that she had perished by fire, or gone down a night-foundered wreck; there was scarcely a journal in the Union that did not mourn the loss of 'poor POWER' in their announcement of the inevitable result of all our 'hopes deferred.'

As we sit here in the sanctum on this calm, still March evening, we recall, with the utmost vividness, this inimitable actor in many of his favorite personations. We remember him as the '*Irish Ambassador*,' the part in which he first appeared at the old PARK-THEATRE; and our metropolitan readers will recall the fact, that a more triumphant first appearance never took place in Gotham. The theatre was crowded to repletion, and the roars of laughter, as the play converged to its dénouement, were as incessant as they were irrepressible. His next appearance was in '*The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*;' but we have heard him say, generously and with truth, and because true, generous, that in that play, the great excellence of PLACIDE, as the nervous ASPEN, threw McSHANE into comparative shadow. Never shall we see such a McSHANE and ASPEN toge-

ther again! Do you remember the unapproachable manner in which the 'shaky' old cockney was wont to depict his delight at escaping from the annoyances of his house in London? He has travelled all night, and is shown by a waiter into the country inn, clad in a cloak, with his head muffled up, and followed by a post-boy; 'to whom thus then ASPEN: 'Post-boy, there's a crown for you: you have driven me at a speed commensurate with my wishes, and I can't say that I ever paid a gratuity with more thorough satisfaction.' When the post-boy has bowed himself out, he continues: 'Am I at last in the country? Dream of my early youth—hope of my latter days; the quiet, simple, thinly-populated country! From this day I begin to live—or rather, I return to childhood. I place myself on a level with the principles and sympathies of those about me; MYERS G. ASPEN, five years of age! Bless my soul!' he exclaims, looking from the window, 'what a charming prospect! How my eyes have been sealed to the beauties of nature! A milk-maid and a goat frisking by her side—pure animal spirits! And there's a cow pensively ruminating, a lamb innocently nibbling, and a duck enjoying a warm bath in a gutter! What a barbarian I have been, that I have never looked at greens and lambkins hitherto, without wishing them upon the table!' Every theatre-goer will remember how this 'scene of universal peace and purity' was turned into a worse than London pandemonium by the usurping 'Man of Nerve,' who has preoccupied a house which Mr. ASPEN had purchased in the vicinity, and filled it with his retainers, to whom he has made that memorable stipulation: 'Gentlemen! you all know that this is a time when every man in the country that *can* spake, *ought* to spake, or he'll stand mighty little chance of being listened to. I make bould to say, that I've got as nate a taste of the true patriot's disord'ther, an enlargement of the heart, as any man in the country. My wish is to be established in your bosoms, and in the bosoms of your wives and your daughters! ('Hurrah!') In the first place, gentlemen, it is my intention to reduce three-thirds of your respective rints, and have you to pay the remaining one-eighth at your own convanience! ('Hurrah! hurrah!') But I fear I am wearying you with these uninteresting details; so let me conclude with this sentiment: that little as I may appear to have pledged myself on this occasion, you shall find, when I come to the performance, that I will do still less!' Whereupon Mr. ASPEN's tenants bear off the usurper of their real master's estate in triumph upon their shoulders.

Take the play of '*Born to Good Luck*,' and give the part of PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY to any mere imitator of POWER, and what a different thing it becomes in the representation by the second-hand performer! Who could convey, like him, the 'boy' seduced down to Wapping, in London, 'where the gintry goes to embark;' and there, 'mixing Dublin and hot wather, and Naples and whiskey,' being taken on board a vessel bound to the latter instead of the former place; and never knowing his mistake until he arrives in sight of Vesuvius. How naturally did the great actor express his surprise: 'What's the matther wid the Hill o' Howth?' siz I; 'when I left home, it was as dacent and well-behaved a mountain as any in Ireland; and now there it is, spittin' fire and spluttherin' smoke like a coal-pit!' 'That's not the Hill o' Howth; that's Va-suvius!' siz he. 'Va-suvius!—is n't Va-suvius in *France*, away?' siz I. 'It *is*,' siz he: 'Are *we* in *France*?' siz I: 'We *are*,' siz he; and so we was!' Equally impossible would it be for any one who had ever heard the play of '*The Irish Attorney*,' with POWER as O'HARA, to forget the inimitable manner in which he returns from the horse-race, and crawls into the office-window, with a dark lantern in one

hand and a whip in the other, and delivering a most laughter-moving soliloquy,\* and when his sober-sided old law-partner reproaches him for his outrageous neglect of their clients, and his dreadful inebriety, turns upon him with: 'WRI-LEY, go—to—bed: you're in a state of *be-e-a-st-ly in-in-tox-i-ca-tion!*' or the laughable manner in which he turns the tables upon the old man in the morning, for assuming that he was 'no lawyer!'

The plays written by POWER himself were among the best in which he appeared in this country. We cannot forbear to say a word, in conclusion, touching one or two of these. One was a farce in one act, called '*How to Pay the Rent*,' a little piece abounding in the most adroit wit and humorous situations; and another was '*The Irish Lion*.' POWER's personations of MORGAN RATTLER, in the former, and of TOM MOORE, the 'Irish lion,' in the latter, were certainly among the most felicitous of all his minor representations. We can see him as RATTLER in our 'mind's eye' at this moment. He has sent MILLER, his new landlord, to inquire after his character from his last landlord, who has hired him to quit his premises, after he had boarded and lodged with him six months without paying him six cents. The reference was ample: 'He seemed much attached to you,' said the new landlord, speaking of the old one. 'Yes,' rejoins RATTLER; 'do you know, MILLER, I think if I'd staid with him a year, he would have kept me for nothing?' 'I think it quite probable,' replies MILLER. Who can fail to remember RATTLER's expression, so full of sly meaning, when, with his tongue in his cheek, he says: 'I *know* it, MILLER!' The new landlord understands what this means, when his tenant's wretched apology for 'furniture' arrives, (along with the 'Spanish ambassador's,' going elsewhere,) and he finds that he has no security for the six months' board and lodging to which he has pledged himself by written contract: 'Do you mean to say that this miserable 'furniture,' as you call it, is all the security that I am to have at your hands?' 'Every ha'penny-worth, I give you me honor!' responds RATTLER; 'and you can't eject me: I know the law as well as the Lord Chancellor!' 'Do you take me for a fool?' roars MILLER, chafing like an enraged lion. 'If you ask me as a *friend*,' says the imperturbable RATTLER, 'I *do*, and a knave. But, MILLER, take it coolly, take it coolly, man; you'll last the longer; and you've a good deal to go through with yet, old fellow, let me tell you. Look 'ee, MILLER, I've been the nightmare to lodging-house keepers ever since I've been in London. I've lived here twelve years; and I give you me honor, MILLER, that there is n't a landlord within the bills of mortality that can put his hand on his heart, and say that I ever paid him a rap o' rint!' Of course the result is, that RATTLER's bad hours and worse company soon compel the landlord to pay his tenant handsomely to decamp, with a strong recommendation to some new dupe. As to '*The Irish Lion*,' it is almost equally effective. No one who ever saw POWER represent the assumed

\* He comes in, cracking his whip, and fancying that he is still on horse-back, and engaged in the race and sporting-dinner, from which he has returned with an awful 'brick in his hat:' 'Aye now, ay, my beauty; do n't strain yourself at a dirty gutter only ten foot across: do n't you see it now? do n't jump till you're under it; *now*, down with your nose, up with your legs, and—whoop! be me sowl, she's cleared it!—seven hedges, seven ditches, two pig-sties, and a cow-house, and all upon one little bucket o' wather! Be me conscience, I think if she'd had a tumbler o' punch she'd go over a church. Whoop! who's afraid? Chair! chair!—order! order! Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for the honor you have done me in drinking my health, I return you, gentlemen, a sportsman's thanks and a stranger's gratitude—Mr. Chairman, as I said before, a stranger's thanks and a sportsman's gratitude; and I beg to say, gentlemen, on resuming my seat!—Here he stumbles, and falls back on the floor: 'Ha! ha! I've been knocked down for a song: this room appeared to be *square* this morning, and now it's *circular*; and that's not the only phe-nom-enon I've observed this evening. I was not aware till to-day that the county of York was subject to earth-quakes!' etc., etc.



poet, but will instantly call him to mind, seated upon the board of PUFFY's tailor-shop, singing:

'BRIAN O'LINN had no breeches to wear,  
So he took him a sheep-skin and made him a pair;  
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,  
They'll be nice and warm, says BRIAN O'LINN!'

The manual of the 'board' was capitally represented by the drawing of the stitches, slipping off the slippers as he jumped from it, to accept Mrs. LEO HUNTER's note of invitation; nor were the numerous *contretemps* at the party itself less admirably rendered.

But we must pause: for the reader will hardly understand how all these recollections have arisen in our mind from merely regarding a beautiful engraving of TYRONE POWER, executed by TURNER, R.A., after a picture by the eminent artist, JOHN SIMPSON. But the expressive, handsome face, the laughter-provoking eyes, the grace of position, and the dangling eye-glass, are so much like POWER, in his aspect and manner, that we could not resist this evening-reverie.

THE PRINTERS' FESTIVAL: LETTER FROM HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—We intended in our last number to have expressed the regret we felt at not being able, owing to illness in our little circle, to attend '*The Printers' Banquet*,' celebrated on the evening of the anniversary of FRANKLIN's birth-day, at NIBLO's saloon. It was all that could have been desired, both as to the literary proceedings and the physical entertainments. Dr. FRANCIS's reminiscential speech contained a whole encyclopædia of interesting and relevant facts. Among the letters from enforced absentees was one from HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, which contains a cordial tribute to a man of true genius, now departed this life, but who was well known, while in this country, to very many of our readers. After apologizing for the necessity which forbade his being present at the banquet, Mr. VERPLANCK wrote:

'THE associations of former years brought me much into connection with members of your liberal and intellectual craft, among whom I cherish the remembrance of friends of great worth and talent. It would, therefore, give me much pleasure to renew among you some old acquaintances, and to make new ones, worthy, doubtless, to fill the places of those who have passed away.

'The occasion which brings you together is to my feelings full of interest, as it must be to every one who venerates and loves the memories of the great benefactors of his country and of mankind. It is good, too, for all of us, at this time, when there is a growing tendency to turn away from the useful and the practical to waste talent and energy upon the wild and the visionary, to refresh our thoughts and guide our minds by the grand and simple example given by FRANKLIN, who, while he held and taught that, (to use the words of another great republican teacher of moral truth.)

——— 'To know  
That which before us lies, in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom.'

could give the noble evidence that this sober, unassuming and practical common sense may be combined with capacity for the most brilliant achievements of science, of patriotism, and of political wisdom. But no words of mine can add any thing to the veneration you feel and the honors you will pay to this illustrious and venerable name.

'Permit me, then, to recall to your Society and its guests, in the course of your celebration, the memory of one of your brother printers, formerly of this city, an old personal friend of mine, a man of worth and intellect, whose name, once familiar in this city, is, I fear, a little fading away in general recollection.

'About twenty years ago I was engaged, in concert with two distinguished literary friends, (WILLIAM C. BRYANT and the late ROBERT C. SANDS,) in preparing a literary miscellany, which was published in volumes by that estimable, amiable, and liberal book-seller, the late ELAM BLISS. My own bad manuscript of my share of the contributions happened to fall into the hands of a compositor who continually surprised me by his *queried* corrections, or marginal suggestions, very often

improving my style, and not seldom my thought. Of course I, as well as my literary associates in the work, soon became acquainted more familiarly with WILLIAM COX, for that was the name of our critical compositor. He soon passed from only setting up the thoughts of others, to contributing the effusions of his own very original and peculiar mind to the periodical literature of the day. His first appearance in this way was in the columns of the *New-York Mirror*, to which the good taste and sagacity of its then editor, G. P. MORRIS, immediately invited him to become a regular contributor. He soon became a contributor to different journals and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic; and became better known to the public personally, by the re-publication of some of these essays under the title of *Crayon Sketches*. He kept aloof from political controversy, at least in any partisan form or spirit, but expatiated widely in criticisms of art, literature, and the drama, and in graphic sketches of life, manners, and character. In these he displayed much of the grace of our ILLINOIS, combined with a still stronger infusion of CHARLES LAMB's quaint fancy, fantastical humor, and keen sense of beauty.

'After some time he went to England, and settled at or near Bristol, continuing and extending his connection with the press here and in England. But as his genius was expanding, his style becoming more flexible and varied, and his mind more fraught with the knowledge of books, art, and 'many-colored life,' his health was giving way. In spite of failing health, he labored to the last, and died in harness, at his desk, with his pen in hand. He has now been dead some years. WILLIAM COX was gentle, retiring, kind-hearted; a man of worth as well as genius. I trust, therefore, that you will agree with me, that a brief tribute to his memory will be no inappropriate incident in the New-York Printers' celebration of the birth-day of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.'

INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF TRAVEL, AND GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We enlarge somewhat, for the nonce, the scope of the usual title to the 'Salmagundi' of this department of our Magazine, in order to introduce, 'as they shall comen into y<sup>e</sup> minde,' the incidents of travel which have interested us in a recent visit to Washington, by sea. One doesn't care to sit down and write out a consecutive sketch of the note-worthy objects of such a trip, or such a visit, both made for the first time: one chooses rather to think of each 'by parcels,' as he enjoyed them; and as they come to him 'sitting by his sea-coal fire,' in the stillness of his apartment. 'Leastways,' we do: hence the passages of travel sprinkled through the ensuing pages. - - - THE great wisdom of fables is farther extended and perpetuated in the following new specimens. The connection between the theme and the 'moral' of the third example is as 'clear as mud:'

### *Aliterae Fabulae: or Other Fables.*

BY GILBERT SPHINK, PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES, DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD COMPANY, ETC., ETC.

#### FABULA I.

ASINUS: QUOD A BELLO REDIIT.

'THE lions once, going to war, caught an ass, and compelled him to carry their baggage. After the campaign, ASINUS returned to the pasture, and made a great sensation among the animals of the farm. The HORSES being inclined to show his relative a civility after his long absence, invited him to dinner. There was a large company present at the banquet; and when I inform you that a pair of prize-oxen and an eminent RED BULL graced the assembly with their presence, you will know that the company was of the most respectable character. When the covers were removed, the ass found before him a dish of clean thistles.

'Bomb-shells and hot shot, cousin HORSE!' cried he; 'what might these things be? Aw — I see; a species of vegetation, I should say: pray take them to that long-eared animal at the foot of the table: and here, waiter, bring me the raw haunch of a giraffe and a bucket of blood!'

'The peaceful animals of the farm stood aghast at this request, and some of the sheep and calves began to withdraw from the table. But a dry old cow, with a lopped horn, said to them: 'Sit still, my dears. You need not be afraid. Although our old friend may have gained the soul of a lion, I will engage that he has not lost the stomach of an ass.'

## MORAL.

'THIS fable shows my great familiarity with the Latin language, (see caption,) and proves that young gentlemen may be sent with great advantage to the academy of which I am principal. Prospectus may be seen at the office of CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER.'

## FABULA II.

## HOW NOT TO GET ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

'THE BULL and the Ass were once candidates for Congress. The animals of the constituency being all assembled on election-day, the BULL mounted the stump, and thus addressed them:

"Horned cattle, hogs, sheep, geese, turkeys, and ducks, I ask your suffrages because I believe I can serve the public better than any of the rest of you. Congress, as you all know, has become a mighty hard congregation. Colonel WOLF, and Judge FOX, Captain PANTHER, and old Governor GRIZZLY, are elected members of the next House, and unless you elect some body that can't be bullied down, your interests will suffer. Friend HORSE, here, is a good sensible beast, but he has no talent for public bodies. He declines the nomination in my favor. As for the rest of you, there is not one who is fit for the post. You sheep are cowards; you hogs are stupid and pig-headed; you turkeys, geese, and ducks, are but little better than idiots, and would die outright if Commodore HAWK should whistle at you when you took the floor. My worthy antagonist here you know as well as I do. Those old Federalists would fool him out of his ears. I say nothing about myself. If you think I can be bullied down by the whole menagerie, don't vote for me; if otherwise, otherwise.'

'The Ass then began in the most magnificent periods: 'My fell-o-o-ow citizens! When the R-o-o-man Empire was at the summit of its corruption, I do not think such insolence was ever heard. What! my courageous and heroic friends, the sheep, are stigmatized as 'cowards;' these intelligent and candid swine are styled 'stupid and pig-headed;' and these geese and turkeys, whose gigantic intellects are the admiration of the known world, are covered with a flood of obloquy and vituperation, worthy of the most corrupt period of the Roman Empire!'

'We cannot report the remainder of this grand harangue. Suffice it to say, that the Ass obtained the entire sheep-vote, pig-vote, and goose-vote, and was elected.

## MORAL.

'THIS fable teaches that candidates for office should not call pigs *pigs*.'

## FABULA III.

## HOW THE KING OF THE NOBBYNOODLES MANAGED THE INDIANS.

'THE King of the Nobbynoodles, being about to go to war with the Indians, was sorely puzzled to contrive how he might prevent the savages from striking his soldiers with their tomahawks.

"Ha! Father HERCULES!" he cried, after long meditation, "I have it! Captain GANDERTAIL, do you go and bid my fire-eaters get 'em each a bit of rope. *We will tie the Indians' hands behind them*, and then they can't crack the boys' heads with their hatchets, Father HERCULES!"

'So all the Nobbynoodles went out to fight the Indians. And when they found their enemies, they rushed upon them with great fury to tie their elbows together. After the battle, the King found, to his great astonishment, that half of his men had been knocked on the head, and that the rest had barely saved their scalps by running away. 'Father HERCULES,' said he, musing, 'what could have been the matter? I suspect that the knots slipped. *We must try 'em with buckles the next time*.'

## MORAL.

'THIS fable shows the great advantage of plank-roads. The company of which I am an unworthy director have a few shares not yet taken up. Apply to Mr. CLARK, of New-York.'

We close the 'Fable Department' for the present month with the following, which we can positively assure the reader is the 'production' of a little girl who has but just passed her fifth birth-day. Its childishness and simplicity 'it is hoped may please.'

## THE CAT AND THE MONKEY.

'THERE was once a CAT and a MONKEY. The MONKEY was riding on a hobby-horse, holding PUSSY. PUSSY had on a little apron, holding in one paw a little fan, and in the other little paw she had a little parasol. The MONKEY had on a hat and shirt, and a pair of pantaloons, and a coat, trimmed with fringe around it, and velvet around his hat, and he was a beautiful MONKEY. The MONKEY was fond of feeding little PUSSY, who had on a yellow apron. One day, when PUSSY

was sitting on the hobby-horse, and the MONKEY was at home, little PUSSY heard a dreadful roar; and immediately a dreadful LION was roaming about the woods to find something to eat. He soon saw little PUSSY, and tore her to pieces. Little PUSSY could no more return to her home. The MONKEY was in great distress when he saw her no more.

THE MORAL.

'ANY thing ought not to go out riding without somebody riding with them.'

TUPPER, that rare maxim-monger, and renovator of musty apothegms, would do well to change his style, and go into the 'fable line.' By application and practice, he might come in time to 'compose' as good a specimen as the juvenile one given above. - - - If an exquisite sense of enjoyment, unmarred by a single draw-back, entitles a guest to speak of the *Recent Trip of the Steamer Baltic to Washington*, we claim to be at least 'one of 'em.' From the first moment of going on board this magnificent steamer, it was evident that 'the good time' which had been so long 'coming' had at last come. The company, some hundred and thirty in number, included many of our first citizens, civic functionaries, magnates of the 'Fourth Estate,' presidents and representatives of public institutions, 'chief officers,' naval and of the merchant marine, etc., and all in a state of healthful, pleasant exhilaration, that was 'beautiful to see.' Mr. COLLINS, justly proud of his noble craft, as was Lieutenant FOX of its command, walked 'monarchs of the peopled deck,' until the booming guns, the cheers from the shore, and the answering cannon of the British steamer at Jersey City, proclaimed that we were 'under way.' We stood looking at the vast machinery, to see the first movement of great power in motion, the hot 'breath of life' breathed into it by the engineer, and then came on deck. The city soon receded, melted into distance, and finally faded from view; and before we could scarcely be made aware of it, amidst the universal joyousness and gossip of the deck, Sandy-Hook itself was growing dim on our right, and the highlands of Never-sink alone were visible. And what an afternoon it was! Not a speck was to be seen in all that cloudless sky of blue; the spray of the blue-green sea freshened every lip; and the breeze—blew away our best GENIX, just as we were going below for a more appropriate sea-going head-gear! After a luxurious dinner, rich and rare in edibles and potables, the guests assembled again upon the deck, toward night-fall, to see the sun set upon the sea, and diffuse its effulgent glories over the waste of waters, and the wide o'er-hanging firmament, soon to be 'fretted with golden fires.' The evening was variously spent: some indulged in games of whist at the polished rose-wood tables in the sumptuous cabins, those master-pieces of taste and grace, which have made our friend GEORGE PLATT famous; others were reading or chatting; while 'othersome,' we are sorry to say, and they were not a few, began to yield to the sway of old NEPTUNE, who was rolling us about like a play-thing, and retired early to their berths. For ourselves, being wholly without a 'qualm' of the '*nausea-marina*,' never did we feel so much 'a boy again;' never more 'juicy about the heart,' as OLLAPOD used to say. At one time, leaning over the side of the great steamer, we watched the miniature Niagara poured from her fast-revolving wheels, leaving a long line of light behind us; at another, sitting with the firemen, gleaming and glooming in REMBRANDT light and shadow, thirty feet 'down, down below;' and looking up at the ponderous machinery, noiseless as a watch, its vast beams, and shafts, and pistons, moving slowly and majestically above us—oh, it was *sublime*! Then we went forward, and watched the bow of the huge craft plunge into the waves, and separate the waters as quietly as a swimmer in the Hudson.

Until two o'clock in the morning, close-wrapped and warm, we sat on that bow, rapt in a reverie, the memory of which we would fain never lose. Reader, the SEA is a solemn thing; it is an awakener of solemn thought. To us it brought back the distant friends who had loved us, the dead whom we had loved; and as, in the dim light of a quarter-moon, the heaving waves rolled onward, to die upon the far-off shore, we said, with one of our own poets:

'And so methinks 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more;  
Of me, my name, the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace!

'And yet, with HIM who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame!'

We retired to our state-room that night, or rather morning, with such thoughts as we had not experienced before, since we first saw the vast green cylinder of the 'Great Cataract' rolling over the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara. - - - HERE'S an evasion!—a 'fraud upon the customs' of our ancestors, whose poetry was brief, whose meaning (when there *was* any) was condensed, and whose periods were 'put a stop to' when their authors had 'said their say.' The 'short and the long of it' is, that we have '*An Appeal in Alexandrines*' from our edict against the admission of interminably-spun-out verse into the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER:

'I saw in an 'Editor's Table,' L. GAYLORD CLARK was that EDITOR,  
(Page two-ninety-eight of the 'Table,') a notice to long-winded POETS.  
Solemn and stern was the warning; stern as the soul of PROCRUSTES,  
When he cut his friends short before bed-time, and gave them a chop at retiring.  
Alas! has the age, then, become so exceedingly prosy and practical?  
Must the song of a BARD be abridged to the chirp of a thrush in the winter?  
Must PEGASUS, driven of old through the heats of a three-volume epic,  
With his mane, tail, and pinions all docked, only take an occasional airing?  
I know that the cadence of rhythm has shallows and depths that are dangerous:  
It carries a poet great lengths, and drowns him, sometimes, altogether.  
As oil will spread over the sea, (it was tested by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,) so a very minute drop of thought will cover an ocean of sound:  
Nevertheless it is bitter publicly thus to be flouted.  
People may write in the papers endless and empty discourses,  
All about Count BATTHYANI, PULZKY, KO-SHOOT and SCHWEMER;  
Names which nobody can read, and therefore can scarce like to dwell upon:  
WINDBAO may give us a speech, towering grand as a pyramid,  
Covering acres of space; but with nothing particular in it:  
Only the poet, forsooth, is forbid his American birth-right:  
Can never expand an idea, nor on any occasion be prosy:  
Really, this is too bad!—oh, what a hard-hearted EDITOR!'

'Speaking of Hungary:' why is a celebrated Hungarian leader, now in this country, like unto a gun or a pistol? 'Cause *shoot!*' This ingenious and indigenuous conundrum was made in a single evening, by one man, with his right hand tied behind him. 'Twas done in this city, on a wager. - - - A FRIEND of ours, who was recently married, said to the officiating clergyman, (a confirmed wit,) in bad grammar: 'I think I have done *wise*.' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'undoubtedly you have done *wise*, or *otherwise!*' - - - 'About twenty years ago,' said a friend in the sanctum the other night, 'passing a night at Liverpool, I went to the theatre, to wile away the time in a strange place. At that period the remarkable mimic powers of the elder MATHEWS were exciting much attention. The attraction of this evening was an imitation of the imitator, in the person of a young man, 'his first appearance on any stage.' Report spoke highly of his powers. It was announced that he would personate all the characters of his great prototype, and the entertainment was to conclude with the famous farce of 'Monsieur Tonson.' The house was very well filled with per-



sonal friends and others attracted by the usual curiosity to witness a *début*. The curtain rose, presenting the ordinary soiled scene of a parlor with windows, a few painted flower-pots and painted flowers, and a small table, covered with green baize. In a few moments, a romantic, stage-struck young man entered, in the midst of immense applause, and took his seat behind the table. All eyes were fixed upon him, and he had just dabbed a couple of corks under his cheeks, previous to enacting the part of '*The Pelted Politician Delivering a Speech upon the Hustings*,' when a door on the side of the stage, marked in the stage-books as 'R. D.,' was suddenly thrown open. An elderly, florid gentleman, whose head was somewhat grizzled, and who happened to be no other than the parental relative of the aforesaid stage-struck young man, very deliberately entered, as if he had been one of the characters of the play. He upbraided his son, who was under age, in severe and set terms, before the whole audience, for about one minute; then unbuttoning his coat, and drawing from underneath a raw cow-hide, threatened him with fifty lashes, well laid on, if he did not immediately 'quit the premises!' The curtain fell, and the 'entertainment' of the evening was ended.' - - - Our great poet, BAYANT, 'when this old cap was new,' sang thus to the deep music of his own solemn harp:

——— 'TAKE the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings.'

Well, supposing you *should* take the wings of the morning and go to Oregon at 'this present!' Instead of lonely solitudes, you would find peopled towns, while Oregon itself hears, instead of 'its own dashings,' the sounds of busy life upon its borders; nor are 'folios of four pages' *maps* of that same 'busy life,' wanting in that distant region; no, nor yet more elaborate periodicals; for here on our table lie two numbers of '*The Oregon Monthly Magazine*,' printed at Portland, Oregon Territory, and edited, with a good degree of taste and skill, by Mr. STEPHEN J. McCORMICK, from whose own pen, by-the-by, proceeds most of the verse in the number before us, some of which is quite above the average of what is termed 'poetry' in many an eastern magazine. From two prose articles which we have found leisure to read, we derived no little pleasure; and from one, '*Ascent of the Highest Peak of the Rocky Mountains*,' we shall present an extract in our next. - - - 'WOULDN'T you like to see the sun rise on the ocean?' said our friend and state-room 'chum,' Mr. HENRY O'RILEY, when we waked up in the morning-gloaming on board the *BALTIC*, after our first night out. The hint was 'suffrageance,' as DOGBERRY has it. The pale light came through the large ground-glass dead-lights, as we rose and donned our garments; and having 'lavated' as comfortably as in our apartment at home, and in the real 'Croton,' too, we ascended to the deck. Not a soul, save Mr. COLLINS, Commander Fox, and the Chesapeake and Potomac pilots were on the cleanly-washed decks; so that 'the golden sun uprist' to few eyes on board the *BALTIC*; but those who *did* see it will not soon forget it. But it is, after all, a scene to be seen, not described. No land was in sight; but as we walked forward to our *late* station on the bow, we saw in the extreme distance a pale, glimmering light, most like a star, low down the horizon, 'paling its ineffectual fire.' 'What is that?' we asked of that accomplished officer and gentleman, commander Fox. 'Cape-HENRY Light, entrance of the Chesapeake,' he said: 'the blue land on our right is SMITH's Island: the *other* light is Cape-CHARLES.' But we saw no 'other' light;

and presently the white pile that 'holds its lantern o'er the restless surge' at Cape-HENRY had 'doused its glim.' The land soon became more and more clearly defined; the guests one after another came on deck; and presently the twin bay-light-houses were on either side of us. Two hundred and forty-five miles from the Bay of New-York to Cape-HENRY, in eighteen hours and fifty-eight minutes! 'Hurrah for the BALTIC!' 'Hurrah for COLLINS!' 'Hurrah for Commander Fox!'—and down we went, to devour, with ravenous appetites, such a sea-breakfast as the cook of the BALTIC knows so well how to set before his customers. - - - RATHER hard lines these, Mr. 'G. O. D.,' to our conception:

'STAND back, O Muse! I sing a thrush  
That warbles in a current-bush!'

The '*Unfinished Epic on Jenny Lind*' is more striking. The writer tells us that he should have finished it, only that she 'went and imported a Jew, had him Christianized, baptized, and then married him,' cutting out ever so many young Yankees who had set their affections upon her purse:

'SWEED-EST of Nightingales! long may thy voice, with its wonderful compass,  
Thrill on our hearts like the music of bull-frogs that warble at evening:  
So swells the bite of mosquitoes when night's sombre blanket has fallen!  
And when the American eagle shall float o'er the waters in triumph,  
Far away to the land of thy birth, sweet giver of concerts!  
May it accumulate 'rocks' as fast as, with BARNUM'S assistance,  
Thou hast been picking them up in this geological country,  
For like a 'thousand of bricks' have they showered in thy calico-apron!'

A FRIEND, in a letter to the EDITOR, mentions an animal bereavement in his family with so much simple feeling, that we cannot resist the inclination to lay the extract describing it before our readers:

'MY two youngest children were anxious to have a little dog. They promised to take good care of it, and that it should trouble no person about the house. I was successful in obtaining one of the handsomest little bull-terrier pups I ever saw. He was but four weeks old when I brought him to the children. They were perfectly delighted with him: every possible attention was paid to 'PINCHER;' and he soon grew in strength, and developed the beauty of form for which that peculiar breed is so famous; and he was so playful, that not only the children, but every member of my family was delighted with him. They prepared a flour-barrel and a nice clean piece of blanket for his bed, and every day the two children and 'PINCHER' would have such a romping-time together, that it was difficult to say which took the most pleasure, the dog or the children. But before he was six months old, the poor little fellow caught the dog-distemper, and grew very ill. The children nursed him with the utmost anxiety and care; but we could not save his life: he died during the night. The children knew nothing of it until the following morning, when my little boy got up early and found his four-footed favorite dead. He called at the door of his little sister to awaken her. I heard the crying of the children, and when I arose, found the little girl sitting with the paw of the dead dog in one hand, and crying as if her heart would break. Her little brother was busily engaged in the centre of the grass-plat, on his knees, and with a trowel digging a grave for the little dog. The big tears were streaming from his face, and he could not have suffered more, had he lost his only friend. I could scarcely repress my own tears at the sight. Neither of the two children were able to go to school until the following day. Tears start from their eyes, even now, when we speak of 'little PINCHER,' although four months have passed since his death.'

Truly does WASHINGTON IRVING say, that the 'sorrows and tears of youth are as bitter as those of age.' - - - 'I HEARD a story the other day,' writes a friend and always acceptable correspondent, 'which amused me. An old lady said: 'When my father moved into the new country, one of us children once told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit, but a lie lay between two of us. 'Well!' said she, 'you may escape now, but you may be sure that I will know at some day which of you has told a lie.' Weeks passed on, and nothing more was said on the subject. My father lived in a log-house, which contained one room below, and one above. The children slept in the chamber. One night a

tremendous wind arose, and at midnight blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother, alarmed at the crash, ran up the ladder, and putting her head into the roofless chamber, cried: 'Children, are you all there?' 'Yes, mother!' piped a small, terrified voice; 'yes, mother, we are all here; and if the day of judgment has come, it was *me* that told that lie!' To how many 'children of larger growth' does a similar late repentance come, and from similar causes; the 'still small voice' amid the storm! - - - AFTER enjoying one of the *BALTIC's* breakfasts — and those who *have* enjoyed them know what they are — our 'good-lie companie' came out on deck, in the bright sun of that glorious morning. The light-houses of HENRY and CHARLES were pale departing ghosts in the backward distance; the eastern shore of Maryland lay on our right; on our left stretched 'OLD VIRGINIA';\* and we confess that we looked for the first time upon the 'Old Dominion' with a feeling of pleasure and of reverence. There she lay, the nursing-mother of so many illustrious men in our country's history; and as we gazed, we gave her our poor blessing 'unawares.' There, far to the south, were the 'Rip-Raps,' and 'Old Point Comfort,' and York River, and Norfolk, and Richmond; and farther on, as we entered the broad Potomac, there rolled into its bosom the blue waters of the Rappahannock. Truly, it was a beautiful sight, which all seemed to enjoy to the utmost. It was interesting to watch the little groups upon deck. Here stood Ex-Editor KING, President of Columbia College, chatting, in his most agreeable way, with his brother-editors, our friend SANFORD, of the '*Journal of Commerce*,' and Colonel FULLER, of the '*Evening Mirror*,' including M. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, late Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at the Court of St. JAMES; there was gathered a bevy of packet-captains, light at heart, and 'in their element,' DELANO, HACKSTAFF, ELDRIDGE, CROPPER, and TRIFF; near by, NICHOLAS DEAN, President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, enlightening 'Old KNICK,' by conversation alike entertaining and instructive, which was listened to with gratified interest by Mr. JOHN T. DODGE, our Inspector of Streets, and sundry members of our metropolitan Common Council; Mr. COLLINS, in close confab with Lieutenant BARTLETT, of the Navy, and Commander, Fox, are on the right; and on the left, our friends CANNING and CAMPBELL, the first our correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' and the second our Consul at Rotter-d — m, are enjoying a hearty laugh at some 'good thing' that somebody or other has done or uttered; while yonder stand Ex-Mayor MICKLE, our friends Mr. DUDLEY BEAN, and CLEVELAND, of the '*Tribune*,' neither of them any longer haunted by the demon of sea-sickness, the latter comparing notes with his contemporary, MUMFORD, of the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' which it was generally regretted was not also represented by our friend, General WEBB. And thus, in the broad sun-light, we sweep up the Potomac, until near sun-set, when, fearing the sinuous channel, with a ship so vast, we drop anchor for the night, fifty miles and upward from Washington. Who that saw, will ever cease to remember the sun-set of that night upon the Potomac! — the reflections of the shores; the curling, 'swirling' water, waving like book-binders' 'marbled' paper; the dolphin-tints dying with the dying sun! - - - FROM an unknown correspondent at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we derive the annexed literary 'specimen' and sketch of rather a 'hard case' in the itinerant ministry of a rural place in the neighborhood of the 'Birmingham of America:'

'I WENT a-partridge-ing the other day, into a neighboring county, and put up at a little tavern in a little town, where they sold bad whiskey and 'fed' the stage-horses and passengers. This town

\* Of memorable and note-worthy points of both these States, bordering on the Chesapeake, we shall have somewhat more to say in our May Number.

was the gravitating centre of the district, and the tavern was the gravitating centre of the town. You know to what mongrel uses the bar-rooms of inns in rural regions are ordinarily appropriated. Beside its decanters, jugs, and glasses, it embraces the bed-chamber of the coach-drivers, the kennel of the house-dog, and the nursery of the children. It is likewise the council-chamber in which citizens meet to enlarge the confusion, and discuss municipal movements. The walls are hung with gaudy show-bills of the last circus, and printed bills of sheriff's sales, with here and there a wood-cut of the Good Samaritan, and a eulogy underneath of the miraculous virtues of a 'Liver-Pill,' a 'Cherry-Pectoral,' or a 'Vermifuge' 'for sale, wholesale and retail, by the undersigned.' These are permanent advertisements: the bar-room door is the bulletin-board of the temporary notices of the day. It was in an after-supper survey of the motley chirographical displays which were here posted, that my eye was especially attracted by the announcement under the head of '*Cunstable's Sail*,' which set forth, that upon a certain day there would be exposed at public 'vandoos,' to be sold without reserve, 'one dubble set of harnes and two bridles and two collers and one big mettle cittle and one grinstone one milk cow one bool one heffer one ca.' In immediate juxtaposition with this, was the following:

'TAKE NOTTISE.

"THERE will Be a lectur dilivered to the skool-hous this evning at Eryl cannel-light on the sub-jec of our duty To god and Man by the Rt rev dr stevenson of Pittsburg."

'DR. ALECK STEVENSON is a divine of universal notoriety in our city. It is a misfortune of the Doctor's that he is not in acknowledged connection with any one of the various religious denominations of the day, and therefore he is driven frequently to hard extremities in the prosecution of his profession. Formerly he used to appropriate a public corner of the market-house to his purpose, and conduct Sabbatical exercises, mounted on a meat-block, to promiscuous congregations. But causes conspired to shut the Doctor out from the enjoyment of this privilege. Unruly boys played pranks upon him: slipping torpedoes under his feet, hooking his coat-tail upon meat-pins, or filling its pockets with ignited fire-crackers. Beside, the city rulers pronounced an edict prohibiting such services, and declaring imprisonment in the county-jail the penalty for its infringement. The Doctor loves liberty; is strongly Kossuth in his feelings; and therefore adopted a migratory life, which he has been pursuing ever since. 'Handling 'round the hat' is a striking feature in the programme of his service. His labors, he assured me on the occasion alluded to, were painfully unproductive of pecuniary reward; and he added, that 'unless he met shortly with a more liberal support, he would be compelled to resort to his early and long-since abandoned profession of scouring clothes. 'If you know of any highly destitute section where there is a vacancy, and the enjoyment of a disposition to 'pay handsomely,' the Doctor is available.'

'HAVE N'T got any good place!' - - - 'I HEARD a good story the other day,' writes recently our friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON,' from Paris, 'which may amuse you. The *curé* of Nevermindwhere was called up in the middle of the night, to see a sick woman. 'Well, my good woman,' said he, 'so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?' 'No,' replied the old lady, 'I am not very ill: I am only nervous, and can't sleep.' 'How can I help that?' asked the *curé*. 'Oh, Sir, you always *put me to sleep* so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only *preach* a little for me——!' 'They *say*' that the *curé* swore: at any rate, he 'made tracks' in 'less than no time.' - - - A NOBLE river is the Potomac; broad and bright, and blue as the 'blue lift' which it reflects in its glassy bosom. As we approached Mount Vernon, the deep musical bell of the *BALTO* began solemnly to toll; and minute-guns were fired from the bright brass ordnance of the steamer. We ascended the shrouds, the better to survey the 'Mecca of liberty,' where the great and good WASHINGTON lived, and where his bones repose. We looked, from our eyrie, almost down upon the house and tomb, as seen through the leafless trees. Our noble craft at length came abreast the sacred spot, when every head of the guests, and of the men below us, was uncovered, as we moved slowly and solemnly by, amid the tolling of the bell and the roar of the minute-guns: and we saw tears fall from manly eyes, 'unused to weep.' It was a scene never to be forgotten. - - - SOMEBODY, and a very clever 'somebody' too, has

been writing for '*The Olive-Branch*' a piece of poetry entitled, '*When I was Young, or what the old Woman said to her Daughter.*' Among the things in '*her day*,' she mentions that

'The man that was a bankrupt called was kind o' shunned by men,  
And hardly dared to show his head among his townsfolk *then*!  
But *now-a-days*, when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny;  
The wife do n't have a gown the less, and his daughters just as many;  
His sons they smoke their choice cigars, and drink their costly wine,  
And she goes to the opera, and he has folks to dine.  
He walks the streets, he drives his gig, men show him all civilities,  
And what in *my day* we called *debts* are now his *tie-abilities*;  
They call the man *unfortunate* who ruins half the city;  
In *my day* 't was his *creditors* to whom we gave our pity:  
But then, I tell my daughter  
Folks do n't do as they 'd ought-er;  
They had not ought-er do as they do:  
Why do n't they do as they 'd ought-er?

'When I was young, crime was a crime, it had no other name,  
And when 't was proved against a man, he had to bear the blame;  
They called the man that stole, 'a thief,' they wasted no fine feeling;  
What folks call 'petty larceny,' in *my day* was called stealing;  
They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story,  
As if the bloodier were his hands, the brighter was his glory;  
And when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find,  
They hung him up as they would a crow, a terror to his kind.  
But *now-a-days*, it seems to me, whenever blood is spilt,  
The murderer has our sympathy proportioned to his guilt;  
And when the law has proved a man to be a second CAIN,  
A dozen jurors can be found to bring him in '*insane*!'  
And then petitions will be signed, and texts of Scripture twisted,  
And parsons will grow eloquent, and ladies interested;  
Until the man who 's proved to be as blood-thirsty as NERO  
Will walk abroad like other men — only a greater hero!  
But then, I tell my daughter  
Folks do n't do as they 'd ought-er;  
They had not ought-er do as they do:  
Why do n't they do as they 'd ought-er?'

WE have often heard it said, that one of the best and safest insurance companies in this city is the '*Mutual Benefit Life-Insurance Company*,' at Number 11, Wall-street. We give below a fact from '*The Tribune*' daily journal, which reflects high honor upon Mr. LORD, the president, and the direction. We can vouch for the honorable and liberal act alluded to: 'We learn that one of the insured in this company, contrary to the requirements of his policy, and without protecting it by what is termed a 'sea-risk,' proceeded on a voyage to Europe: while at sea, under the influence of insanity, he leaped overboard and was drowned. Under any and all circumstances, suicide vitiates a policy of life-insurance: in this instance, however, the Company viewed the matter through a benevolent medium, and paid to the dead man's widow and his two orphan children the full amount of two thousand dollars for which the husband and father had insured. This act of goodness was performed by the Company cheerfully and promptly, and they deserve credit for such generosity.' Such an act, requires little comment. - - - ABOUT noon, we arrived at Alexandria; and really, we were most agreeably disappointed in the aspect of the place. In what Mrs. PARTINGTON would call the 'out-squirts,' its appearance is not striking; but as we approached the wharf, amidst the welcoming roar of some very spunky pieces of artillery, and saw up into the more stirring parts of the city, it seemed alive with people, and presented the appearance of much enterprise and spirit. In the distance loomed up Washington; and beyond, the beautiful heights of Georgetown. There was the CAPITOL, white as snow, looking from its lofty site upon a scene of rare beauty: there were the 'Departments' and the Washington Monument! Our heart beat thick as we went over the side of the BALTIC, and



thought how soon we should be, for the first time, in the capital of our 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry!' Nine cheers split the welkin for 'THE BALTO' and 'COLLINS!'—and we left him standing like a proud conqueror on her deck, as we moved off for the 'City of Magnificent Distances.' - - - The following letter, dated 'Rome, February 18, 1852,' will interest many of our readers. It comes from a friend and correspondent who has often made the KNICKERBOCKER his medium of communication with the public while at home, and we trust that he may not infrequently do us the same favor while he shall remain abroad :

'WELL, here I am in Rome; not the Rome of my imagination, but what is called Rome, and known as such throughout the civilized world. It is now high Carnival, and to-day I have been with the crowd to look on 'Christian fools with varnished faces,' as they drove up and down the Corso. It takes a vast deal of the poetry out of this life to look matters full in the face. The actual and the present tread heavily on the toes of your romance, and it is, I think, quite as well to gaze afar off. CAMPBELL'S words have often been on my lips during my residence in Rome. For instance, I saw yesterday a long line of illustrious Roman emperors cut in marble, and looked upon, no doubt, in their day, as magnificent representations of magnificent heroes; I saw this splendid goop standing erect as in their best days, (some eight hundred years ago;) and what base use do you imagine an American resident in the Eternal City had put them to? They were holding up on out-stretched arms the week's washing of a large family! I saw with these eyes the back of JULIUS CÆSAR covered with a wet shirt, whose constant dripping fell upon his god-like legs like a summer shower. The great AUGUSTUS was looking through a pair of Yankee stockings; and TRAJAN'S head was enveloped in a flannel night-gown!

'But all is not so homely as this picture. The Coliseum, which I have seen in all lights and under every sky, is truly the great feature of Rome. Nothing can wear away from *that* its majestic beauty. The Pantheon, too, is still eternal in its dome, and all that BYRON has written of it is true.

'Let me tell you how I pass a day in Rome. This one, for instance: All the morning I was sitting with a cowed monk in the cell where TASSO died. They keep his memory green, these pious hermits; and it does one's heart good to see how reverently they tread the pavement where he walked and prayed. From St. ONOFRIO to the Coliseum it is a healthy distance only, and thither we bent our steps for an afternoon's ramble. A stroll home through the Corso, and the Carnival does not end the day badly.

'Touching the Fine Arts, you will not despise 'my humble opinion,' as they say in the House of Lords. To hear good music, one must go to New-York: of this I am fully persuaded. Italy has not any thing to show so good in that way. In architecture, Rome has her glories all unrivalled still. Painting and sculpture, too, she proudly and justly calls her own. I must not fail to tell you what better judges than I am pronounce true. As an American, I am sure you will be proud to hear that CRAWFORD and BROWN stand at the head of their respective professions in the Eternal City. I wish you could walk with me some fine sunny day into the studio of CRAWFORD, and enjoy, as I have done again and again, what he is doing for Virginia. His PATRICK HENRY, now ready to be cast in bronze, is equal to any thing in the best school of modern sculpture. It ought to speak, and would do so, should days of trial ever again occur in our country's history. BROWN'S landscapes are unrivalled, and foolish travellers who give their orders for poor copies to indifferent painters, will not fail to regret their ignorance in overlooking the splendid originals of this fine genius. 'A picture painted by him now, for five hundred dollars, will be re-sold at my death for three times that sum,' said an English bachelor to me the other day, as he carried off his prize to London.

'But dinner is announced, and I hurry to obey 'one of the noblest impulses of our common nature.'

'If you have time to spare, let me mention to you an incident,' writes a correspondent from Steuben county in this State, 'which occurred during an excursion which recently I made into the south part of Alleghany county. My friend 'the Doctor' and myself found ourselves sojourning in that region during the month of December last, and feasting upon the delicious venison abounding there. We were induced one Saturday evening, while in the village of Whitesville, to attend a temperance-meeting held at the Methodist meeting-house, for the purpose of wiling away a leisure hour. The lecturer, a Methodist minister,

entertained us with a poetical address, a very clever performance, by the by; in which he adverted to the 'votaries who worshipped at the shrine of BACCHUS,' the many who 'quaff' their wine, and incidentally to the difficulties in climbing the hill of Parnassus. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and we returned to our inn. The next morning, more or less of the villagers assembled in the bar-room of the tavern: among them I observed one, who, seated by the stove, was evidently laboring under some ponderous idea that he wished to embody in words. Eventually he unburthened himself as follows: 'Mr. — (the lecturer of the previous evening) thought that no one knew who he was hetchelling so, when he was giving it to BACKUS and QUAFF last evening in his lecture; but I knew, all the time.' 'Ah!' said 'the Doctor,' 'I was in some doubt myself as to whom he referred. 'Why,' said this sage bar-room oracle, 'BACKUS is an old acquaintance of mine, a distiller, living in the village of C —, and QUAFF was his head-workman.' 'Indeed!' said 'the Doctor;' 'and do you know any thing about the PARNASSUS HILL he mentioned?' 'Yes, I do so,' replied the oracle, 'and a devilish steep and slippery hill it is too, right up back of BACKUS's distillery: and the lecturer was more than half right when he said it was difficult work to climb it, for I have tried it, and know all about it!' MRS. RAMSBOTTOM could hardly cap *this* climax. - - - We have now been in Washington some five days; and we declare it as our decided conviction, that in multitudinous respects, it is the most picturesque, the most beautiful city we ever saw. But first let us speak of THE CAPITOL, its crowning glory. It is a perfect dream of architectural beauty. We have seen it, now, from every point of the compass; at all hours of the day, and morning and evening twilight; whether looming through the mist or haze of the gloaming, as seen from the PRESIDENT'S House, terminating the broad and handsome Pennsylvania-Avenue, or gleaming white in the up-rising sun; or standing, 'sculptured soft in the pale moon-light;' in every point of view, and at all times, it is preëminently beautiful. What *dignity of space* it has, in the edifice itself, and all its surroundings! All honor to LATROBE, its architect: it is a living monument, and long may it remain so, of his taste and genius. One scarcely knows which most to admire, the eastern or western front. The former, in a three-quarter side-view from the right, we do not believe can be matched for richness and grace by any edifice in the world; while the approach to the other side is so grand, and the edifice towers up from its proud position so loftily, surmounted by its graceful, swelling dome, that one can hardly help exclaiming, 'After all, *this* is the most beautiful front!' And then the views from the broad esplanade are so magnificent; the several Departments, gleaming in white marble; the 'Smithsonian Institute,' rising sombre from its spacious grounds, and the white shaft of the Washington Monument, near by; the silver Potomac, and the Heights of Georgetown, and 'old Virginia' beyond; all these conspire to form a view, which to us, a stranger, was always surpassingly lovely. - - - 'SOME years ago there lived in this region,' (so writes a genial friend) 'a 'steam-poet,' familiarly known as 'old BEACH.' What think you of the following, suggested by him as an appropriate epitaph for a certain Deacon R —, who died, leaving all his property to the missionary societies:

'HERE lies what's left of Deacon R —:  
 He knows his own condition;  
 To save his soul, he gave his all  
 Unto the heathen mission:  
 His children poor, turned out of door,  
 For them he had no pity;  
 If HEAVEN serves him as he served them,  
 Old SATAN, do your duty!'

WE have this moment received the following note from a dear and long-trying friend and correspondent, with whom, and in whose writings, in these pages, and subsequently in volumes, thousands of readers, in America and in England, have been deeply interested. We have but a single parting word to say to our friend:

— 'TAKE with you gentle winds  
Your sails to swell!'

May your voyage be propitious, your stay rife with enjoyment; your return as speedy as your welcome will be cordial:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK:

'It is some ten years since I received from you, through Professor BUSH, a kindly message, to the effect that a manuscript, prepared for your Magazine, and submitted with no little misgivings on my part, was 'accepted,' and that you would be pleased to have an interview with the writer. How that interview took place; how an acquaintance was formed; how an intimacy ripened; how, in short, we now regard each other — these are scarcely topics for a note of this sort. That we have been in pretty close communion since we first met, you will perhaps allow me to boast here. What, during the same period, have been my relations to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, I must leave to their judgments. I have so often appealed to their indulgence, or rather you have so often interceded for me, that I feel the old excuse to be quite thread-bare. We may as well own it, LOUIS. You and I both knew, when in your March Number you announced the *Sequel to Saint Leger* as 'fired for insertion,' that not a line of it had been written, although you had my promise that your announcement should 'certainly' — that was my word, LOUIS — *certainly* be forthcoming in season for April; so that, after all, the blame rests entirely with me. You must remember, for I am sure I had the story from you, how one of our worthy Dutch progenitors excused the profanity of his son, an idle, do-nothing youngster of fourteen, by saying that 'HANS was generally a good boy, but just then he was troubled with a *very* bad cold!' Now I assure you it has been no 'bad cold' which has kept me from the 'Sequel,' but an unlooked-for press of engagements, professional as well as personal, which have absolutely prevented my keeping faith with you in this matter. And now, at the time when I counted most on being regular in my correspondence, I am unexpectedly called to the 'other side of the water.' That you may possibly be the gainer by this revisiting of old scenes, and reviving of old associations, in some little addition of freshness which I may thus be enabled to throw around my subject, I hardly dare hint: yet I am sure I can promise it shall receive no injury thereby.

'What need of more words?' I leave you, dear LOUIS, in the lurch. I do confess it; but the confession is something. It eases my conscience of that 'fired for insertion.' Adieu!'

WE passed, with equal pleasure and instruction, an hour in the Senate of the United States this morning, being admitted by a word to the door-keeper from our old friend and correspondent, Senator SEWARD, upon 'the floor' of that body. Mr. CLEMENS was to speak, in reply to Mr. RHETT, and 'sharp work' was expected. But happily, the senator kept his temper; speaking vigorously, it is true, but not bitterly; dwelling rather upon an exhibition of principles which had been assailed than upon personal grievances. His manner was good, his self-possession admirable. As we looked around, we thought what an arena that scene at different times had been: but the eloquent CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, HAYNE, BENTON, and other magnates of that body, were no longer there. The younger members, as a general thing, are ambitious to attack; to find fault; to 'move for information' of the PRESIDENT and his cabinet, on all sorts of alleged abuses; reminding one of DICKENS's fresh parochial officer, who 'boldly expressed his want of confidence in the existing authorities, and moved for a copy of the recipe by which the paupers' soup was prepared, with any documents relating thereto!' But even these querulous persons are less noxious members than the 'half-orator, half-assassin' species, who physically 'have a giant's strength, and who do not hesitate to use it like a giant' upon the small and the weak. Whip us such 'honorable senators!' - - - We cannot 'transmit the cash' for the *'Lines Composed on the Death of Three Men, killed on the Cochecho Rail-Road,*

*New-Hampshire, November 21,* without first knowing 'for a certainty' whether they are original. We may be wrong; but if our memory serves us, they are 'adapted' after TUPPER, who has recorded in verse a similar casualty in England. BYRON has also something like it, in his 'Trip to Birmingham by Rail-road:'

COME all my friends, both far and near,  
These melancholy lines you hear,  
Of a sad accident that happened of late,  
On the Cochecho road that runs to the lake.

It was in eighteen hundred fifty-one  
When this sad accident was done;  
It was November last, the twenty-first;  
It rained all day the very worst.

It rained all day and night likewise,  
Which soaked the earth to their surprise;  
It was about three miles above the plains,  
Where the road was spile't that stopped the train.

The train left Dover at half-past five that night,  
To go to the Bay, if all was right;  
And when it reach'd that dreadful spot  
The cars sunk in, and the engine upshot!

Three men sprung out, thinking to be saved,  
But the engine proved them a watery grave;  
They lay in the water, beneath the heavy iron!  
No one could reach them till they had expired.

One of those men that was killed we hear,  
Was SAMUEL TWOMBLY, the Engineer;  
Another was CHARLES YOUNG, the fireman also;  
The other was a young Irishman, whom we do not know.

Come all you who may read and wait,  
And go on the train up to the lake;  
Pray read these lines which I have penned,  
And ever think on your future end.

All you who are left to mourn the fate  
Of your dear friends who was killed of late,  
I beg a warning you would take:  
Remember the road that runs to the lake!

In melody and euphony, the fifth stanza impresses us most favorably, as we doubt not it will the reader. - - - PLEASANT and very memorable was a walk we took to-day, with an old and tried friend, to visit the *Washington Monument* and the *Observatory*. It was a matter of patriotic interest to read the inscriptions upon the blocks sent from the different states and territories for insertion in the interior of the monument. When this great shaft, now over an hundred feet high, shall have reached an elevation of five hundred feet, it will tower sublimely over the city, a Pharos to cheer the heart of every true lover of his country and of the 'FATHER of his Country.' At the Observatory we met with Professor MAURY, who is not only an indefatigable devotee of science, but a clear and admirable writer upon all subjects which he has made a study. Through the kindness and courtesy of himself and Professor HUBBARD, his accomplished assistant, we ascended to the dome, and were permitted to peer into the Great Telescope, commanding, through the revolving roof, a planet at bright mid-day, glimmering opaquely in the celestial void. We write inadequately of all this, but that half-hour in the Washington Observatory is for ever marked with a 'white stone' in our memory. - - - 'I was going one day,' says a metropolitan correspondent, in a note to the Editor, 'over to Greenwood, and as I came up to the omnibus-stand, near the entrance, there seemed to be an altercation between two of the drivers. I did not hear the beginning of it, but as I came up, one said, in a very triumphant tone, as if he thought it was a '*finisher*:' 'Well,' I thank God I ain't a miserable priest-ridden Catholic, like you.' 'God!' replied

the other: 'Yer no need to say nothin' about *Him*. *He don't know nothin' about you!*' I thought that was putting his opponent pretty *low down!*' And so it was: but Mrs. S. C. HALL gives two or three even more cutting retorts or maledictions than this. - - - THROUGH the kindness of Mr. FORNEY, of Pennsylvania, whose courtesy to strangers is proverbial, we obtained a seat upon the floor of the House of Representatives; the seat in that popular body represented by Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, which, unlike our friend Mr. RUSSELL SMITH, at Albany, we did not 'contest,' but resigned the moment its occupant re-visited it. Rising recently from that seat, we perceive that Mr. BRECKENRIDGE made a brilliant *début* before the House. One could have predicted as much, from the striking intellectual appearance and manner of the speaker. The House possesses, by the by, many remarkably intellectual-looking heads: some of them would be a treasure to a phrenologist: others, whose appearance would perhaps disappoint the observer, would surprise him by their talents. We heard Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, with much pleasure. He spoke fluently, (not 'fluidly,' as Mrs. PARTINGTON would say,) and to the point. He stood before us, gesticulating moderately, and moving his lips; but, by a singular reverberation, his voice came from behind us. The effect, to ear and eye, was very peculiar. - - - WE suppose that our correspondent 'M. W.,' the 'ALBAN' critic, must be heard; yet we beg leave to say, that 'hearing *both* sides' does n't mean hearing *three* sides. Howbeit, as the missive is brief, it shall 'have audience;' the more, that there are two separate grievances, for which redress is required at our hands:

'MR. EDITOR: And *you* also 'turn upon and rend' me? I jilted; I, who, in my declining years, look out upon the world from that calm Paradise of single-blessedness, where no thought ever enters of 'marrying or giving in marriage;' from that Eden of old-bachelorship where there is no Eve, and, consequently, no serpent. I jilted; and by some cold Puritan damsel! And this when, to imitate the touching appeal of the author of 'ALBAN,' you have every reason to cherish and protect me; and when, 'Sir,' to use the mild threat of the same author, 'It will be *best* for you to do so.' But first, Sir, about this 'ALBAN.' When GÖTTE wrote his 'Faust,' nobody understood it—except the author; but here is a 'native American' production which every one understands—but the author. When, for example, I perused the celebrated conversation held by Miss DE GROOT on the steamboat, remembering that the author in his preface alludes, with apparent triumph, to the 'pliancy' of 'Lady ALICE,' why, of course, I supposed that he meant what he said. I was absolutely forced to draw an inference, and a very 'nasty' inference it was. I am glad to believe his assertion of innocence, with respect to this single passage; and happy to retract the remarks, as to this one passage in my former article; but, as for his plea of general good intentions, moving him to write 'ALBAN,' give me leave, once for all, to enter a protest against such defences. If they are allowed, it will encourage the spread of good intentions among mankind: and good intentions are, of all good things, the most injurious and provoking. We never hear of them, except in connection with some irremediable mischief; and though used, it is said, for paving another place, that pavement must, by this time, be completed. 'ALBAN' alone would finish it. It was the intention of the book, it seems, to trace the steps (through all manner of evil) which a soul must take on its journey toward the state of grace and purity. The result is, that an ordinary reader occasionally meets with a valuable thought, but his discovery is purchased as dearly as the discoveries of the poor chiffoniers in Paris, who sometimes rake up a stray silver spoon while wading through a sewer.

'But, MR. EDITOR, the thought pursues me: I *jilted*, and by a Yankee girl! I repudiate and deny 'the monstrous and gratuitous interpretation' which you have seen fit to put on my 'Lines to a Boston Belle.' I, too, am 'a native New-Yorker, with old New-York blood in my veins,' and my tastes are all 'local.' No maiden of New-England, glittering aloft in her pride of intellect, like PERCIVAL's star, has ever tempted me to climb the transcendental peak on which New-England maidens usually perch themselves: for I knew, better, perhaps, than PERCIVAL, that I should find nothing, at the end of my journey, but 'a lump of ice.' To have it said of a man that he has been jilted by such, in a popular monthly Magazine, in 'the veteran of monthlies,' in 'the American Maga,' just after the price of subscription has been greatly reduced, and the circula-



tion has greatly increased!—it is crushing! In the words of the author of 'ALBAN,' it gashes one's 'bark.' M. W.

Of the several government sculptures to be encountered at Washington we regard the simple and dignified statues of the FATHER of his Country, by GREENOUGH, and the colossal figures of PEACE and WAR, as by far the best. PERSICO's 'COLUMBUS' we could wish were away from the eastern portico of the Capitol. It reflects little credit upon its position, less upon the national taste, and none upon the creative genius of the artist. Our objection lies at the very bottom of the design, as it first strikes one, coming out from the Rotunda. The whole first effect is fundamentally bad. What, for example, is expressed (without explanation, and a statue should explain *itself*, should n't it?) by the fierce figure of COLUMBUS, with a ball in his theatrically-upraised right hand? We ask any first observer whether the idea at once conveyed to his mind is not that of a confident ten-pin-player about to make a fore-ordained 'ten-strike,' with a not very beautiful female, in a tropical climate, 'without the valew of a rag to her back,' interested in his getting it? - - - The lines which ensue reach us from W. D. GALLAGHER, Esq. They almost sob with the deep feeling that dictated them:

## I.

WHEN last the April-bloom was flinging  
Sweet odors on the air of spring,  
In forest-aisles thy voice was ringing,  
Where thou didst with the red-bird sing:  
Again the April-bloom is flinging  
Sweet odors on the air of spring,  
But now in Heaven thy voice is ringing,  
Where thou dost with the angels sing.

## II.

When last the maple-bud was swelling,  
When last the crocus bloomed below,  
My heart to 'hine its love was telling;  
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:  
Again the maple-bud is swelling,  
Again the crocus blooms below:—  
In Heaven thy heart its love is telling,  
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

W. D. G.

Washington, D. C., 1852.

'There swelled a burthened heart!' - - - HERE is a passage from an epistle to the Editor that will make the reader laugh 'somedele,' or we are greatly mistaken: 'Some five years ago, having received my diploma from the Philadelphia Medical School, I started off, and in a few weeks had set up, in the northern part of Georgia, a shingle, whereby I tendered to the community my services as 'Physician and Surgeon.' A few days after, as I was engaged in the preparation of divers medicines, the door of my office was opened, and a tall, brawny specimen of the 'genus homo' entered. Apparently quite at his ease, he pulled off his battered castor, and, stepping up to a small mirror, passed his hand over an enormous mass of fiery hair, and complacently remarked: 'There's a head o' ha'r for you! what d'ye think of *that*?' Having expressed my admiration thereof, he removed his coat, and ensconcing himself in my arm-chair, said: 'Well, stranger, you can jist git to work and mow off a couple o' pounds! It's a'-comin' on hot now, and the swamps is a mighty pesky place for breedin' the critters!' I blandly replied, that I was exceedingly sorry, but that really I could hardly enumerate hair-cutting among my accomplishments. 'What!' said he, regarding me with a look of huge contempt, 'what! let on to be a surging, and can't cut ha'r! H—ll!' And so, resuming his coat and hat, he strode disdainfully away. Not long after, just as I was congratulating myself on being so well rid of him, the

door opened again, and my 'customer' reappeared, with a visage highly inflamed with alcoholic beverages. 'Look here, stranger!' said he fiercely, 'may be you hold yourself too *good* to eut my ha'r!' I immediately and eagerly disclaimed any such feeling, and he soon departed, after having remarked, while gently tapping the horn-handle of his bowie: 'I'm cussed ef it ain't well you *don't*, or pre-haps I might have done a little euttin' myself!' If he had come again, I should have eut his hair gratis! - - - One thing touching Washington: it is the most hospitable place we ever visited. Not an hour had elapsed after our arrival at the NATIONAL, before we were taken from the 'DEXTER-arm' of that house by an esteemed friend, and domiciliated in his pleasant family, where we could enjoy a rich collection of fine pictures, statuary, and objects of taste and vertu, in rare profusion; and whence, by day and by night, we radiated, to enjoy a metropolitan hospitality scarcely less hearty and cordial. It was something, while at this home of enjoyment, to sit down to the perusal of some hundred and fifty letters from General WASHINGTON, all in his *own* hand-writing; forming a small part only of what is doubtless the best collection of autograph-letters from eminent persons, European and American, literary, military, and other, to be found in the Union. 'Illustrious MCGUIRE!' as the Yankee-Irishman said to KOSCIUSKO, may your 'shadow,' and your love and appreciation of the beautiful and the rare in art, 'never grow less!' - - - MUCU amused to-day by a passage in a letter from a 'village correspondent' in the northern part of old Massachusetts, whose most humane profession is that of a surgeon-dentist: 'I took lately,' he writes, 'with a world of wrenching, an immense molar from the right lower jaw of a stout Irish 'help.' She bore it all, without seeming to be aware of what I was doing. After the tooth was fairly out, she looked up to me with an air of confiding sincerity, and said: 'I was sorry to trouble you, Doeth, so much; me teeth always coom haärd; but I cood n't *help* it, I cood n't! It was mighty har-r-d *wurruk*, so it was, fur ye!'' Think of an apology to a dentist for the 'trouble' one has given him, in drawing a deep-set double tooth! - - - WHILE in Washington, we saw the two following obituary-pendants, in a Baltimore and a Philadelphia daily penny-paper. Can there be consolation to *any* bereaved parent, in having such wretched doggerel attached to a notice of the death of a beloved child? 'WILLIAM HENRY' and 'HOPE B——M' would better have 'remained unsung:'

'FAREWELL, our dear little BILLY;  
Thy last sleep was sweet as a lilly;  
Still nature binds us to mourn as a dove,  
As thou art a son of much love.

'Farewell to thee, we say in the papers,  
But imprint on the mind thy innocent capers:  
Thou art gone from trouble and pain,  
With JESUS in glory for ever to reign.'

'AND is my little HOPEY gone,  
His face no more to see?  
Yes, he has gone to Heaven above,  
To join that happy company.

'Sickness and pain long time he bore,  
Physicians tried in vain;  
But nothing could give him relief  
Till CHRIST did ease him of his pain.

'A few short years the lovely flower  
Hath bloomed and cheered his parents' heart;  
But, oh! how sad the unwelcome hour  
When we were called with him to part.'

'SOME-FOLKS' to the contrary notwithstanding, there is much, very much, to admire in the *Smithsonian Institute* at Washington. There are points of view in which its external architectural combinations are not only in a high degree picturesque, but positively beautiful. On the other hand, one can, by another focus of vision, so group the towers and turrets, and pinnacle-adornments, as to show 'a mass of things, but nought distinctively.' We found the interior better adapted to its purposes than from 'the papers' we had been led to suppose it could be. We glanced hastily through the Indian Gallery, tarried in the pneumatic department, and were most kindly accompanied by the young but thoroughly capable superintendent of the animal and piscatorial departments beneath, where the processes of preparation and preservation were going on, under his keen eye and careful supervision. Of the marvels here encountered, we hope to have somewhat more to say hereafter. The grounds of the Institution are spacious, and, in connection with the other public grounds, are receiving the benefit of the educated taste and experience of Mr. DOWNING, of Newburgh, the well-chosen government superintendent. - - - WE remark in the daily journals an account of a rare surgical operation, the removal of an entire lower jaw, by Dr. CARNOCHAN, a young but already eminent surgeon of this city. The patient rapidly recovered, and is now well. We once saw Dr. CARNOCHAN operate upon a fracture of the skull, in a druggist's shop, into which the patient had been brought from the street, and were struck at the time with his great coolness and precision. He is destined to be, if indeed he be not already, one of the very first of our metropolitan surgeons. - - - THERE was quite an unexpected début at a theatre in Liverpool, (England,) recently, during the performance of the last and most impressive scene in the play of JULIUS CÆSAR. The elder VANDENHOFF sustained the character of BRUTUS. He was at that passage where, after his army had been defeated, he requests his freedman to kill him, and resolves to commit suicide. At this juncture a venerable-looking goat, with a long beard, made his appearance at the side-scenes, and took a deliberate survey of the house.\* The audience, at first surprised at this novel apparition, burst into roars of laughter, to the evident horror and astonishment of the tragedian, to whose ears the unlooked-for sounds were a profanation. The cause of the merriment walked deliberately down to the foot-lights, and stared at the audience, whose roars of laughter soon startled him, and drove him once more up the stage. In the mean time BRUTUS stabbed himself, with as much tragic dignity as possible under the circumstances, covering his face with his robe. The goat, seeing his fall, walked over to the prostrate BRUTUS, surveyed him, took a snuff at him, and was then, amidst louder roars of laughter than ever, in which the actors heartily joined, removed off the stage. - - - PASSING the NATIONAL HOTEL at two o'clock on this bright and cloudless warm Sunday, we saw a tall figure, clad in a blue cloak, attended only by a lady and child, enter a coach before the door. Once seen, it was a face never to be forgotten. It was HENRY CLAY. That eagle-eye was not dimmed, though the great statesman's natural force was abated. We raised our hat, and bowed our reverence and admiration: our salutation was gracefully returned, and the carriage was driven away. As we walked on, to keep an engagement to dine, we thought of the late words of that eminent patriot: 'If the days of my usefulness, as I have too much reason to fear, be indeed passed, I desire not to linger an impotent spectator of the oft-scanned field of life. I have never looked upon old age, deprived of the faculty of enjoyment, of intellectual perceptions and energies, with any sympathy; and for such I think the

day of fate cannot arrive too soon.' One can hardly choose but drop a tear over such a remark from such a man. - - - DICKENS has a recent capital story, entitled, '*What Christmas is in the Company of John Doe*,' wherein a poor fellow is taken off to prison for debt, just as his Christmas dinner is ready. The officer, while taking him away, narrates some passages of his experience in 'nabbing' people. He tells his captive that he 'was once commissioned to 'nab' the celebrated Mr. Wix, of the Theatres Royal. That Mr. Wix, being in the act of playing the Baron Spolaccio, in the famous tragedy of 'Love, Ruin, and Revenge,' he, CRABSTICK, permitted him, in deference to the interests of the drama, to play the part out, stationing an assistant at each wing, to prevent escape. That the delusive Wix 'bilked' him by going down a trap. That he CRABSTICK, captured him, notwithstanding, under the stage, though opposed by the gigantic Wix himself, two stage-carpenters, a demon, and the Third Citizen. That Wix rushed on the stage and explained his position to the audience, whereupon the gallery (Wix being an especial favorite of theirs) expressed a strong desire to have his (CRABSTICK's) blood; and, failing to obtain that, tore up the benches; in the midst of which operation the recalcitrant Wix was removed.' This is very 'DICKENSY.' - - - THE *City of Washington* should be regarded with affection and reverence by all portions of our great and growing Republic. It is the focus of our laws; the centre of our government; and all its structures, all its adornments, should be looked upon with a wide and general national pride. But we have always observed, that any proposed government appropriation for Washington is the subject for much 'chaffering' opposition on the part of new or narrow-minded members of Congress. But the City itself asks no more than she gives. Her taxes, of which the Government has collaterally, if not mainly, the benefit, have exceeded in amount the appropriations expended in her borders for the especial benefit of the city. A national metropolis, like Washington, should receive the cordial sympathy and the liberal aid of the nation's representatives. No man can visit it, without feeling prouder of his country. - - - WE have been very much impressed with the merit of a series of '*Letters from the North of Europe*,' which appear at intervals in the '*Daily Star*' of Syracuse in this State. They betoken quick observation and strong love of nature as well as of art, and abound in evidences of a genuine intellect, and accomplishments of no common order. On inquiry, we learn that the writer is a very young man, named FISKE; that he overcame many obstacles in getting abroad; that he is now travelling on foot in northern Europe; that he is an accomplished linguist and general scholar; and it is certainly easy to perceive, from his letters, that his heart is as light and his feelings as fresh as a girl's. We present a single passage from a letter dated at Wisby, an old and remarkable town on the island of Göthland, once the central place of exchange for a large India trade, but now in its decadence. The foreigner visits it only to examine its magnificent ruins:

'NEVER shall I forget the impression it made on me, with its gray walls and towers. I stepped from the nineteenth to the eleventh century, from the steam-boat to the feudal town: its massive walls of hewn stone, its two-score-and-ten battlemented towers, its arched, broad gate-ways, all stand, almost as when they were built. Within the wall are no less than eighteen churches in ruins, most of them well preserved. The Gothic and Byzantine architecture is rich, majestic, and beautiful: the immense arches, the huge columns, the cunningly-carved tracery, the aged moss, the holy silence, all impressed me deeply. Many of the old merchants' houses stand, and are now used. Here were trade-princes from all parts of the world; and their different and diverse tastes are apparent in the dissimilarity of their residences. Have I ever lived a waking dream, it was during the few hours of my sojourn at Wisby.

'So much of my travelling adventures. But do not imagine that these were the only pleasant incidents which occurred in the course of my wandering. Every day, every hour, was productive

of some new pleasure, some agreeable novelty; and over and above all, *I learned* continually. But it is with me, as I suppose it may be with persons much more studious than myself: the more I acquire, the greater seems the disproportion between my little stock of knowledge and the vast, ever-increasing mass of lore of which I am ignorant. Every fresh fact is only the portal to a thousand more, all claiming attention and inquiry. Each flower gathered in the garden of wisdom contains a multitude of seeds, and every one planted produces a different plant. For it is not here, as in the culture of nature, where, if you understand one plant, you are at the same time acquainted with a thousand others of the same species. On the contrary, sow an idea, and the result is a crowd of new and strange ideas, each differing from the other. And think: the world's stock of learning is constantly accumulating. The space of a man's life almost doubles it. What will be, what has already been, the consequence? Men begin, even now, to stuff themselves with facts and dates, neglecting more and more causes and effects; as LUTYNS has somewhere said, the learned have already become little more than walking encyclopaedias. May we not expect that even this state will soon vanish, and the mind of a wise man soon resemble nothing but an index; a huge catalogue of what has been done, thought, and written, with few or no explanatory notes? I can see no limit to learning, unless we should have, from some now unknown cause, another Middle Age, a second stumber of thought. Or perhaps we can avoid expecting or dreading such a dark period, upon the hypothesis that while the amount of knowledge is waxing greater, the number of students is also increasing. In this way every one can devote himself to some particular division of science, relinquishing the idea of learning any thing out of his prescribed measure. On the other hand, we are taught by experience how each branch of lore runs into another. The geologist must also understand chemistry, the geographer mathematics, the historian archaeology, and so forth. How can he do this? Ah! this pyramidal heaping up of the world's wisdom will do away with that nondescript animal, the Universal Genius; for it will soon require a divine mind to comprehend the universality of knowledge.

Is there not good *matériel* in these unsurface-thoughts of a young man of nineteen or twenty, working his way on foot through the rarely-visited portions of northern Europe? - - - 'I was walking with Mr. WEBSTER, down this walk,' said a friend of ours, as we descended into Pennsylvania-Avenue from the Capitol, 'soon after HAYNE had concluded his famous speech; and I said to Mr. WEBSTER, 'I am afraid, Sir, that that speech is unanswerable.' 'We shall see, Sir,' replied Mr. WEBSTER, taking off his hat, and passing his hand two or three times over his forehead; 'we—shall—see, Sir—to-morrow; we shall see—to-morrow!' And they *did* see, and so, since, has the world seen. Would that we could have taken the hand of the great 'Defender of the Constitution' in the very theatre of his renown! - - - For purity and sweetness of tone, for exquisite beauty of material and perfection of finish, we have never seen any pianos that can fairly challenge comparison with some instruments we have recently examined at the piano-rooms of Mr. PETER PROVOST, Number 490, Hudson-street. They are of a peculiar construction, and of a most convenient and graceful shape. - - - A LITTLE while after rolling out from Washington in the cars, with 'homeward-pointed face,' we came to Bladensburg, where so many persons have been made 'shells of men' in duels. Near by, too, is the famous battle-ground, where there was some 'tall running' on a memorable occasion. 'Why,' said a gentleman to the guide who shows people over the ground, 'did the Americans retreat on that occasion?' 'Retreat!' echoed the guide. 'Yes,' repeated the visitor, 'why did they run away?' 'Wal, some how or 'nother,' replied the guide, slowly, 'they didn't seem to *take no interest!*' It seems they *did* take 'considerable' interest! - - - We had but an hour and a quarter in Baltimore, but we made the most of it. In fifteen minutes after we left the cars, we were looking down upon the city from the top of the towering and beautiful WASHINGTON Monument; filled with no little surprise at the extent and general aspect of the place. Baltimore, in its life, and in the character of its streets, is more like New-York than any other American city we have ever seen. It made us very sad to think, as we gazed abroad upon that wide-spread town, how utterly strange to us was every soul of its population. So that it was with a sense of almost painful loneliness—for there is no solitude like that of a great and strange city—that we entered the spacious and solemn cathedral. A poor woman, partly blind, was arranging the altar; and before the celebrated picture



of our SAVIOUR's sufferings on the cross, sent by the POPE of Rome to the cathedral, knelt a beautiful girl, slowly rocking to and fro, and moving her lips in prayer. As we gazed, now at the heavenly picture, and now at the devout worshipper, we fancied we could almost hear her say, with ELSIE in LONGFELLOW's 'Golden Legend':

'MY REDEEMER and my LORD,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

'Interceding  
With those bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast thou been buried

'If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my SAVIOUR! I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou leadest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee!'

We left the silent void and repose of the cathedral for the busy scenes without; and soon after, were standing before the 'Battle Monument,' as it is called, erected in honor of the brave men who fell at North-Point: then, a few oysters at GUY'S. - - - MANY thanks to 'W. H. A.' for his '*Letter Afloat*.' If we had had his address, it should not long have remained unanswered. - - - WE have much 'Gossip' in type, including excellent favors of new and old correspondents, notices of new books, addresses, etc. - - - AFTER all, we must re-take up our Washington memoranda; for our limited space is against us. Of our visit to the 'White House;' of the 'Hop' at Brown's new and superb marble hotel; of views in the Rotunda, and from the dome of the Capitol; of an hour in the Supreme Court; of a trip to Georgetown, and what we saw there; of visits to the Patent-office, Treasury and State Departments, General Post-office, etc., it will be our pleasant province to gossip hereafter. - - - '*The Bizarre*' is the quite impressive title of a very variously-selected and lively weekly of Philadelphia, convenient in size, and well executed. Mr. J. M. CHURCH is the editor, and he performs his task with much industry and spirit. - - - 'It will be pleasant,' said a friend just now at our elbow, 'in the heats of the approaching summer, 'again to sit under the trees by BARKER's at Hoboken, and inhale the fresh breezes of the bay: receiving, at the same time, from the obliging GEORGE ROBEX, those 'attentions' which he knows so well how to give.' We believe that all frequenters of that delightful spot will endorse this opinion, because it is 'founded.' - - - We are glad that we have a few lines left, to speak of *Sattler's Cosmoramas*, which we find, on 'returning from our travels,' reestablished at the corner of Thirteenth-street and Broadway. Among his present views, is one of '*The Great Horse-Shoe Fall of Niagara*;' and all who see *that* picture, will not need the assurance, which we have had from every travelled person who has seen the originals of his various and admirable foreign views, that nothing can exceed the truthfulness, the exactness, of his pictorial translations from the most wonderful passages in the 'Book of Nature.'

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1852, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## FRUITLESS CROWNS.

‘Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.’

MACBETH.

NOTWITHSTANDING our recognition of retributive justice, we are touched by the pathetic exclamation of the usurping Thane. The conflict of ambition and conscience had been severe, and the rebukes of the latter would have deterred from crime, but for the artful incitings of an unscrupulous woman. The ‘rank offence’ committed, the sovereignty of a turbulent realm boldly seized, the act banished the actor beyond the pale of the sympathy of his kind, meagre although it was, in a rude and selfish age. The perfidy which had successfully invaded the sanctity of the throne was accursed of men: while strong, it was detested; when weak, remorselessly crushed. Thenceforth was to be directed against the murder-made monarch the subtle advances of intrigue, or be reared the head of avowed rebellion; and for what? An uncertain tenure of power, which it was decreed he should not bequeath,

—‘no son of his succeeding.’

The announcement of the ‘barren sceptre,’ it may be conceived, thrilled the regicide with greater dismay than the apparition of the air-drawn dagger.

Nor need we appeal to the dramatic creations of intellect to illustrate the unfruitful issue of criminal ambition. History has kept a faithful and instructive record. The conquests of the Macedonian but fed with plunder a horde of contending successors; the sinking fortune of Oliver hounded him to the grave; while the sun of the empire of the Corsican went down for ever on that eventful evening in June, when the veteran reserve which had been schooled on the battle-fields of a continent, and billeted in half its capitals, broke and fled.

The rapacity of states is as signally punished as the selfish ambition of individuals. National humiliation is, earlier or later, the penalty of

national greed. The avenging avatar may be delayed, but it will come. The seeds of decay lie long dormant, but the resplendent beams of prosperity encourage, while they blind to, the fatal growth. As wealth is accumulated from ravaged kingdoms and stolen colonies, it concentrates; so that the importance which it bestows, as it is confined, is conspicuous. Voluptuousness inevitably succeeds. Avarice is promoted at the expense of the nobler aspirations. The object of human striving is the acquisition of that which, while it confers power, ministers to indulgence. National manners become corrupt, and public virtue declines. At last the peril so long provoked is to be met, and the state must rely for its defence upon an intriguing and imbecile oligarchy, a dependent, venal, and cowardly rabble, or mercenary bayonets, which, from protecting, assume to command the exchequer and control the nation. When the patriotism of Carthage was aroused, her victorious arms swept over the icy barrier of the Alps to scourge hostile legions upon the fertile plains of Italy; when her cupidity was alarmed, ignominious discomfiture overwhelmed her. The glory of Holland was greatest when bleeding and forlorn; she impressed the ocean as an ally in opposition to a haughty and relentless invader, ere she had exchanged the spirit of freedom for the lust of lucre, or purchased ignoble security by tame submission.

It is, perhaps, trite to assert that frivolous prettexts, for the most part, have originated, or have been cited to excuse, war. But the great body of truth is trite, so that it is not the less instructive to reflect how often the collision of armies has resulted from the turn of a *liaison*, the disappointment of a courtier, or the intrigue of a priest. Some bleak, inhospitable strand near the pole becomes, in the view of disputing cabinets, fair as Tempe, and fruitful as Sicily. Through volcanic action, a bare and rugged islet is spewed from the ocean depth; it is beheld by some prying whaler, who probably mistakes it for the sea-serpent; the discovery is announced, and Admiralties are agog, and armed steamers, bearing rival flags, race puffing over the waves to get a pre-clutch on the rescued lava. While the marine insect myriads of the tropics are rearing in labored system their coral masonry, dock-yards bustle with preparation, by which to dispute or defend the possession. The *privilege* of a fishery where there is room for all; the navigation of a river frozen half the year, and impeded by shoals or choked with rafts the remainder; extending the area of peculiar political opinion, neglecting previously to proselytise the people upon whom it is to be imposed, of course purely for the love of it, without regard to sugar estates and milled dollars; a marriage, or a death royal, are alike provocative of war, rapine, and retribution.

But it is the disappointments of every-day life, when the objects of our aspiration are obtained, that we chiefly propose to consider.

A sprightly imagination, overtopping in its empire the more truthful yet less brilliant judgment, hurries us on with joyful promise until we reach the goal and discover the deception. For a time instructed by the shortcoming, we curb our enthusiasm, and tread renitently the even tenor of our way. At length some new possession, alluringly tinted by fancy, is to make us supremely happy, and we strive for it with an ardor failure may have flagged, but could not subdue; and again the issue is ill.

'Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirched:'



Thus, by over-estimating the object in pursuit, we degrade its value when secured. It is a fruitless crown.

Ours is emphatically an era of *opinions*. The press is free, (in the popular sense,) and the creeds have their full swing of latitude. The time is tentative in expedients of amelioration and advance. So far indeed is the spirit of suggestion unreflectingly pushed, that the world is found oftener admiringly agape at that which is *new*, than recognizing or accepting that which is *better*. Still, even the absurdities of belief are necessary results of intellectual movement; are *ignes fatui* in the path of inquiry. Fanaticism is the natural brother of Progress; the ally of the one is the Marvellous, as that of the other is the True. It has been asserted to be easier to demolish than to erect. To be sure, every theorist begins with universal demolition. Even the old material is discovered eminently unsound; not a square inch of it, from rafter to groundsel, is accounted fit for use. But then how jauntily goes up the new structure! What an appearance of solidity reposes in those paste-board walls; with what an air the coxcomb stucco apes the staid and stately granite; how is flaunted the gew-gaw raiment of parti-colored paint in the frank face of day! The cobweb of the hour arrogates its evanescent glistening of dew-tribute, and holds light the hoar and venerableness of that 'cliff of lone gray stone, rising into the midst of sailing birds and silent air.' We have used material imagery to illustrate the new fantasy as opposed to the old faith; could the ardent imaginings of our zealots be corporealized, what a spectacle would be presented! Female pantaloons are palpable enough, and one might even venture to vaticinate of uneasy ladies battling for the privilege conferred by spotted chokers, shirt-collars, wellingtons, and spurs; but who can give visible features to the social or political millennium which each speculative clique, in its visionary ravings, foresees soon to be ushered in? The vagaries of this class of innovators are scarcely announced ere test consigns them to oblivion; the current of human existence continues to run in its accustomed channel; and the manners of the age, though plastic enough, with an infidel contumacy refuse to receive the impresses of the two-penny seals of reform. Sièyes had pigeon-holes crammed with constitutions; but he was *sans second* in his century. Now every fourth man is a Sièyes, and equally prolific of schemes. From each round of the social ladder, from the cabinet minister to the *chiffonnier*, a whimsical distillation drops into its own particular puddle, where all old-world stuff, become intolerable, must be forthwith soused and scrubbed. Every where is raised the utopian cry of Light! when it is not the stars in the firmament that are beheld; but only their reflections in some dirty plash. Each gay delirium, as it rises, bubble-like, from the gurge of fancy, waits but the measurement of brief experience to be proved a fruitless crown.

There is yet another class, which, disgusted by the abortions and monstrosities of the abounding social and political Samaritans of the day, and even venturing to question their sanity, casts a retrospective glance of affection. Doubting if the regeneration of the race depends upon the supply of moral pocket-handkerchiefs, or the furnishment of the boudoir with box-coats and boot-jacks, it sighs pensively for a resurrection of the dead ages, with their castles and cloisters, penances and tournaments,

manorial soup-kettles and periodic doles. There may indeed have been some objectionable things in that era of felicity, such as unprovoked and bloody raids, and mercenary shrivings; the mass may have been poorly housed, fed, clothed, neglected when sick, often compelled to submit to the grossest, most cruel injustice, without appeal; but what then? were not those the good old times? Enamored sentimentalists! as *you* portray them,

‘Those days were never: airy dream  
Sat for the picture; and the poet’s hand  
Imparted substance to an empty shade.’

What was admirable in those ages was inseparably allied to a rude and degraded humanity; sprung from it as it heaved in the throes of a disentralling development. The pearls washed upon the shores of old romance, to which you point exultingly, are, alas! like pearls, the product of disease. Could you plant in the midst of the nineteenth century the institutions and manners of the sixteenth; after the most liberal pruning, what an exhibition of the grotesque would you create! Fancy Jones, the grocer, in the full fig of an archer, turning his back on premium cheeses and superior Goshen, flinging, as it were, ‘the good-will and fixtures’ into the very face of society, and hurrying to Greenwood shades to emulate the predatory heroism of Robin Hood. Fancy Simpkins, the politician, who hangs with breathless interest upon the ‘latest returns,’ who settles the affairs of the nation over oft-repeated cups of generous malt, substituting his annual pilgrimage to Washington with a devout journey to some holier shrine: or Flashem, the best-dressed man on town, encouraging a ragged beard, unappreciative of a clean shirt, scorning dickies, eschewing soap, and set up in a small way as a very respectable hermit. Rake not the dry leaves and effete vegetation for buried husks: the fruit has died out of them: let them lie.

Who promiseth himself such store of bliss as the lover? What tongue can tell the amenity of temper, the elegant animation of action, the gracile form, the thousand magnified excellences of the fascinating fair? She discourseth harmonies; she walketh not as a mortal, but glideth as a goddess! The stricken admirer, moth-like, is blinded to all but the glare of the flame. The time, laggard that it is, arrives at last, and with book and ring the enamored pair is launched into the state matrimonial. A honey-moon, like a life, may be longer or shorter, but is at best brief. The husband sitteth down to reflect. He may still be in humor to admire, but the object is possessed, and he may safely criticise. He has been detained for breakfast, or compelled to cold mutton at dinner; and very potent is your cold mutton as a breeder of discontent. It offendeth the stomach, and the enraged brain taketh cudgels in behalf of its slighted relative. These petty annoyances at first irritate for the moment, but in the end swell to unendurable enormities. The spell is broken. Complaint naturally follows criticism. He grumbles; she pouts. The lady, ere long, indulges in short, snappish rejoinders. At length, improved in tactics, she deserts the defensive, and pushes the war vigorously home. Her tones are no longer mellifluous; Hybla furnishes no simile for her lips; her eyes, whilom so bewitching, are discovered gray, with the tigress sparkle; in a word, the angel is transformed into the shrew confessed. The pile was already laid on the altar of Discord; only the torch of Hymen

was required to fire it. The crown marital proves as fruitless as the crown martial. There have been men against whose equanimity certain lectures have been addressed in vain. Socrates, it is surmised, rather enjoyed them. As for the rest, it was long ago they voyaged this 'nether sea of time,' and we cannot give their names, as the way-bills were mislaid.

Consider the merchant. He anticipates from ultimate wealth dignified leisure and tranquil enjoyment. To acquire, he struggles and endures. He feeds upon prices-current, relaxes upon the jokes of the stock-board, attunes his ear to the music of trafficking voices, and breathes an atmosphere redolent of ledgers. As he skims the course, Fortune attends, even at his chariot-wheels. Riches accumulate. Friends gather around; or rather the fawning sycophants who thus proclaim themselves to the ear of prosperity. The prize toward which he has long and sedulously toiled is scarcely won, ere he discovers in his grasp a barren mockery. Gout, with its twinges, possesses him, at times sportive, then irate, or lying ambushed but to pounce unexpectedly upon some moment of fancied security and assured pleasure. A vascular fulness, which his physician, with a face full of meaning, has suggested should be watched, increases his alarm. A vision of apoplexy flings its baleful shadow across his path. His habits less active, and his mind unoccupied, he is enabled duly to appreciate his afflictions, and brood upon his grievances. Between the rigid self-denials of the table and an increasing familiarity with the lancet, dieting with the gods and drenching from the apothecary, he has become querulous, with fits of ferocity; delighteth to exhilarate his friends with details of symptoms; saluteth his family upon rising with the cheering intelligence of 'another dreadful night,' and has been observed to grow more and more glum, as his neighbor, that suave and solemn gentleman in black, who 'undertakes' 'in the best style, with due regard for the feelings of afflicted relatives,' has grown more and more civil in his advances. The charms of nature affect not him with an ecstasy of admiration. The placid bosom of the lake seems a serene expanse of colchicum; while he snuffs from each wandering breeze an odor of rhubarb or of senna. He goes through life, like a catarrh-dreading man through a thaw, fretful and anxious; and at last provides in a codicil for his fellow-sufferer a phthisical poodle, huffs the doctor, and expires.

Behold the inventor! A dim conception of discovery is vouchsafed to him. He labors to penetrate the surrounding vapors. With Ajax he cries: 'Give me to see!' The track of common-place toil is abandoned, that he may ponder the wondrous vision. At length, in all its impressive import, flashes the manifestation. To some new purpose of progress, in the language of the earlier Bacon, 'he binds the eternal elements.' The world, which doubted and scoffed until demonstration had discomfited dispute and shut the mouth of cavil, becomes suddenly jubilant, hailing with pæans the mighty move in advance. But what reward for him, the fruit of whose enduring genius and patient industry has elevated the civilization of the race; making of the fury of the blast a measure of human power, yoking to the car of utility the lightnings of heaven, or summoning subservient 'spirits from the vasty deep?' Surely something more than empty commendation and post-mortem sculpture? Not

always even that; but litigation, detraction, want; with — when the robbery is complete — some hackneyed platitude, intended to console, about the glorious mission of a public benefactor, and an appreciative posterity. A very happy thought that of the moderns, to look for the fulfilment of every disagreeable obligation by posterity. These latter generations have perpetrated such a multitude of drafts on time, that those to come, unless they make short work by prompt repudiation, (which is not unlikely,) must resolve themselves into a board perpetual of paying tellers.

There are two classes of unfortunates: that which struggles without an end, and that which contents itself with an end without a struggle: and the latter is far the larger. There are men who, if once they encounter failure, sink to despair. So dead is energy within, that even its ghost ceases to reproach them. Like the forsaken maid of Desdemona's mother, their 'song is of willow,' and they die singing it. Others inert themselves, await the influx of the tide to wash them higher and higher upon the shelving beach of fortune; and to say truth, it often tosses them kindly: while a sanguine few take naturally to hobbies, are never long unseated, never exhaust their stud, but, as Chaucer's monk, have

'Full many a daintie horse in stable,'

and continue to ride through the world, jingling their bridles in its incredulous face.

As from the poisonous *manihot* is extracted a bland and nutritious farina, so is consolation often drawn from disappointment and deprivation. Dogberry plumed himself more upon his losses than his bodily amplitude or his two gowns: they were unquestionable guaranties of his respectability. Misfortunes, where the aims have been just, impart consequence by eliciting sympathy, for the meanest has some one to compassionate him. Sympathy here implies esteem. In proportion as others regard us, we esteem ourselves; for self-love is observant, and the slightest attention flatters it into importance. By promoting melancholy, they dispose to complaisance. The kindest sentiment is awakened as we contemplate ourselves victims of chance, as unjust as it is capricious; or a haughty sense of superiority, by the unhappy result of some profoundly-deliberated and well-planned undertaking. 'Fools succeed, it is true;' with such solace are we content; but 'the poorest watch points the hours twice a day, and *they* may prove the hours of fruition.' The more some are thwarted, the more vain and opinionated they become. They behold in every disappointment, not the evidence of some new delusion, but an apt illustration of the inequality with which the prizes are distributed in the lottery of the world, and, with Jaques, 'rail against the first-born of Egypt.' The realization of a sorry cheat, where there was brilliant promise, 'a good plot, and full of expectation,' long continues to gloom and embitter existence. The traveller has recovered the fall from the precipice, but the stern shadow of the unsightly rock falls upon his path throughout the long and weary day.

From the saturnine to the satirical is but a step. Many great comedians have been atrabilious, and have enthusiastically betaken to the stage, gratified in travestying their fellows. How inexpressibly delightful it must have been to an Athenian to have had a Cynic for a next-door

neighbor; but a Cynic confined to the house, with abundant opportunities for espial, must have proven a crowning glory. We doubt if many were disposed to intrude upon the sunshine of Diogenes.

The most determined enemies of charlatanry are the disappointed. Had Swift been invested with the lawn, most likely he would have been more decorous and more tame. Become incredulous, and making of human foibles a study, an imposture is welcome game, and hunted to the death. They are the bane and terror of quacks, who cower before them as did Saul before the shade of Samuel.

Finally, let us abandon the gayety of fancy for graver consideration; albeit we educe that which, as it is very easy, has of late become very fashionable—a sneer. Many, superior to the weakness of thinking, find ample scope of intellectual occupation in studying the most effective manner for elevating an eye-brow, shrugging a shoulder, and curling a lip. Of the depressed disappointed, that mourning multitude, each by his favorite road rushes to Lethe. Some seek solace in the exhilaration of wine; some in the assumed oblivion of suicide; others in the resources of philosophy: an appellation often bestowed upon an overweening compound of pride and conceit, tempered by energy. The devout repairs to the consolations of religion. Fruitless crowns are regarded by the Christian as wholesome chastisements, corrective of a presumptuous spirit. To him, the mission of present failure is to alienate from the things 'of the earth, earthy,' and assure a fuller capacity for future enjoyments. Inasmuch as humiliation checketh arrogance, it teacheth him dependence. A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the SUPREME in all things: the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of Religion are a mockery and a delusion in man.\*

YADKESBAC.

*San Francisco, Cal.*


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T H E O R A N G E - F L O W E R .

---

BY WILLIAM H. HOSFOMBE.

---

With sedulous care, in a Northern bower,  
I nurtured a beautiful orange-flower;  
But it pined for scenes more sweet and fair,  
And it died for love of its native air:  
Like a maid, only lent to earth, not given,  
And early wafted away to heaven.

And once I cherished a fruitless love,  
For so it was written, they say, above;  
A love as gentle, as pure, as bright,  
As wonderful as the rays of light:  
In happier hearts it might bloom and blow,  
But it withered and died in my heart of snow.

*Cincinnati, January, 1852.*


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\* CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling*.



## Some German Songs.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## FIRST WORDS.

Long time have I been a rover  
 In that weird romantic land  
 Where the wide Rhine floweth over  
 Rock, morass, and golden sand.  
 Half an idler, half a lover,  
 Wandered I; and in my hand  
 Some old poet, who doth cover  
 With his genius all the strand.

'Tis a very land of faëry,  
 Yet o'er all is the divine:  
 Over shore and mountain boss  
 Gleams the everlasting cross;  
 And from many a sheltered shrine,  
 Images of sweet Saint MARY  
 Smile along the legendary  
 Shores of Father Rhine.

And the poet's home, 'tis here!  
 When ye sing, the people listen;  
 And but touch one feeling dear,  
 And the brown eyes, downcast, glisten  
 With an earnest tear:  
 And they lock your words apart,  
 Like new treasures, in the heart;  
 And the golden grain of song  
 Taketh root where'er ye sow it,  
 For that music-nurtured throng  
 Dearly love the poet.

There ye find both song and sermon,  
 Lays of LORÊLEI and Merman,  
 Songs with ringing double rhymes,  
 Legends of the olden times,  
 Stories of the land of HERMAN,  
 Written in the solemn chimes  
 Of the sounding German.  
 They have thrilled that Deutschland long,  
 And — oh, kind heart! am I wrong? —  
 I would sing them in a new land,  
 Sing wild HEINE's ardent song,  
 LIMBROCK's lay of monk or saint,  
 And the ballads, sweet and quaint,  
 Made by LUDWIG UHLAND.

When a dear friend hath departed  
 To the far-off shadow-land,  
 And ye mourn him, broken-hearted,  
 Aught that ever touched his hand  
 Groweth dear; though it be bare  
 One dark tress of braided hair:

Therefore, though I give you merely  
*Echoes of the German lay,*  
 Ye should love them very dearly:  
 Long time in my heart they lay,  
 As the sound of solemn marches,  
 Played on some high festal day,  
 Linger in cathedral arches,  
 When the player hath closed the organ,  
 And hath gone away.

DONALD MACLEOD.

I.

## A M E M O R Y .

The purpling sea rolled wide and bright,  
 As day's last glories shone;  
 We sat by the ancient fisher-house,  
 Silent and all alone.

The mists arose; the waters swelled;  
 The gull swept circling past,  
 And from thine eyes, by passion filled,  
 The tears came streaming fast.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,  
 And on my knee I sank;  
 And quick from off that white, white hand,  
 Those streaming tears I drank.

Since then, my soul burns with desire,  
 Desire consumes my years.  
 Ah, thou wild heart! that weeping girl  
 Hath poisoned thee with her tears.

HILFENBURG HEINRICH.

II.

I WENT into the battle with my friend most dearly tried,  
 We ate our bread together, we slumbered side by side:  
 I came in safety back again unto my native shore;  
 My friend rests in that stranger-land, rests there for evermore!

The last time that I ever touched or pressed his loving hand,  
 He lay before me, crushed and prone, upon the sultry sand:  
 Right on his front a sabre-stroke had smote him in the fray,  
 And from the deep and fatal wound the life ebbed fast away.

The warm red blood flowed slowly along his forehead fair;  
 He could not die; but turned to me with an imploring air:  
 'Give me my death, dear brother, my comrade leal and true!'—  
 I turned away, refusing, just as the trumpet blew.

He writhed himself before me, with pain-distorted mouth,  
 And plead with me, by all the love which we had pledged in youth:  
 I kissed him, and I charged my gun, as my dear friend desired,  
 Then tremblingly I placed the mouth close to his heart—and fired!

I turned my streaming eyes away, I saw not where he sank,  
 And yet I heard one murmur, faint and broken: 't was, 'I thank'—  
 It was the latest of our fights, the work of war was done;  
 And never, since that fatal shot, have I re-charged my gun.

THEODOR MAYER MERRIAN.

## HANGING AT THE YARD-ARM—ALMOST.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SOME time in the summer of 184—, having occasion to go to the north from Charleston, and thinking a short trip by sea would afford a pleasant change from the dust and heat of *terra firma*, I took passage in the brig *Ellen* for Portland. I was the only passenger. The vessel, indeed, was a mere trader, not designed for the accommodation of travellers. I had provided myself with a few books, but much reading, when we have nothing else to do, is a weariness to the flesh. After having exhausted the communicative powers of the captain and mate, I used to stroll forward among the men to listen to their conversation, sometimes taking a part in it myself. One warm, pleasant night, having been driven from the cabin by the combined forces of vermin, foul odors, and lamp-smoke, I lighted a cigar, and, going forward to the fore-castle, seated, or rather stretched, myself upon a quantity of loose rigging that was gathered into a heap under the weather-bulwarks. Here I could breathe the fresh air, and either listen to the stories of the seamen, or bury myself in my own meditations, undisturbed. We had a fine steady breeze from the southward and westward; and the watch on deck having nothing to do but to keep awake, had collected around the windlass, and were narrating incidents—true or imaginary—in their past lives. Little of their conversation, however, attracted my attention, until my ear was caught by the words: ‘I can tell you a better story than that, shipmates: were any of you ever hung?’ ‘Hung! no, nor you either, I reckon; though I’ll warrant you against ever drowning.’ ‘Well, I have had my turn at hanging; or, at any rate, I came so near it once that any man would have been a fool to have given a chaw of tobacco for my chance of having any thing to stand upon half an hour longer.’ Here there was a general demand upon the speaker for his ‘yarn,’ and the men crowded more closely together to hear it. My own curiosity was also excited; and having turned over towards the windlass, and settled myself, as comfortably as circumstances would admit of, upon my rope-couch, I listened to the following narration.

The speaker, who went by the name of Ned, was a middle-sized, but muscular man, whom I had before observed as indicating, by his countenance and conversation, more general intelligence than is found among the common run of seamen. He may have been educated originally for a higher sphere than that to which his vices, perhaps, had reduced him. His language, in telling his story, showed that he had had a good English education, and it is possible that his knowledge that he had me for an auditor modified, in some respects, his mode of expressing himself. His narrative, however, was profusely interlarded with oaths, which a regard for the morals and respect for the good taste of the readers of this magazine, induce me to omit.

I have also, for manifest reasons, omitted the names both of the ship and the officers, in which and among whom the events occurred.

**Ned's Ear .**

'You know, boys, that I was once in Uncle Sam's service for a year or two. It was when I was wearing his livery that I came so near getting the degree of D. H. tacked to my name.'

'D. H.?' inquired one of the crew: 'what is that?'

'When a man dies, they mark his name on the purser's roll, D. D., 'Discharged, dead.' Mine, I reckon, would have been D. H., 'Discharged, hung.' Well, I was a-board the frigate ———, on the West India station, though the greater part of our cruising was up and down Pensacola harbor, between the navy-yard and the town. Ours was the flag-ship, you see; so we staid at head-quarters, and sent out the sloops to do the work. The captain was n't a-board much, and of course the first luff had every thing his own way. In fact, the captain of a man-o'-war does n't generally have much to do with the hands; and the less he meddles, the better; for if he interferes with the first lieutenant, every body will get his share of the muss. He will pay it off by riding the watch-officers, and they will come down on the reefers, and the reefers will pass it along to the men, and Jack generally gets the worst of it at last. And then, if the first officer happens to be a Tartar, look out for yourself, that's all! The rest of the officers, down to the youngest midddy, will get inoculated with the same disease; and things won't go along very smooth when a lot of babies, not much longer than a monkey-tail, undertake to ride down a crew of men old enough to be their grandfathers, and who know as much about a ship in one day as they do in a month.'

Here the speaker wandered from his story to enlarge upon the abuses attendant upon the practice of giving authority over old seamen to boys of fourteen years, in which discussion his auditors took part with a considerable degree of enthusiasm. One and another made rather valorous assertions as to what they would do in certain supposed circumstances; but Ned expressed the opinion, with more energy than courtesy, that they would do no such thing. At length he took up the thread of his discourse again:

'I never could get used to being driven about by a boy with no beard on his face. I was brought up to strike back when any one hits me; and I generally give him his full change, too. It takes a long while for some men to learn to take it coolly when they are run upon, and I was n't so quick to learn as I might have been; so I got the character among the officers of being a surly sort of a fellow, who never could be quiet until I was taught a few lessons at the gang-way. They were always on the look-out to catch me at any thing that would give me a taste of the cats. Well, one day, when I was cook of our mess, some of the fellows got a grease-spot on the deck, and one of the reefers happened to spy it out, and told me to scrape it up. I didn't do it to suit him, and he called me back and set me at it again; and then he gave me a cursing for grumbling. I did n't hold my d—— tongue as he told me to, so he rapped me over the head with his fist. That woke up the old Adam that was in me, and before I thought where I was, I started up and lifted my hand as if I was going to give it back to him. But you see I had that cursed knife in my hand that I was scraping the deck with, and if I

had struck him, he would have been pretty likely to lose his chance of ever wearing a strap on his shoulder. But two or three fellows jumped on me, and in less than a minute I was in the 'brig,' in double irons, and the first luff glaring at me as if he meant to swallow me, irons and all.'

'What brig was that, Ned? That's the first you've said of any such craft.'

'They call the place where prisoners are confined, 'the brig.' In a frigate it is generally on the starboard side of the gun-deck, between the two forward guns. I was stowed away there under the guard of a marine, who had orders to see that I didn't talk with the men. There's no great hardship in being in the brig. If a fellow is lazy, he can have rather a good time of it, only there is no fun in keeping a look-out ahead for a flogging. You get clear of work, though, and you can sleep all night and all day too, if you like. Then you can see every thing that is going on, and can hear other men talk, if you can't put in your own oar. The steerage-officers, too, come forward there to lounge and smoke; and I've heard many a good joke, and had many a good laugh in the brig. I got tired of it after a while, though, and every day, when the captain came aboard, I was in hopes they would give me my dozen and let me go to work again. But I soon found they had no idea of letting me off so cheaply. They wanted somebody to make an example of, I suppose; and as there was n't much fun going on, they wanted to get up something out of the regular course for a little excitement. So I was told one day that they had determined to try me by a court-martial. I didn't fancy that much, for I knew I should have no chance to get clear. I should be alone on one side, and all the officers would be against me on the other. They all take common part in such cases, and have every thing cut and dried among themselves before-hand. The judge of the court is an officer, and the prosecutor is an officer, and the lawyers are officers, and the witnesses are officers, and against the whole of 'em is one poor devil of a sailor. What can he expect to do but go dead to leeward? Well, when the time came round, they got their court together in the gun-deck cabin, and I was taken in where they were all ranged along both sides of the table, as solemn as parsons, and the commodore at the head for a bishop. They kept it up for three or four days, because, as the questions are all written down, they make slow headway. After they had found out as much as they could about the business, I was sent back to the brig, and pretty soon the court broke up. I knew they had gone against me, because I was n't set free; but that was just what I had made up my mind to before-hand, so I didn't worry myself much about it. It was a good while, though, before I found out what my sentence was, for they had to send on their papers to Washington and wait for an answer; and all this time it was no fun, having nothing to do but to calculate how many dozen I should have to take. I tried to get some clue to it from the reefers, but they were as mum about the matter as Quakers, and I reckon they didn't know much more about it than I did. It came at last, though: and if ever a fellow was taken flat aback, I was. What do you think the upshot of the thing was? Why, they had made out that I was going to kill that youngster, if I had n't been prevented; so they had sentenced me to be strung up to the yard-arm till I was as



dead as a jack-knife; and they had got Uncle Sam to put his fist to it as all right.

‘How is that, Ned? Can they hang a man in the service for meaning to do a thing when he don’t do it? You didn’t strike the reefer, did you?’

‘No, I did not. But, bless your heart, a court-martial can hang a man for having a hole in his jacket, if they choose. They have in the service what they call Articles of War, that they read every Sunday to the ship’s company, instead of a sermon. It is a book of sea-laws, and they all begin: ‘If any man shall do so and so’—and then, no matter what comes in between, whether it’s keeping on your watch or killing the captain and all hands, every one ends: ‘He shall suffer death, or any other punishment that a court-martial shall adjudge.’ Hang me, if ever I could see the use of reading the same thing over and over so. I would have lumped all the laws into one, and read it: ‘If any man shall do any thing against orders, the officers may get together in a court-martial and hang him, or punish him in any way that they like better.’ That would save a good deal of time, and come to the same thing in the end.

‘But let’s heave ahead. After they had read that precious paper to me, and told me when I was to swing, they took me out of the brig and carried me down into the fore-passage. I thought, if I had only got a week or two to do up the rest of my living in, they might give me a chance to do it handsomely. But that, I suppose, was against the Articles, so I was put in the darkest hole they could find. The fore-passage is a narrow gang-way leading into the eyes of the ship, forward of the fore-hold. It divides round the foot of the fore-mast, and goes to the store-rooms of the bo’s’n and armorer. There is nobody belongs there except the yeoman, who has charge of the stores, and he always looks as if he was made of putty, from living all the time in the dark. The air is none of the sweetest, neither, unless you like a mixture of tar, paint, and bilge-water. Well, there was where they stowed me away, with no body in sight except the marine, who was ordered to keep me well back from the foot of the ladder, where I might have looked up into day-light. There they kept me day and night, with nothing to think about except hanging. The only man who ever spoke to me was the parson. He used to come down once in a while to preach to me about getting ready. That was fun, too, wasn’t it? I reckon he didn’t like the air in the fore-peak, though, for he always made short work of it.

‘Well, the great day came round at last, and I had got so confoundedly sick of being shut up, that I was more than half glad when it did come. All the morning I could hear the carpenters at work on deck, sawing and hammering; and every once in a while they would send down to the store-room for something that I knew, as well as if I had seen it, was wanted for rigging my gallows. There was a silence, too, among the hands, which showed plainly enough that something was going on that they didn’t like to talk about, but which prevented them from talking of any thing else. The rumbling noise that you always hear where three or four hundred men are about, was still. I should much rather have heard it. Between five and six bells the parson came down, and spun out his yarn rather longer than usual, though I didn’t hear much of it. But I

took it quietly, and I reckon he thought I was getting all right. Noon was the time fixed for the play to come off, and I heard the bell strike every half hour that morning; you may be pretty sure of that: and the half hours grew confoundedly short, too, towards noon. At last seven bells was struck; and then, 'all hands' was called. Thinks I to myself, You'll never hear that again, Ned; make the most of it. The ring of those whistles, as I heard it that day down in the fore-passage, has never got out of my ears since. It appeared to me I could see old Brown, one of the bo's'n's mates, right through the decks, as he came forward on the larboard side of the main-hatch, with the pipe in his mouth, one cheek blown out, and one eye squinted up, as he wound off his call with a peculiar twist that none of the rest of them could make. Then there was a rush of the men up the ladders; and when they were all on deck, wasn't it still for a few minutes! It couldn't have been stiller if all hands had been turned into stone. I heard only one thing, and that was the beating of my own heart. The marine stood as if he had been a wooden soldier, with his face turned up the hatch. A couple of men who were on the sick-list, and not well enough to go on deck, had crawled to the foot of the main-hatch ladder on the berth-deck, and I could just see their white faces as they looked up and listened, as still as ghosts. After a minute or two, I heard the voice of the captain; and then some one began to come down the upper ladder: I counted every step. I knew when he put his foot upon the combings of the hatch, and I counted the steps again as they came down to the berth-deck; at last I saw the feet and legs of the master-at-arms, and then the whole of him as he stood before me. The sergeant of marines followed him. My time was up. I had been dressed for the show in clean white frock and trousers; and now they tied my arms behind me, and put a white cap on my head, that could be drawn down over my face, and marched me up in the midst of the silence to the spar-deck. As I went up, I took a look at the place where I had last spread the mess-cloth of our mess. The guns that we had sat between so often looked like old friends that I was never to see again. I wanted to stop and hug them, for they had never abused me.

'But I am getting sentimental, my lads; let's clap a stopper on that. They led me to the foot of the main-mast, where I could see and be seen. The officers were all on the quarter-deck in full togs, with epaulettes and side-arms. The marines were drawn up on the larboard side of the poop with loaded muskets; and the men were crowded in the waist and on the fore-castle. I was the principal actor in the play; and every body, fore and aft, looked at me as I came up. The marines couldn't turn their heads, though, and I reckon some of them had hard work to get their eyes back straight afterwards, they gave them such a tremendous twist to port. When I was put in my place, they read the history of the case and the sentence, so that all hands could hear it. But I didn't pay any attention to it. I knew all about it before, and I had enough to do trying to find out how they had arranged things for my accommodation. I was in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, as they say, for I couldn't ask questions, and couldn't look behind me; and all the arrangements were in that direction. As soon as the reading was done,

the captain give a sign, and I was led forward, and then I found out how it was to be done. Under the starboard fore-yard-arm there was a ladder leading up to the top of the hammock-nettings. I was taken up this ladder by the master-at-arms; and then we came upon a pine platform, built outside the ship on a level with the upper rail, and large enough to hold twenty or thirty men. On the outer side of the centre of this platform was a trap-door about three feet square, and right over the trap was a rope hanging from the yard, with a noose in it. I was placed in the middle of the trap, and the noose was fixed all right under my ears—and that's a kind of neck-cloth, my lads, that I never want to wear again. If you want to know how a man feels in such a case, just fancy yourselves standing on that drop with nothing but a bit of rattlin' stuff to hold it up, ten fathoms of water under you, your arms tied behind you, and a rope round your neck to fetch you up in case you should fall through. If that bit of whip-cord had parted, I shouldn't have been here now talking about it. The master-at-arms took good care not to put his foot on the trap, though his arms and neck were free. Well, when the noose was fixed, the parson came up on the platform and made a prayer, and it was the shortest one, it seemed to me, that ever I heard. I never had so little fancy for hearing the amen, before or since. While he was praying, I had a chance to see how they had made ready for running me up to the yard; for some how I had my wits about me well enough to understand it, though some things had to be explained to me afterwards. They had rove the rope through a block at the end of the yard, and then spliced another into it, and the two ran in together to the mast and then down, one on each side, to the deck. From the foot of the mast they were led aft on both sides of the ship as far as the mizen-mast. The ropes were lying on the deck, and the men were ranged along by them, ready to take them up and run away with them when the word was given. The whole ship's company was ordered to lend a hand in swinging me up. The trap-door that I was standing on I knew was to drop down in some way, but how that was fixed I could'n't see. I got this general idea of the arrangements while the parson was praying. After he had wound off his prayer, he went aft, and the men were ordered to take up the ropes, and the master-at-arms drew the cap down over my face, and then I heard him go down on deck and leave me there alone. And I might have been alone in the world, for any thing that I could hear. I don't believe a finger was moved by any man on board while I was standing there. I could hear the tide, though, as it ran under me along the side of the ship; and it was a satisfaction to know that something was moving, the stillness was so horrible. In a minute there was a step; it was the marine coming from the cabin-door to say that it was noon. I heard him come to the foot of the ladder, then half way up where he could see, then sing out, 'Eight bells,' as if he didn't know that it was the signal for sending a strong man into the next world. Did'n't I stiffen myself then? I felt as if I was turning into iron! Forty horses could'n't have doubled me up. 'Why the —— don't they strike the bell?' I said to myself.

'But the bell was n't struck. Instead of it, I had an idea that some body was coming forward; that he was up on the scaffold along-side of

me; that he was reading something, though I did n't try to hear what it was, for I never had suspected that the whole thing was going to turn out a flash in the pan after all. But it did, for the next thing I knew I was down on the gun-deck, shaking hands with the men who were crowding round me. I then found out that I was let off, and that that was what was read to me while I was waiting for the bell.

'So I was n't hung, my lads; but I do n't think any of you would like to come so near it as I did.'

'So they did all that to frighten you into good behavior, did they?'

'That was one object, I suppose; but that was n't all. They wanted a bit of fun; for it was rather dull lying there in the harbor all summer.'

'Did the parson know how it was coming out?'

'I do n't know, but I reckon not; they said he looked as if he did n't more than half like being humbugged in that way.'

'How was the trap fixed, Ned, so as to drop at the right time?'

'I found out about that afterwards. It was held up by a small line that led right across the muzzle of the gun under the staging on the gun-deck. The gunner stood with the lock-string in his hand, ready to pull as soon as the bell struck. The wad would have cut the line and let the drop fall. So I should have gone off in fire and smoke, and with a smell of brimstone.'

This remark led to the expression of various opinions with regard to fire and brimstone in other circumstances, which it is unnecessary to repeat. As I had long since finished my cigar, I left the fore-castle, and sought, not very successfully, to spend the remainder of the night in sleep. During my uneasy slumbers, I was suspended from all sorts of impossible places. The most remarkable of my fancies was, that I was rolled up in a ball and hoisted as a pennant at the frigate ——'s mast-head, waiting for eight bells to be struck, when I was expecting that the stop would be broken, and that the wind would blow me straight out from the truck.

W. S. H.

# *L I N E S   T O   L — .*

## I.

Within the sky at even,  
When sank the wearied sun,  
Two wandering stars in heaven  
Met, and were joined in one:  
Such prayed I that my lot might be,  
Bound by our loves through life to thee.

## II.

I looked again to heaven;  
They had left each other lone:  
From the star that I had chosen  
The brilliant light had gone:  
Then wept I, for I knew my fate,  
Through life to wander desolate.

A. W.

## E X T R A C T

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY FITZ-GRVENE HALL, &amp;c.

## I.

THEY burnt their last witch in Connecticut  
About a century and a half ago :  
They made a school-house of her forfeit hut,  
And gave a pitying sweet-briar leave to grow  
Above her thankless ashes ; and they put  
A certified description of the show  
Between two weeping willows, craped with black,  
On the last page of that year's almanac.

## II.

Some warning and well-meant remarks were made  
Upon the subject by the weekly printers :  
The people murmured at the taxes laid  
To pay for jurymen and pitch-pine splinters,  
And the sad story made the rose-leaf fade  
Upon young listeners' cheeks for several winters,  
When told at fire-side eves by those who saw  
Executed—the lady and the law.

## III.

She and the law found rest : years rose and set ;  
That generation, cottagers and kings,  
Slept with their fathers, and the violet  
Has mourned above their graves a hundred springs :  
Few persons keep a file of the Gazette,  
And almanacs are sublunary things,  
So that her fame is almost lost to earth,  
As if she ne'er had breathed ; and of her birth,

## IV.

And death, and lonely life's mysterious matters,  
And how she played, in our forefathers' times,  
The very devil with their sons and daughters ;  
And how those 'delicate ARIELS' of her crimes,  
The spirits of the rocks, and woods, and waters,  
Obeyed her bidding when, in charmed rhymes,  
She muttered, at deep midnight, spells whose power  
Woke from brief dream of dew the sleeping summer flower,



## V.

And hushed the night-bird's solitary hymn,  
 And spoke in whispers to the forest-tree,  
 Till his awed branches trembled, leaf and limb,  
 And grouped her church-yard shapes of fantasie  
 Round merry moonlight's meadow-fountain's brinn,  
 And, mocking for a space the dread decree,  
 Brought back to dead, cold lips the parted breath,  
 And changed to banquet-board the bier of death,

## VI.

None know — except a patient, precious few,  
 Who've read the folios of one COTTON MATHER,  
 A chronieler of tales more strange than true,  
 New-England's chaplain, and her history's father;  
 A second Monmouth's GEOFFREY, a new  
 HERODOTUS, their laurelled victor rather,  
 For in one art he soars above them high:  
 The Greek or Welshman does not always lie.

## VII.

Know ye the venerable CORROX? He  
 Was the first publisher's tourist on this station  
 The first who made, by libelling earth and sea,  
 A huge book, and a handsome speculation:  
 And ours was then a land of mystery,  
 Fit theme for poetry's exaggeration,  
 The wildest wonder of the month; and there  
 He wandered freely, like a bird or bear,

## VIII.

And wove his forest dreams into quaint prose,  
 Our sires his heroes, where, in holy strife,  
 They treacherously war with friends and foes;  
 Where meek Religion wears the assassin's knife,  
 And 'bids the desert blossom like the rose,'  
 By sprinkling earth with blood of Indian life,  
 And rears her altars o'er the indignant bones  
 Of murdered maidens, wives, and little ones.

## IX.

HEROD of Galilee's babe-butcherer deed  
 Lives not on history's blushing page alone;  
 Our skies, it seems, have seen like victims bleed,  
 And our own Ramah's echoed groan for groan:  
 The fiends of France, whose cruelties decreed  
 Those dexterous drownings in the Loire and Rhone,  
 Were, at their worst, but copyists second-hand  
 Of our shrined, sainted sires, the Plymouth pilgrim-band,

## X.

Or else fies MATHER. Kindred wolves have bayed  
Truth's moon in chorus, but believe them not!  
Beneath the dark trees that the Lethe shade,  
Be he, his folios, followers, facts, forgot;  
And let his perishing monument be made  
Of his own unsold volumes: 'tis the lot  
Of many, may be mine; and be it MATHER's,  
That slanderer of the memory of our fathers!

## XI.

And who were they, our fathers? In their veins  
Ran the best blood of England's gentlemen;  
Her bravest in the strife on battle-plains,  
Her wisest in the strife of voice and pen;  
Her holiest, teaching, in her holiest fanes,  
The lore that led to martyrdom; and when  
On this side ocean slept their wearied sails,  
And their toil-bells woke up our thousand hills and dales,

## XII.

Shamed they their fathers? Ask the village-spires  
Above their Sabbath-homes of praise and prayer;  
Ask of their children's happy household-fires,  
And happier harvest-noons; ask summer's air,  
Made merry by young voices, when the wires  
Of their school-cages are unloosed, and dare  
Their slanderer's breath to blight the memory  
That o'er their graves is 'growing green to see!'

## XIII.

If he has 'writ their annals true;' if they,  
The Christian-sponsored and the Christian-nurst,  
Clouded with crime the sunset of their day,  
And warmed their winter's hearths with fires accurst;  
And if the stain that time wears not away  
Of guilt was on the pilgrim axe that first  
Our wood-paths roses blest with smiles from heaven,  
In charity forget, and hope to be forgiven.

## XIV.

Forget their story's cruelty and wrong;  
Forget their story-teller; or but deem  
His facts the fictions of a minstrel's song,  
The myths and marvels of a poet's dream.  
And are they not such? Suddenly among  
My mind's dark thoughts its boyhood's sunrise beam  
Breathes in spring balm and beauty o'er my page —  
Joy! joy! my patriot wrath hath wronged the reverend sage.

## XV.

Welcome! my boyhood, welcome! Of thy lore,  
 Thy morning-gathered wealth of prose and rhyme,  
 Of fruit the flower, of gold the infant ore,  
 The roughest shuns not manhood's stormy clime,  
 But loves wild ocean's winds, and breakers' roar;  
 While, of the blossoms of the sweet spring-time,  
 The bonniest, and most bountiful of joy,  
 Shrink from the man, and cling around the boy.

## XVI.

But now, like doves 'with healing on their wings,'  
 Blossom and fruit with gladdening kindness come,  
 Charming to sleep my murmuring song, that sings  
 Unworthy dirges over MATHER's tomb:  
 Welcome the olive-branch their message brings!  
 It bids me wish him not the mouldering doom  
 Of nameless scribes of '*Memoirs pour servir*,'  
 Dishonest chroniclers of Time's small-beer.

## XVII.

No: a born Poet, at his cradle-fire  
 The muses nursed him as their bud unblown,  
 And gave him, as his mind grew high and higher,  
 Their ducal strawberry leaf's enwreathed renown.  
 Alas! that mightiest masters of the lyre,  
 Whose pens above an eagle's heart have grown,  
 In all the proud nobility of wing,  
 Should stoop to dip their points in passion's poison-spring.

## XVIII.

Yet MILTON, weary of his youth's young wife,  
 To her, to king, to church, to law untrue,  
 Warred for divorce and discord to the knife,  
 And proudest wore his plume of darkest hue:  
 And DANTE, when his FLORENCE, in her strife,  
 Robbed him of office and his temper, threw  
 'Mongst friends and foes a bomb-shell of fierce rhymes,  
 Shivering their names and fames to all succeeding times.

## XIX.

And our own MATHER's fire-and-faggot tale  
 Of Conquest, with her 'garments rolled in blood,'  
 And banners blackening, like a pirate's sail,  
 The Mayflower's memories of the brave and good,  
 Though but a brain-born dream of rain and hail,  
 And in his epic but an episode,  
 Proves mournfully the strange and sad admission  
 Of much sour grape-juice in his disposition.

## XX.

O Genius! powerful with thy praise or blame,  
When art thou feigning, when art thou sincere?  
MATHER, who banned his living friends with shame,  
In funeral-sermons blessed them on their bier,  
And made their death-beds beautiful with fame—  
Fame true and gracious as a widow's tear  
To her departed darling husband given;  
Him whom she scolded up from earth to heaven.

## XXI.

Thanks for his funeral-sermons; they recall  
The sunshine smiling through his folio's leaves,  
That makes his readers' hours in bower or hall  
Joyous as plighted hearts on bridal eyes;  
Chasing, like music from the soul of Saul,  
The doubt that darkens, and the ill that grieves;  
And honoring the author's heart and mind,  
That beats to bless, and toils to ennoble human kind.

## XXII.

His chaplain-mantle worthily to wear,  
He fringed its sober gray with poet-bays,  
And versed the Psalms of David to the air  
Of YANKEE-DOODLE, for Thanksgiving-days;  
Thus hallowing with the earnestness of prayer,  
And patriotic purity of praise,  
Unconscious of irreverence or wrong,  
Our manliest battle-tune and merriest bridal song.

## XXIII.

The good the Rhine-song does to German hearts,  
Or thine, Marseilles! to France's fiery blood;  
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,  
'God save the Queen!' to England's field and flood,  
A home-born blessing, Nature's boon, not Art's;  
The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming good,  
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,  
Thy words and music, YANKEE DOODLE!—do.

## XXIV.

Beneath thy Star, as one of the THIRTEEN,  
Land of my lay! through many a battle's night  
Thy gallant men stepped steady and serene,  
To that war-music's stern and strong delight.  
Where bayonets clenched above the trampled green,  
Where sabres grappled in the ocean fight;  
In siege, in storm, on deck or rampart, there  
They hunted the wolf Danger to his lair,  
And sought and won sweet Peace, and wreaths for Honor's hair!

xxv.

And with thy smiles, sweet PEACE, came woman's, bringing  
 The Eden-sunshine of her welcome kiss,  
 And lovers' flutes, and children's voices singing  
 The maiden's promised, matron's perfect bliss,  
 And heart and home-bells blending with their ringing  
 Thank-offerings borne to holier worlds than this,  
 And the proud green of Glory's laurel-leaves,  
 And gold, the gift to Peace, of Plenty's summer sheaves.

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### IS GENIUS CONSCIOUS OF ITS POWERS!

THE world in which we live, move, and have our being, contains as many essentially different characters as it has individual occupants. The closest approximations of the mental qualities leave still a distance between man and man. But with all this individual dissimilarity, there is a certain mass of intellect which is classified as ordinary, another as powerful, and a third as possessed of genius.

It is proposed to examine the latter quality, with the design of establishing the proposition that genius is unconscious of the extent and force of its powers. The impossibility of defining a quality with any degree of accuracy, confines our expression of the character of genius within narrow limits. It is undoubtedly the perfection of the highest powers of the mind. There is, however, an essence which, by one of those subtleties of nature we can never appreciate, fuses these distinct qualities into a compact unity. It may be termed, in the uncertain consideration of mind, its *Eon*.

A divine afflatus is attributed to genius in all its capacities and in all the developments of the quality. It is a breath of inspiration, that which renders its expositions prophecies, and which, removed beyond human philosophy, assigns to the mind upon which it acts a position so vastly superior to the universality of mental power, that its possessor stands out from and above the sons of men, a Saul of the intellect.

As the vast majority of our race are called ordinary, in the consideration of their intellectual qualities, so their appreciation of genius and its efforts is not always voluntary or generally correct. The separative between the ordinary and the loftiest is as wide and deep as that between Abraham and Dives.

In nothing is the dissimilarity between men so manifest as in their mental endowments.

Temperaments may be analogous, physiognomies may possess coincidence of form and feature; but examine the dweller of the brain in its relative proportions, and then alone can the line of exact separation be marked.

To understand accurately the relations of the ordinary and the loftiest,



it will be advisable to introduce the powerful, and its connection with the ordinary.

We admit the supposition that the truly practical, in its best significance, and the powerful, are identical. The ideas of a practical mind are capable of comprehension by the mass. For the practical touches nearly the passions and desires. It assimilates with the character in which the sensual predominates.

The practical requires in its exertions a power which enables it to survey observantly human wants, and it so generalizes as to reduce a thousand discords to a single harmony. It satisfies a want where no definite idea, but merely the fact of the existence of that want, resides; so that it pleases while it supplies, and is powerful because it has the principles of appreciation and concentration fully developed. But while the ordinary enjoys the elaborations of the practical, it can hardly penetrate the mind which educed these ideas; for although their simplicity may be evident and applicable enough to comprehend the spring of their action, there must be a certain degree of origination.

In the efforts, however, of genius, there is a bold and original deviation from the past. It includes a theoretical germ, prolific of offspring. The mass, which cannot fathom what it most admires, the practical, repels something far above that. The loftiest is not conservative: the ordinary is; and its conservatism, of necessity intensely selfish, because ignorant, cannot divest itself of this garb to meet even half way the approaches of genius:

‘*Omnes ingenuos melancholicos esse.*’

This is true by necessity, for it conveys the idea of little or no sympathy between the loftiest and the vast world below it. The clear, strong-headed practical, then, is partially comprehended; but genius, nebulous from its spiritual height, calm, unimpassioned, warmed by vestal fires, is removed beyond the farthest limits of the ordinary.

Is it, then, understood by the second grand mental division, the powerful?

No man can measure his own mind. Among all there is a deficiency of self-knowledge, which increases proportionately with the growth and strength of the intellectual faculties.

If the powerful intellect, then, is incapable of measuring itself, of self-dissection, of telling its own story in its own way, can it, imperfect and deficient, go beyond itself, and employ the critical scalpel upon the energies, directions, thoughts, impulses, and nerves of the most powerful?

The supposition is manifestly absurd. Man cannot read himself, much less others. The nature of that divine portion allotted him by his MAKER to guide and direct him in his various pursuits, is wisely kept from his knowledge.

We now arrive at the final and principal inquiry: Is genius the highest perfection of intellect conscious of its powers?

Starting with the proposition that mental power is the consciousness of the existence of a number of faculties, but not of their separate or aggregate extent and force, let us induce a few conclusions which its plain significance easily warrants:

There is a feeling of uncertainty for the success of an effort made

under the most favorable circumstances. When every thing conspires to render its success positive, a dread of failure arises from the innate distrust of our own mental ability. The feeling of distrust is attributable to nothing but our self-ignorance. And here, recurring to a proposition already advanced, that as the intellect generally strengthens, each faculty enjoys a more distinctive assistance; it is unquestionable that this distrust, this modesty, a noble element of humanity, and one of its chief separatives from the brute creation, is also heightened. And genius possesses this modesty in full accordance with its powers.

Placed, by the vigorous necessities of its nature, in a position widely removed from the selfish propensities of the race, and with all the true aspirations of its being quickened to fuller pulsations than urge the blood of common men, it reposes calmly within itself, benignant with ample blessings for humanity. Bearing all this in mind, there is another and more general deduction from the initial proposition. It is parallel with the feelings and actions of all. By some mental phenomenon, our faculties are sometimes suddenly awakened to a fuller, more distinct and energetic exercise than we ever had conceived them capable of enduring. It is only at such periods, when eloquence pours forth its resistless stream, or when application probes untiringly the arcana of nature, and obtains its choicest treasures, or when by analogy and reason it feels the truth of a divine existence and power, that the soul begins to appreciate its position and importance in the sequences of creation. All, sometime in their lives, experience this sensation. But this enjoyment of the strength of mental power is as momentary as it is infrequent. And it is so by that natural law which pronounces excitement, and the consequent tension of the mental faculties, as forbidden by their constitution. This fact illustrates forcibly the position that genius is unconscious of its powers. For if the self-knowledge which for a moment, at rare intervals, is opened to the soul, was ever at the service of its possessor, the nervous activity of his nature would constantly violate the universal law of repose.

It is a principle of our being, that the more we exercise our mental functions, the more powerful is their calibre.

There is, however, no halting-place in this progressive improvement, at which we may sum up our powers and obtain a true estimate of their extent. Our researches are interrupted by that prostration of intellect which sometimes follows a life of constant activity, or we are called away to the dim hereafter, leaving behind unsolved problems, and as distant from an entire conception of ourselves as from the solution of things unexplained.

So long as there are questions to be answered, theories and systems to be framed and promulgated, so long will great minds be devoted to the task. For each new attempt tests their strength and induces farther developments. All human study finds this result. The *End-all* of this progressive inquiry is not of earth: it is of the eternal future, beyond the valley, where the great PRESENCE shall of itself reveal to our souls their inner natures and the economies of its systems!

It is inconsistent with the plan of human existence that man should know himself, in the full and accurate sense. If he could read his own soul, and knew its innate power, where would not his ambition aspire;

what, however exalted, be not its object? The plain of Shinar had its tower: the Titans are myths, exemplifying the same principle: in these existences, natural laws were violated, and eternal destruction was their doom.

Thus far have we examined this interesting subject: interesting because it is the field in which we study the lives, characters, and principles of those who have charmed and instructed the world with their eloquence, philosophy, and poetry.

In conclusion, glance upon the two divisions of intellect we have previously compared, as the practical and the most powerful:

The first jostles amid and against the realities of life; forms strong, in a certain degree correct, notions of their relative and actual importance. Guided by these observations, it conducts itself with that nice propriety taught by collision with every-day life. But it is confined by the materialism of its nature within such narrow limits, that a deviation to the right or left is considered as an infringement of social prescriptions.

In one respect happy, in another unwittingly the fool of circumstances, the great practical, tutored in the school of 'strict observance,' scorns and derides, unable to sympathize with the erratic propensities of human nature. It considers genius as erratic; and because fools have been eccentric as well as men of genius, it reverses the title, giving to each a false birth-right.

The obliquity of human nature is developed by circumstances, and by them effectually or only partially eradicated. If Rousseau and Goldsmith are cited before the tribunal of common sense, their warmest admirers cannot traverse the plea of guilty. But if they lacked the great essential to ultimate success, it will be found that every circumstance of their early lives conspired against its development. But they did possess the subtle essence, GENIUS; and despite poverty, contumely, and uncontrollable passions, they have transmitted living and imperishable names.

There cannot be a nobler spectacle than Genius, when it allies itself to the practical and useful. It then utters no discordant notes, but advances with propriety its opinions, based upon satisfactory argument. It revels in an ideal world, and yet moves gracefully among its fellows, adding new lustre to the coarsest thing it touches.

Genius has the rare gift of true modesty, and to this is attributable its paucity in the world of fame. It is deficient in that heartless confidence that men now rely upon. It retires to muse within the silent chambers of its soul: its aspirations, its meaning, its outward and inner existence, are unappreciated by those around it.

'Crazed!' How often is that the epithet bestowed upon it, by heedless Ignorance! And crazed it may well be, by all the empty pomp, the fooleries of life, this endless seeking after gold and grasping ashes!

There is a class of men emulating, and sometimes considered as possessed of, genius. By an ever-present egotism, they attach themselves with prominence to any thing that may elevate their condition. They are like the Lybian Psapho, who taught birds to sing, 'Psapho is a God,' and then set them free, to warble his divinity wherever they might fly.

Of such is not the child of genius. Yet thus it is, and always will be,

until the materialistic selfishness of man is checked, and his nature prompted, by the circumstances of daily life, to those spiritual yearnings after that truth which the great RULER ordered and adopted in the creation of this our world.

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THE GREAT REJECTED:

OR HOW MOUNT ÆTNA COURTED AN ICEBERG, AND GOT 'THE MITTEN.'

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BY GEORGE F. BISSSELL.

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As Mount ÆTNA sat smoking his pipe t' other day,  
 With his head in the clouds and his foot in the bay,  
 He began to think over the course he had run;  
 The fields he had wasted, (not fields he had won;)  
 And he thought it was time that an old man like he  
 Should have sowed his wild oats, should have finished his spree.  
 He resolved to be steady the rest of his life,  
 And quietly settle—first taking a wife.  
 But who should he get, which way should he go,  
 And how to begin, he didn't quite know.  
 He must have some tall mountain or hill for his bride,  
 Or some prominent object to stand by his side.  
 He thought of the URAL Mountains or ANDES:  
 He was too old for them; they were partial to dandies.  
 Then he thought of the Pyramids down at CAIRO:  
 Them he didn't quite fancy—he couldn't tell why, though:  
 He knew they were 'bricks,' as the phrase is, but then  
 He looked somewhat at beauty, like most other men;  
 And they were no beauties, though well built and trim:  
 They were rather too peaked, he thought, to suit him.  
 Mount of OLIVES he thought of, and was strongly inclined  
 To see her at once, and to tell her his mind;  
 But then he was fearful of subsequent wars,  
 For Olives, he'd heard, were always in jars.

Then he thought for a while of Miss Mount MORIAH,  
 And once almost concluded to step up and try her;  
 But he 'wasn't acquainted;' didn't know her face:  
 He had heard of her goodness, her talent and grace,  
 But he wished a 'perfectly beautiful creature,'  
 And her temple, 't was said, was her only fine feature.  
 He then sighed for Mont BLANC; she was too far in-land,  
 And, beside, he much doubted if she'd give him her hand:  
 If he wrote her a note, or if even he went,  
 It was doubtful indeed if she yielded assent;  
 For many had heard, to their sorrow and pain,  
 The ascent of Mont BLANC not so easy to gain.  
 Mount TABOR, Mount IDA, and ARARAT, too,  
 With old Mount PARNASSUS, all passed in review:  
 The first were old maids, and all of a piece,  
 And PARNASSUS, the slattern, was always in Greece.

No, these none of them suited; 't was really too bad :  
 Old ÆTNA in earnest began to feel sad.  
 He sat himself down ; scalding tears did he shed,  
 And he sprinkled hot ashes all over his head.  
 At last, when his thoughts were most dismal and drear,  
 There shot through his head a most brilliant idea :  
 He'd make love to an Iceberg, so stately and trim,  
 So tall and majestic, so blue and so slim ;  
 There were crowds of them floating up in the north seas,  
 And an Iceberg, he thought, would be easy to please.  
 He at once laid his plans ; to the cold frigid zone  
 He would go the next morning, afoot and alone :  
 He would call on old HECLA, that sturdy old hero,  
 Whose heart was so warm in that climate of zero :  
 Old HECLA would show him the way it was done,  
 And perhaps tie the knot when the Iceberg was won.

The next morning, as good as his plan, he was there,  
 Somewhat nipped, to be sure, with the cold, frosty air ;  
 But HECLA was cordial : he at once spread the cloth,  
 And served him up, hot, some delightful snow-broth.  
 The meeting was happy ; the greeting was warm ;  
 And ÆTNA forgot soon the cold and the storm.  
 When the table was cleared, he took HECLA aside,  
 And in confidence told him he had come for a bride ;  
 That he had an idea it would be very nice  
 In his warm southern home to have one made of ice :  
 In short, that if HECLA would give him a lift,  
 He would take the first Iceberg found floating adrift.

Old HECLA looked wise, and then he looked queer,  
 And he gazed at his guest with a comical leer.  
 Said he : 'Mister ÆTNA, the idea may be pleasing  
 To a hot-head like you, but to me it is freezing.  
 You will find it cold work, and I rather guess  
 It won't be so easy to make one say 'Yes.'  
 These damsels, you know, are afloat far and wide,  
 And though always at sea, they hate to be tied.  
 Experience taught me : I'll own to the truth ;  
 I had just such a flame, myself, early in youth.  
 We met at a dance in the Arctic ball-room,  
 And we whirled through a waltz in the mighty Mælstrom :  
 I fell deeply in love, and Crpm's swift dart,  
 In the form of an icicle, cut to my heart :  
 I proposed on the spot ; I made vows by the score,  
 And used very freely the phrase, 'I adore ;'  
 But 't was all of no use ; she plainly said 'No !'  
 Was surprised at the offer : (they always say so :)  
 'She liked me,' she said, 'very well as a friend,'  
 But there all my hopes and my wishes must end.  
 By this answer so cold I was badly frost-bitten,  
 And in kindness, at parting, she gave me a mitten.'

This story of HECLA's made ETNA feel glum ;  
 It chilled his young ardor, and set him back *some* :  
 But he would go ahead ; he wasn't the man  
 To turn short about in the midst of a plan ;  
 So he told his kind host he was bound to propose  
 To the next passing Iceberg, if it thoroughly froze  
 The lava within him ; and as to the 'nay,'  
 He would risk getting that ; — 't wasn't often the way



That young ladies answered a positive 'catch,'  
Such as he himself was: (the conceited young wretch!)

HECLA urged him no more; for he saw with regret  
That on having an Iceberg his mind was firm set:  
He fell in with his plan; and to best lend his aid,  
The very next night a large party he made,  
To which all the belles from the pole he invited,  
As well as some others, that none might feel slighted.  
For beaux they had glaciers and men of that class—  
*Ice glaciers*, I mean; not glaziers of glass.

The party was splendid; the invited all came:  
There were Bergs from the north, of all nations and name:  
Some came from the pole; some from quite the north-west,  
Where they say there's a passage for which they're in quest:  
Some came from the east; and some, no wise inferior,  
Came all the way down from the coast of Siberia:  
Some glittered with jewels from the head to the heels,  
And some, like our dandies, were loaded with seals.

Mount ÆTNA, of course, was presented to all:  
Some names he forgot, some he could not recall;  
But he got along well, take all things together,  
And, 't was noticed by all, was in very high feather.

Well! the party broke up, as all parties do,  
And then was the strife who should go home with who.  
Our hero, of course, succeeded quite well,  
For he cut them all out, and went home with the belle.  
She lived at the axis: 't was quite a long walk;  
But the longer the road, of course longer the talk.  
She put on her things, and muffled up warm;  
He carried her slippers and she took his arm;  
They chatted awhile as they walked on together;  
They talked of the moon and remarked of the weather.  
A silence ensued: *then* ÆTNA began  
To make desperate love like a desperate man:  
He told her his love with a heart-felt out-pouring,  
And, as all lovers do, he fell to adoring:  
He told her he loved her when first they had met,  
And his love was enduring, for he loved her well yet:  
He loved her, he said, as he did his own life;  
He offered, in short, to make her his wife.

Just as HECLA predicted, the beauty was cold;  
She gave him the sack, and poor ÆTNA was 'sold.'  
She answered him 'No,' and was really unkind,  
For she seasoned the dose with a piece of her mind.  
She told him she knew nothing of him, except  
That he came from the south, and was quite an adept  
At burning rich fields, and such youthful corruptions,  
And she'd heard he was troubled with awful eruptions.

This last was a damper; it froze him clear through:  
He was cut to the quick; but what could he do?  
His eyes were glare ice; his tongue could not speak;  
He tried, but could only just gibber and squeak:  
For the rest of the walk he said nothing more,  
But saw her in silence quite home to her door;  
Then he turned on his heel: with a bound and a whistle, he  
Struck a bee-line for the island of Sicily.

## ON THE GENIUS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

At the very hey-day of the renown of this great master, some remarks on his general characteristics cannot be out of place. Having, before he reached the age of thirty-five, attained to an unexampled popularity, when at last we might expect that he would become exhausted, or repose on the laurels already won, we find him to possess a fresh alacrity, which belongs to the beginning of a career. He has outstripped those who started before him, and has not been overtaken by any who went after him. After so many works published, the edge of expectation has not become blunted, and tens of thousands on this side the water are waiting eagerly for the first sheets of 'Bleak House.'

In this respect he stands in marked contrast with many popular writers of his generation. A few, who happen suddenly on some vein of surpassing richness, afterward are only able to reproduce themselves. For, dig as long as they may, there is no more ore in their vicinity to be found, and it only remains for them to represent it in an expansive paper-currency. Then there is an imitative set, who can create nothing, but so slavishly copy originals as to deceive almost 'the very elect.' Their race is also short. We own likewise a sort of contempt for a class of novelists, men of no genius, grown gray in the service, whose greatest stretch of imagination is, that novel-writing is 'the chief end of man.' The few stock-actors on their minor theatre still appear dressed up in the tattered garments of the same old wardrobe, and are recognized at a glance.

But there are many of decided talent who, from degrading the *Ars Poetica* to a mere trade, seem fairly to have written themselves out; while the early, spontaneous leafing of their genius has become changed to a deplorable seediness of aspect. Of the great writers of fiction who hold their own, there is not one whose reputation is more deeply or solidly established than that of Charles Dickens. The deluge of swashy literature may pass over it; the winds and shallow waves of changing fashion, or superstition, or politics, without shaking it; because it is founded upon a rock.

Highest genius consists in ability to illustrate principles of widest application by types or language most universally understood. If this definition be correct, (as it is,) Dickens is destined to stand in the first rank of authors. A genuine sympathy is at the core of his works, and imparts a glowing warmth and vitality to all. That they are universally read is because they are imbued with this universal principle. It is not with fine lords and fine ladies that they have to do; but in depicting life and characters in the humbler classes, they bespeak in advance the most extensive interest. For poverty, which is hardly an accident, but a common lot and natural birth-right of the masses, is itself a bond of communion with the many. In the depth of this poverty the author of the

Pickwick Papers has discovered his wealth. Hence he has gathered the accessories best fitted to adorn a heart-felt tale; and his illustrations return to common life, from which they came, with a signal stamp and attestation of their verity. Nor does he separate from him any class of readers by such a choice, because the grandest pore with ever-fresh delight upon

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

It is true that some mercenary scribblers have mistaken the ground of our author's popularity; and, because he has depicted the humble, they have chosen to grovel with the bad. Because he has unveiled sufferings to deprecate the oppressor, or with a tender solicitude to heal, they have exhibited the leprosy, and sickness, and convulsions of degraded nature for a disgusting show. The romance of such history will occasionally bring its lovers to the prison or the scaffold, while, in a literary point of view, it is worthless, being relieved by no intervening lights and shadows. *O imitatores! vulgum pecus!* Dickens's works are favorably distinguished by their universality from any other class of novels. The sentimental romance is neglected now, not so much from changing forms, as from want of substance. It borrowed its old success partly from actual merit, partly from rarity of works, and the listening age of literary childhood. The long-drawn story was followed with fixed attention to the end. It is true that love was the ground-work and staple of the story, as it is to this day; but your sentimental lover is no more the representative of the true lover, than Tytyrus of the genuine swain. If the common reader were interested, it was not by arousing his best sympathies, albeit some 'good moral' might be professed or conveyed. It might be because it conducted him into the charmed circle of high life, into the disturbed and shallow vortex of mere fashion, where its votaries were on the surface a little while, from whom he returned shortly to the common world, and sought in vain for any counterpart. But there is a curious and minute attention to details in those writers, which imparts a charm. Thus, to lend interest to the combat, you are told what is to be the knight's equipment a-going to battle; how the shields are blazoned, and what plumes are worn; just as old Homer thinks it not unworthy to inform you where the spear of his hero flourished when it was yet a tender sapling; in the midst of what renowned wood, or on the brink of what classic river. Whatever turns out in the protracted romances of the Scuderii, their very tedium has an alleviation for the cultivated and the home-bred. A degree of affection ensues upon long acquaintance, as well as a feeling of regret at parting, and he is a stony-hearted reader who is satisfied with a book at a sitting, and throws it aside. When persons truly genial sit down to hear a 'long yarn' or read a story, they wish to do so by the warmth of the winter fire, and with the long night before them, or perhaps the long winter, to complete the tale; to forget the past and present, and still to return to the familiar persons of the drama, whose very life is now commingled with their own. Nevertheless, their interest in the sentimental lover at the longest is but short, inasmuch as the world he lives in contains nothing which is common to their own, and they cannot encounter him elsewhere with a look of recognition, much less with any fellowship of the soul. In vain, then, have

some of the old writers depicted love. It is the very want of it which renders them a dead letter, since it is not the simple affection, stripped of elaborate graces, which belongs to the high and low, and which is the same in all.

This highest humanity of letters endears us to Dickens almost beyond Scott, although this is saying a great deal; because the works of the latter are also honest, cordial, right-minded, and with the best tendency. In Scott, too, we wonder at a minute faithfulness and attention to details. You are excited as with a present spectacle; catch the pomp and glitter of some vast array; behold the scenes shift, hear the sound of music and the tramp of multitudes. He makes us shudder as in the sensible damp of some dungeon, with its staple, and chain, and pitcher, and iron entering the soul; or rejoice in the abode of cheerfulness, where not a flower is unpainted by the quiet porch. He causes the hills to swell beyond the pleasant vales, while all around you hear the lowing herds, as he paints the over-arching sky and sun-lit scenery. No theatre with its illusions could present objects more vividly. His individuals always stand before you as if represented in a tableau. As such they recur to the memory, whether we think of two men locked in a still struggle on the edge of a precipice; the heroic attitude of a woman who threatens to leap from a tower; Diana Vernon's gallant horsemanship, or the victim bound by Rob Roy MacGregor's guards, when the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence. A ball was once given to Scott in Italy, in which the costumes were adapted to all the characters which the master's hand had ever drawn. But the form of Jeannie Deans, if there represented, must have recalled the most tender associations, because the heroism of true affection is the most beautiful, though it be in the guise of poverty, and the path of its glory only through the valley of tears. And for the reason that we prize the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' above the more gorgeous creations of its author, we elevate Dickens above many others for the very field into which he has entered. The painting of national scenes and characters has in it indeed an element of wide appreciation and success. But His appeal is beyond narrow limits; it absorbs the lesser in the greater, and nationality becomes itself selfish, for there is a communion which is catholic, whose symbols are intelligible wherever there is a heart to beat. We would not be interested save comparatively with any thing which is adventitious, but only with that which is human; and as to human attributes, with those which are more universal. Thus intellect itself must fly for succor to affection. In the strength of the former there is weakness; in the weakness of the latter there is strength.

A similar scope marks all writers who durably impress the age in which they live, and are for all time. Shakspeare holds possession of the stage, and is more read and better understood than ever, because he fulfils the definition with which we set out. The unlearned are capable of understanding his knowledge, because he holds the mirror up to common nature. The secret of our entertainment is, not that he depicts men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men. The student of history does not read his plays because they appertain to periods, but to that which is the same in all ages.

If we examine a few prominent characters depicted in the writings of Dickens, they serve to illustrate the foregoing remarks. Pickwick, the greater and lesser Weller, are endeared to the reader, and claimed for immortality by the same breadth of delineation. The adventitious part of the elder Weller is his destiny as a coachman. But McAdam roads belong to a modern era. Time was when a 'pike' was not known; and, *procul dubio*, we are afraid time will be when a pike will no more be known, and the explosion of the whip-lash and rumbling of chariot-wheels be never heard. Our affection is not for the temporality. We are pleased, not because the Weller is a coachman, but because the coachman is a Weller. And what is a Weller? He is a philosopher older than Plato or Aristotle. There is an element in his character worthy of universal imitation. His eye twinkles with a loving humor on the very vicissitudes of life. He may be deceived by a Trotter; he may be a witness to the melancholy defection of widows, to the atrocities of a Jingle; but neither Trotters, nor widows, nor Jingles, can imbue his wisdom with a melancholy tinge. The very severity of a rebuff serves only to enhance his pleasantry. "Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sir?" replied Mr. Weller. "Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes till they are called for!" "Cert'nly, Sir." Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips, with such exquisite facetiousness that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions, and even the long man condescended to smile. Blessed be the kindly spirit of Mr. Weller! a deaf, dumb, and blind oyster is enough to set his pleasant philosophy at work, and a 'weal-pie' is suggestive of the most important considerations. But how does his heart overflow at the slightest congeniality of the passing hour; a mere tankard of ale, the entertainment of a 'boiled swarry,' or the 'werry pretty' figure of Mary! It is hard to do sufficient justice to the analysis of such a character. Think of a disposition which is hard, ill-natured, corrugated, and morose, which lacks lustre, and philosophy, and philanthropy, and the reverse of this might bear a resemblance to Mr. Weller. But we like him not because he is a figure *sui generis, sed humani generis*. Ever since the world began, a Weller has escorted a Pickwick. In other words, humor and benevolence are apt to be conjoined. This has raised up a dubious boundary question betwixt smiles and tears. Weller is the articulate voice of a Pickwick. They are, in fact, one; separated only by the artificial distinction of master and man. The same plausible view of the world as it is, brought them into coalition. Mr. Pickwick's humor is of the quiet kind. He is a *chuckler*. Nobody knows how much those kind of people enjoy. There is nothing to show for it but a glutinous gurgle of the throat, or a slight palpitation at the pit of the stomach. Their silence is a kind of despair. But it is a despair of their mother-tongue to do justice to the sensibilities of their mother-nature; and so they express themselves rarely, sometimes it may be by a mere shrugging of the shoulders, or by the dropping of a solitary tear. Mr. Pickwick's heart often revealed itself in a variety of smiles, from the first warmth and faint sunshine of appreciation, to the broadest light of expansive benevolence. He might be disturbed from his serenity by the unexpected hysterics of a Bardell, or the agitation of a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers.



In general, he looked with a recognizing smile on the lights and shadows of human life. But he wanted some one to drive him safely through the vicissitudes of the world, and to give a running commentary on things by the way-side. Now Mr. Weller was gifted with the keenest observation, and with a style of expressing himself fluent and altogether original. Once in the service of his master, he was in the very position best fitted to develop his powers, and bring his acquisitions to the light. The precious beams of his humor are shed over all the transactions of the Pickwick Club, and the force of his illustrations loses nothing from his Doric dialect, while the severity of sarcasm is mitigated by the affectionate suavity of his *we's*. From the days of Solomon down to those of Tupper, it is doubtful whether Weller has ever been exceeded for the profuseness or aptness of his similitudes; and a *cheerful* philosophy is apparent in all he says. He can allude to the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, where he was forced to sleep in times when he wanted a better shelter, as 'unfurnished lodgings,' and his progenitor regards perplexities from widows as a capital remedy for the gout. This kind of philosophy ran in the family. Thus, when mother-in-law blew up the governor, he 'whistled.' When she flew into a passion and broke his pipe, he stepped out and got another. When she screamed 'werry loud' and fell into 'stericks,' he 'spoke werry comfortable till she come to again.' Mr. Pickwick knew his hero at the first glance; and the summary manner in which the bargain was closed, when he engaged him for his servant, showed the strength of his prepossession. He liked him because he was a fellow of infinite humor; as one with whom he could exchange smile for smile, and with whom side would correspond with side, in being split with laughter; but in whom, also, he saw that, without which the sound of merriment is as the mere crackling of thorns under a pot. A golden vein of benevolence lay under his homely wit, which will be evident on a scanty examination of the pages of the Pickwick Club. It may be seen in his interview at the pump with a certain lacquey, named Job Trotter, who was reading a Methodist hymn-book with a very godly cast of countenance, and who informed him as a great secret, after being refreshingly treated at the tap, that his master was to elope that very night with a young girl at boarding-school, who was considered the picture of innocence and discretion. The proceeding was indeed cruel, and ought to be nipped in the bud, but it was very painful to Mr. Trotter to inform against his master. What was he to do?

'Do!' said Sam. 'Diwulge to the Missus, and give up your master.' Here was a burst of right feeling too sudden to be restrained. Why did Mr. Trotter contrive this artful story, unless he knew that his victim's heart was soft as wax? And why was the remarkable shrewdness of a Weller so utterly at fault in this instance; and why did he permit his judgment to go a 'wisitin,' except that the benevolent are ever incredulous? The dreadful consequences which befel Mr. Pickwick in also believing this story of Job Trotter, and his attempt to rescue the girl, are they not recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Pickwick Club, together with the indignation of Mr. Weller, and his resolution to punish the 'melancholy chap with the black hair' 'venever he caught hold of him!' We set it down to the account of human infirmity that he actu-

ally meditated his revenge. Think of the mortification of losing a reputation for insight which was hereditary, and earned by the exploits of a life-long; of being taken in and made a laughing-stock for one's friends! 'I'm werry sorry, Sammy,' said the elder Weller, when he heard the disgrace which had befallen his family, 'I'm werry sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips as you let yourself be gammoned by that ere mulberry-man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the names of Veller and gammon could never come into contact, Sammy, never!'

But what was the cruel vengeance of Mr. Weller? Time, which brings about the just punishment of villany, had heaped reverses on the head of the deceitful Trotter when Sam encountered him. Things had greatly altered with him; and when Mr. Weller had surveyed the squalid appearance of his companion, (which was greater than that of his namesake,) and illustrated it by a proverbial remark; when Job remarked, 'with a look of momentary slyness,' that tears were not the only proofs of distress, to which Mr. Weller assented in a figure; when Job at last, pointing to his sallow, sunken cheeks, and drawing up his coat-sleeve, disclosed an arm which looked as if the bone could be broken at a touch; then, in one of those exquisite serio-comic passages which abound in *Pickwick*, we are told of the effect upon Sam's feelings, and how in his overflowing goodness he fairly dragged the starving, repentant sinner to the tap-room, and, placing before him a brim-full, foaming mug, he said, 'Drink that up, every drop on it; and then turn the pot upside down to let me see as you've took the med'cine.'

Perhaps it might be objected that the younger Weller was a party to what might be called the unchristian chastisement of one Mr. Stiggins. Yet, to venture an original sentiment, 'there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue;' and, in truth, the 'Shepherd' had arrived at that degree of hypocritical assurance, under the genial influence of 'pine-apple rum,' that, for his own good and that of families, it became a positive act of charity to kick him out of doors. We may remark of Mr. Stiggins, that he is not to be claimed merely by the respectable society to which he belongs, nor is it the aim of the author to turn that peculiar class into ridicule. He represents the villanous hypocrisy which, in all ages, lurks under the complexion of an oily sanctimony, and especially at this day. There is a set of fussy fellows who lubricate the cogs and manage the screws of what they are pleased to call 'great moral en-gines,' and who modestly suggest to DIVINE PROVIDENCE that this and that Yankee contrivance would serve to facilitate the appointed methods, which appear too slow.

Notwithstanding an act of severity, (and the whole scene, from the entrance of the Shepherd, and Mr. Weller's dancing about him with 'cork-like buoyancy,' up to the point of his immersion in a horse-trough, tells the hand of Dickens,) the principal trait of the elder Weller is not obscured. Though not so much embodied in the form of a virtue, as in the case of the brothers Cheeryble, it gives room for delightful shading by the very contrast of frailty. If we remember Sir Roger de Coverley, we loved him better because his goodness was blended with a little weakness. Sterne knew a secret, and infused it like a charm over Le Fevre's tender story. 'He shall *not* die,' exclaimed my uncle Toby; but he

accompanied the exclamation with an impassioned oath. It was the unguarded expression which came at the moment from a heart brim-full of tenderest sympathy.

Other characters in *Pickwick* possess the like universal appreciation, whether they bring you to the verge of tears, or of the most inflammatory laughter. Thus we find the whole book has been translated into Russian, and is extremely relished. It has met with a reception in the palaces of the Czar, in the saloons of St. Petersburg, and Moscow, 'that great city,' and has been perused, it may be, by the Cossacks and Nomad tribes. It would be difficult to find a work more wedded to our mother-tongue with peculiar idioms, which seem to defy the very thought of transfer. What is Samivel in Russian, or how shall Samivel manage his *we's* (*v's*)? Though Mr. Pickwick also may speak indifferently in a foreign language, and Sam's loquacity be at a comparative stand, there is still enough about these distinguished personages, by virtue of their partnership, to work their independent way in all parts of Christendom where there are any high-ways, and where any civilized 'human natur' is to be found. John Bull and Brother Jonathan alike claim them; Monsieur delights in them; sunny South cries Bravo; cold and frigid North, where there is no day-light, is warmed into a sunny glow.

Squeers differs *toto cælo* from Mr. Pickwick. But does he inhabit Yorkshire only? So thought sundry persons who knew him, and could swear to his personal identity, and besought the Rector of Dotheboys Hall to bring an action for slander. Yet ever since birch flourished, the system of pedagoguism has been associated with it in its application to the tenderer parts. Boyer used to cry out, 'I have a good mind to flog you, sirrah.' In fifteen minutes he would leap furiously from his seat on the unsuspecting offender, saying, 'and I will, too!' This is the testimony of Coleridge. Yet this was not so much like Boyer, as Boyer was like his whole class. Did Squeers alone discover 'richness' in a pot of milk infinitely diluted? Other professors have shown the same keen detection of luxury, when little boys were to be frugally fed. As to the nibbing of a pen, which the artist has illustrated in one of the pages of Nicholas Nickleby, that picture will find its original far beyond the date of Rogers's patent, and is coëval with the goose. The 'school-spoon' which Mistress Squeers was in vain searching, when Smike's wits were quickened by having his ears boxed, to suggest that probably it might be found in the lady's pocket, where, indeed, it was—the school-spoon, wherein treacle and sulphur were administered to correct the too exuberant blood of youth, is older than molasses, and contemporaneous with ring-worms. The creation of Squeers is one of the most faithful and enjoyable which ever came from the author's pen. The very name is given with a most subtle accuracy and philosophy of nomenclature. As Gazelle is suggestive of the graceful darling, and Lion of a royal look, and Fox is a shrewd word, and Elephant declares the grandeur of the beast; so no body could be mistaken as to what a Squeers should be. You would recognize him among a variety of animals, though accident had removed him from his birch. Little children would instinctively stand in the attitude of self-defence, and every one who had been blessed with the first rudiments of education would instinctively cry out, 'Surely that

must be a Squeers.' But even had the author been less fortunate in his christening, never was a picture better drawn. It would be recognized in the back-woods of America, in the wilds of Oregon, wherever youth are indoctrinated, 'boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, and provided with all necessaries.' Not 'Young England,' not 'Young America,' but the whole young world of floggable age, ought to have grateful loins for this picturesque description. Thanks be to Dickens for what he has done for poor *men*, and many thanks for what he has done for poor *boys*; a new and hitherto neglected department of Humanity. He has brought to light the evils which lurked beneath the systems of cruelty. Boy, whether fortified by toughness or shrinking in his delicacy, never tells of the disgraces of the school-room, or the stinging, cutting severity of the rod. His highest hoppings, his most agonized wriggings, the pang of the elastic birch, so exquisite as to be almost pleasure, are concealed from *men*. Many desirable reforms are on the hither side of that point to which legislators have addressed them; in short, before the treble and the bass fight for supremacy in the boy's throat; as early as that year which the shepherd Damon calls *alter ab undecimo*. How much is required to be done, let the form of the dejected Sniike answer; the pathetic voice of 'Oliver asking for more.'

We are willing to appeal to one of the Christmas Stories of Mr. Dickens for the distinctive excellence of the writer, although it is a scanty production, dismissed with a few lines and touches of the pencil, yet full of grace and truth. The sublimity of self-sacrifice is the lesson taught in the 'Battle of Life;' and because the proceeding of Marian is thought questionable, and the author has transferred an attribute usually given to uncommon junctures to *common life*, he is thought to have detracted from the consistence of the tale. Yet we cannot see that the crowning act savors less of probability than the other incidents. Noble deeds are often heralded by noble circumstances; but in the valley where the corn grows, or tendrils of the vine clasp the domestic bowers, there is many a more glorious struggle which is never known. Wherever a mother presses a child to her heart, there lives a resolution gigantic enough to drown with it in the water, or perish with it in the flames. The still conquest of any selfishness is better than victory with the clangor of arms.

'LATIUS regnes avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis  
Gadibus jungas et uterque Poënus  
Serviat uni.'

It is not true that the resolve of Marian is beyond the limits of probability, or that there is any conflict except of one love with another in order to make the nobler triumph. At any rate, is not the lesson Christian? We are willing to acknowledge heroic deeds which belong to some great exigence, or are mingled with the dim fables of history. Rather we should say, let *every day* witness something which is sublime. Scarce an hour passes when it does not become a duty to undergo some sacrifice, to withhold some glance which might cause destruction, to withdraw some footstep which might fall crushingly, to deny yourself in order that the hungry might be satisfied, or to take up some burden in order that the weary may have rest.

There are certain characteristics of style, a cunning and unprecedented use of words and figures, in which Mr. Dickens excels, which give a stalking animation to objects destitute of life. Herein is a great art, to translate the abstruse idea into the material figure appreciated by the common sense of common men. Thus a *single word* may be pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures. But if all who write for all to read knew this, they would not be able to avail themselves of the knowledge. If they did, they would be using an inverse process, since Shakspeare, and every true genius, had it by intuition. Rules of rhetoric are drawn from preëxisting models, and not the reverse. Personification is used with great effect. How remarkable, for instance, this description of the night-wind: 'Wandering round and round a building, and moaning as it goes, trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors, and seeking out some crevices at which to enter; and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again, and, not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; *then flings itself despairingly on the stones below, and passes muttering into the vaults.*' Was ever an airy spirit made more visible by witchcraft, and gifted with a 'local habitation' and a bodily shape? Again, the author speaks of 'fruiterer's shops,' where there were 'great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence.' And ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars: and winking from their sleeves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up misletoe. Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags, and eaten after dinner!' Mark his description of Kettle, in the first chapter of 'Cricket on the Hearth.' 'The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top-bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal. It would lean forward with a drunken air, and *dribble, a very idiot of a kettle*, on the hearth. But presently the kettle began to spend the evening; and we should quote more largely than would be consistent with an essay, to describe the whole moral conduct of the said kettle, how it grew musical and convivial. Can any thing exceed it, except when the writer exceeds himself by going on to describe the contest between kettle and cricket, applying thereto the technicalities of the ring? From first to last we notice the like art of successful personification. Miss Blimber was 'dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. They must be dead, stone-dead, and then she dug them up, like a Ghoul.' Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, and inflexible syntactic passages.' The author has a reverse method, no less successfully employed. 'Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house. All the boys blew before their time. *Mental green-peas* were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. But there was not the right taste about the premature productions.' All



figures are used, or others hitherto unknown are invented, as the occasion demands. Sometimes a part is put for the whole, and the man denominated by the cravat he wears; and we pause to admire the happy coincidence of thought and expression, in which a sympathetic language yields up the proper word. Such was that 'complicated' kick, the last of a series which invested the person of Mr. Stiggins, which, duly analyzed, we may suppose to have consisted of motive force, energy, and the application of civil engineering incompatible with passion, yet requisite to make the aim sure. No man falls more happily on the identical phrase, (shining guinea that it is!) like one 'born to good luck,' or from intuitive erudition, or from deliberate choice. Poets\* often gratulate themselves when they have had the like fortune, as Keats clapped his hands for joy when he had invented that

'Lucent syrop tinct with cinnamon.'

Our author can use a refined Attic, or, when the scenes of the comedy shift and introduce less polished characters, he puts words into their mouths which neither a Weller, a Swiveller, nor a Mantilini, could wish to repudiate. A few sentences from him are often more suggestive than a whole page of description. How happily does he call up, though merely in passing, the whole mirth and jollity attendant upon a snow-storm! But when he paints, his picture is almost more crowded with quaint minutiae than any of the immortal Hogarth. No man knows better how to describe those little nestling-places and retired nooks where the river of domestic life flows calm and beautiful; and as you read, the bosom heaves, the tear trembles. It is like being in some delightful garden, where every influence is seductive to the soul, and the birds sing, the bees murmur, and the humming-bird darts down to identify itself with the flowers, 'to paint the lily, to adorn the rose.' In short, the works of this author will live, not only for the sake of their genius, but because they appeal to our best sympathies, and sustain the cause of the suffering poor. For when the arm of legislation hung down inactive, their powerful, earnest pleadings, like those of poor Hood, have not sued for redress in vain. They shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond.

\* A disposition is observable in some of the author's later productions to run occasionally into blank verse. Of this, a more curious exemplification than any we have seen, is to be found in the 'Christmas Carol:'

'Then up rose Mrs CRATCHIT, CRATCHIT's wife,  
Dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown,  
But brave in ribands, which are cheap, and make  
A goodly show for six-pence, and she laid  
The cloth, assisted by BELINDA CRATCHIT,  
Second of her daughters, also brave in ribands;  
While Master PETER CRATCHIT plunged a fork  
Into the saucepan of potatoes, and  
Getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-  
Collar (HOB'S private property, conferred  
Upon his son and heir in honor of  
The day,) into his mouth, rejoiced to find  
Himself so gallantly attired, and yearned  
To show his linen in the fashionable parks.'

Thus far the measure is unimpeachable, and would be to the end of the paragraph, with slight liberties, until the slow

'POTATOES, bubbling up, knocked loudly at  
The saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.'

All this, however, is a mere accident, the natural tendency to his own element, by a poet who writes in prose.

They have exhibited, for the most part, neither ghosts vanishing into thin air, nor beings surrounded by conventional graces, nor hateful vice carved into an heroic attitude; but creatures of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, human heart and human affections. They have depicted characters, though good, not perfect; though bad, not altogether hopeless; not angels, for then they were too high for our sympathy; not devils, for then they had been beyond the sphere of our regret.

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H O M E L E S S .

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B Y W I L L I A M W . G L A Z I E R .

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SHE stood alone on the sullen pier,  
 With the night around, and the river below,  
 And a voice, it seemed to her half-crazed ear,  
 Was heard in the water's plashing flow :  
 'You are tired and worn; come hither and sleep,  
 Where your poor dim eyes shall cease to weep,  
 And no morning shall break in sorrow.'

The long grass hung from each wave-washed pile,  
 And the water amid its loose locks ran;  
 And she thought, with a strange and ghastly smile,  
 Of a long-fled day, and a false, false man;  
 How her fingers had combed his damp brown hair—  
 But he and the world had left her there,  
 With no friend but the beckoning water.

Was Heaven so far, that no angel arm  
 Might round the Homeless in love be thrown,  
 To keep her away from hurt or harm?  
 Or was it, in truth, a mercy shown,  
 That left her at night, alone, to think  
 Of her manifold woes upon the brink  
 Of that deep and pitiless river!

She looked to the far-off town, and wept;  
 And oh! could you blame the poor girl's tears!  
 For she thought how many a maiden slept,  
 With Love and Honor as wardens near;  
 While she was left in the world alone,  
 With none to miss her when she was gone  
 Where the merciless waves were calling.

No human eye and no human ear  
 E'er saw a struggle, or heard a sound;  
 And the curious never could spare a tear,  
 As they looked at morn on the outcast drowned;  
 But ah! had speech been given the dead,  
 Perhaps those motionless lips had said,  
 'No homeless are found in heaven.'

## EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

BENEATH this cold, unconscious stone,  
 A faded flower lies,  
 Whose mortal beauty never more  
 May greet our mortal eyes;  
 But HE who bore its bloom away,  
 The eye of Faith hath given,  
 And, gazing through our tears, we see  
 'Tis blooming still, in heaven.

## COLONEL EASY.

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 BY KIT KERVIN.
 

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EVERY one knew Colonel Easy. He was familiarly called Easy Colonel. Parson Quiet knew him; Esquire Short knew him; Judge Bluff, of the adjoining county, knew him; and the Honorable Mr. Stiff knew him. It was 'How are you, Colonel, and what news have you?' He lived in a gabled-roof house, just on the corner near the Hotel; an old house, sacred to him because his father's father built it; and he was very serious when time crumbled away an old pillar that supported the portico, and obliged him to replace it with modern wood. The interior was pleasant: old family portraits looked down from the walls, and a spread-eagle protected an antique mirror by being perched above, and gazed below with open beak. The kitchen, too, looked south, and its old corners were cosy; and the fire-place, oven, and painted beams above, claimed near relationship by smooth poles stretched from one to the other, supporters for sausages, seed-corn, etc. The Colonel loved this place; and of an evening he smoked a pipe here, and laughed out of his eyes, and chatted with a neighbor and the parson, and told many funny stories. This old kitchen *was* cosy. And then the lawn, with elms, and maples, and oaks. His father played here; he had played here; his sons had played here; every blade of grass was dear to him — why not?

As I said, every one knew the Colonel. The boys in the parish, as he passed, took off their caps and whispered one to the other, 'There is Colonel Easy, a good man. I wish he could hear from his son; how long he has been gone! Papa says *he* owes Colonel Easy a great deal, for he got his contract for him; and I know Esquire Short never would have gone to the Legislature if it had n't been for the Colonel; and Judge Bluff never would have had the say about hanging 'poor Tom' if the Colonel had n't got him his judgeship.' And so it was. Colonel Easy had inherited an easy property, and, when young, *dashed* some; had always been the poor man's friend; had benefited others and not himself; had placed his parson in a lucrative position, and sent Senator Stiff to Washington, and helped Judge Bluff to the bench, and endorsed for

Esquire Short, and a great many farmers; had educated an expensive family, and at the age of sixty found his property dwindled to a small amount; enough, though, he hoped, to bury himself and companion; but he was forgetful of contingencies. If any one found himself in trouble, Colonel Easy was the man; if advice or calculation, why, Colonel Easy could do it; if pecuniary assistance, Colonel Easy; and so it had been until it was a common saying, 'Colonel Easy cares for every body and not for himself.' Yes! Reader, he was a '*clever*' man, and did many *clever* things, hoping, by so doing, to carry out the Scripture admonition, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' He had always granted favors and never asked a return, that his many kind actions might prove bread cast upon the waters in time of need, if such a season should ever come upon him. Human nature smiled in the creation of Colonel Easy; a God-send to many, a blessing to all. Why should he have burdens of sorrow, heavy trials, and sore afflictions? Alas! he was of the earth, earthy, for 'the rain falleth upon the just and the unjust alike.' The poor Colonel had shed bitter tears over the loss of two noble sons, and he mourned in bitterness for his first-born. Three scions clustered about him and opened a bright future for his old age, but two faded from his sight, and the other strayed from his call. He was childless, and yet his eye spoke kindness; his heart went forth to other's relief, and he was the same good, easy Colonel Easy. Perhaps the uncertain fate of his son Paul agonized him more than the death of his other sons; and sometimes in the gloaming, when the day had passed, a tear could be detected stealing from its covert upon kind wrinkles, yet the sight of his life-partner would clear it up, and the pleasant smile stood over the wreck. On a Sabbath at church, too, when Esquire Short's pew was sometimes the nucleus for all eyes by the return of his son from sea, the lips of Colonel Easy *would* tremble, and his hand invariably shaded his eyes; he could not help it; but his devotional air seemed more deep, and himself more contrite, malgre his intense sufferings. No one inquired of him for Paul, for he had never heard from him since his departure. He had grown up with dissipated habits, and in a wild frolic had wounded a companion and, before the result of his rashness was known, fled his home and country. This was the history of the Colonel's agony, which he had endured for twenty long years. But for his son's wild passion the Colonel had made full amends: the wounded boy he had educated and cared for as for his own. It was no less a personage than the Honorable Mr. Senator Stiff; in fact, he looked upon him as a substitute for his lost Paul. Had it not been proven before this unfortunate family trouble that Colonel Easy was proverbially a kind man, his great consideration might have been attributed to domestic sorrows; but no one, to look upon his face, could discover a *cultivated* nature; it was innate. Not a needy dwelling in the county but had felt the generous aid of this philanthropist.

But the shadows of life began to lengthen and thicken upon the Colonel's pathway. It would appear that, like unto Job, the ALMIGHTY had permitted Satan to harass him for His own wise purposes, and with the swift feet of evil had visited his friends, to steel their hearts against his misfortunes as also to bring troubles in frequent repetitions. Senator Stiff, for

whom the Colonel had largely endorsed, ever open to the memory of the injury he had sustained, as it were, from his own hand, died suddenly at Washington, with larger liabilities than his assets could cancel. The village merchant, a debtor for heavy cash sums loaned, had failed and put an end to his existence. Farmer Worthy's buildings were destroyed by fire, and his delinquencies were fearful; all which riveted the Colonel still more fast in close and awkward circumstances. He began to feel and fear. People said the Colonel had grown old very fast. Poor man! I hope he will find a quick return for his life-long services of devotion to others. Surely Judge Bluff and Esquire Short could easily advance all necessary aid, for the Colonel taught them how to do well in the world. The Colonel lamented that he could assist no more, but must *seek* assistance. A very quiet letter was sent to Judge Bluff, and a note to Esquire Short, couched in manly language of distress. He spoke of no previous business; he touched no chord of memory; it was merely for present assistance, and they could do it. He was sanguine that all was right. Return post brought the following reply from the Judge:

‘———ville, September, 18—.

‘PAUL EASY, ESQUIRE:

‘SIR: Your letter of the 12th, requesting a loan, is received. I regret, Sir, to say, I have made such a disposition of my ready cash that it would materially inconvenience me to favor you at this time. Hoping your many friends will appreciate your necessities,

‘I remain

‘Your obedient servant,

‘R. BLUFF.’

The Colonel read it, wiped his spectacles, and read it again. It was from a person to whom he had rendered numerous pecuniary favors, and who owed his political position to him. Esquire Short's answer was also before him:

‘Tuesday morning, Sept. 18.

‘P. EASY, Esq:

‘SIR: I was surprised to receive your note this morning, considering your utter inability, present or prospective, to return me at any time the sum you desire. I had supposed that your heretofore honorable course of conduct was a sufficient guaranty against any such equivocal exposure of character. Of course, Sir, my expensive family prevent me from indulging you in such a strange vein.

‘GEORGE SHORT.’

The Colonel had not recovered from this unkind and ungentelemanly reply when the Judge's letter arrived. He could scarcely believe, and yet the truth was before him. He had played the benefactor, and was reaping the usual reward. Other sources failed, and he gave up the game, retiring into a state of feeling unhappy beyond measure. There was but one more step; he strove to avoid it. He resorted to all his fertile resources, yet there was but one vision before him—an entire relinquishment of his all; the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, the trees. His heart-strings were breaking, but the same pleasant face covered all.

One October day, the inhabitants of the quiet village of —— read with sorrow the following notice in the county paper:

‘ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—By order of GEORGE SHORT, Esq., Commissioner of Insolvency, the Subscriber will sell at Public Vendue, on the tenth of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which PAUL EASY, an insolvent debtor, has to redeem his farm, lying in ——.

‘This farm is one of the most desirable and productive in the county. On it are a large gabled-roof house and two barns.

‘For particulars inquire of O. J. ACORN, or the Subscriber, at Kirkstall.

E. B. PUGHMAN

‘October 10, 18—.’



But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. Before the 'ides' of December had come, the thick darkness had been dissipated, and the Colonel's eye was moist with joy and happiness. His lost son Paul had returned rich from a long residence in South America, and the old gabled-house, the kitchen, the lawn, and the trees, were still his.

Reader, you have read tales without a moral, but there is one intended here. I need not define it: but do you know any Colonel Easys? Are you protégés of such an one? Have you received kindness and returned it not? Have you received bread and given a stone? Have you felt the kindness of others, and repaid them in selfishness? Is there any truth in this little tale? Was there *ever* a Colonel Easy?

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T H E P A R T I N G B Y T H E S E A .

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— Rurusa te, mata, hiebit  
Amipiocti?

CLAUDIAM.

ONE more embrace, sweet one! the last  
For long, long months, perchance for years!  
The white sail climbs the gallant mast,  
The pilot at the helm appears:  
And hark! the ruthless *All ashore!*  
Farewell! — yet one — *one* last kiss more!

Now, though thou canst not hear the prayer  
We fondly breathe beside the sea,  
Our wafted kisses still shall bear  
Sweet messages of love to thee,  
As long as brimming eyes can trace  
Thy form across the widening space.

O vernal winds! whose fickleness  
The palm of change may justly claim,  
For once your wanton mood repress,  
And, sobered to a steady aim,  
Speed onward, with unwavering breath,  
The bark that bears ELIZABETH!

And when her pilgrimage is o'er,  
Her memory made a pictured shrine  
For shapes and scenes which classic lore  
Has touched with splendor half divine;  
Benignant winds! still fair abaft,  
The loving to the loving waft!

Then shall be yours a guerdon meet,  
When lips long mute from hope deferred  
Break forth in raptures wild and sweet  
As e'er Elysian echoes heard,  
When safe on Lethe's farther shore  
The parted meet to part no more!

## A S O N G O F C A L A B R I A .

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE

BY MRS M. E. DEWITT

'Il y a un morceau de poésie nationale dans la Calabre que j'ai entendu chanter souvent aux femmes d'Amalfi en revenant de la fontaine. Ce que ces femmes de Calabre disaient ainsi de leur ange gardien, l'humanité peut le dire de la poésie. C'est aussi cette voix intérieure qui lui parle à tous les âges, que aime, chante, prie ou pleure avec elle à toutes les phases de son pèlerinage séculaire ici bas.'

DES DESTINÉES DE LA POÉSIE.

WHEN in the orchard I, in life's young hours,  
 Reclined beneath the blooming citron's shade,  
 Or sported where the almond spread her flowers,  
 While spring's light breezes with my ringlets played;  
 Deep in my soul a low, sweet voice I heard,  
 And sudden rapture shot through all my veins:  
 'Twas not the wind, the carol of the bird,  
 Nor childhood's accents that my being stirred,  
 Nor manhood's tones, nor woman's gentler strains:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart soft whispering to mine.

Again, when doomed from him I loved to part,  
 After those hours beneath the sycamore,  
 While his last kiss was echoing in my heart —  
 My heart, that none had caused to thrill before —  
 Once more I heard that murmur low and sweet:  
 'Twas not his 'farewell' sighing through the pines;  
 'Twas not the sound of his departing feet;  
 Nor did the wind in melody repeat  
 The distant song of lovers 'mid the vines:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart soft whispering to mine.

And when I, rich in all a mother's joys,  
 Brought round my hearth my wealth, a bounteous store;  
 When with their little hands my ruddy boys  
 Shook down the figs that grew beside my door,  
 A tender voice awoke within my breast,  
 Through all my soul I felt its murmurs glide;  
 'Twas not the young birds chirping in their nest,  
 Nor the calm breathing of the babe at rest,  
 Nor song of fishermen upon the tide:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart low singing then with mine.

Now that I am alone, and old, and gray,  
 Here, where the thicket shields me from the winds,  
 I watch the kids and children while they play,  
 Stirring the coals to warm my shrivelled hands;  
 And still that voice remains with me, and cheers,  
 Consoles and strengthens me for evermore;  
 'Tis not the voice I heard in early years,  
 Nor the remembered accents that my tears  
 Can never to my lonely age restore;  
 But it is thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 Thy heart is with me still, and weeps with mine.

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

## AUNT DOLLY.

DOROTHEA JUDSON was the youngest of a family of ten children. Her parents were plain and worthy people, who sought to bring up their family correctly; and, although they knew little about systems of education, they succeeded, without making any formal attempts so to do, in impressing their children with a sense of the kind care that was constantly exerted in their behalf. They had no reason to complain of their offspring, who all became reputable members of society.

Dorothea was not beautiful, but possessed that universal letter of recommendation, a pleasing countenance. She was not distinguished for brilliancy or quickness of perception, and made no enemies by outwitting any of her associates in argument, management, or in any other particular. She was much attached to every member of the family, and, although the youngest, she was not a petted child. It would have been difficult to spoil her by indulgence, it seemed so natural for her to consult the wants of others, and to help every body; and she was so free from envy and jealousy, that she did not seem to need indulgence. She was ever ready to make herself useful; and her happiness was so intertwined with that of others, that, although the whole family loved her sincerely, she was really overworked, because she did every thing so unobtrusively and naturally, that her services were employed almost unconsciously, as we are sustained by the air around us without seeing or feeling it, and seldom thinking of it.

When Dorothea was only five or six years old, their eldest sister, who had married a substantial farmer, became the mother of a little girl. This event could not have given more delight to the parents than it did to little Dorothea. She was a mother to the infant, in her own limited way. She loved to sit by it, to fan it, to talk to it. She watched its growth with pride and joy. Its first efforts at creeping and walking were to her circumstances of supreme interest: and when the little girl began to talk, and called her ever-attentive nurse AUNT DOLLY, it seemed as if Dorothea's cup of happiness was filled.

How many times that phrase, 'AUNT DOLLY,' was repeated, both by the niece and the aunt! So fixed a term did it become in the household, that Dorothea was called by no other name. The *sobriquet* was adopted by the neighbors, by the school-children, and finally by the whole village; and so, while she was yet a little child, Dorothea was every where known as 'Aunt Dolly.'

She grew up to be a young lady, doing every thing for every body in such an unostentatious, quiet, matter-of-course way, that nobody knew the extent of her kindnesses. And yet Dolly was, in the eyes of many, a very common-place personage. She had no flirtations, and no coquetish airs. She did not think that every young man who spoke to her

kindly was in love with her. She was not on the look-out for a husband. She did not keep herself primed and loaded, like a sportsman's gun, ready for every game that could be started: and she had never troubled herself with guessing how soon she should be married, or wondering whether she should die an old maid.

With all her good qualities, no body in the village seemed inclined to marry her. Every body loved her, every body felt that she was a blessing to the little community in which she lived; but a blessing, like the town-pump, which was best shared in common.

She was not much past twenty when she became acquainted with a young farmer, by the name of Fanshaw, who resided in a neighboring town.

Fanshaw was an athletic man, with black hair curling close to his head, and black, glowing eyes. He had more than a common education, and more than common ability, but his temper was vicious. He made up his mind that Aunt Dolly must be his wife, and his first advances being looked on by the family with some coldness, he became the more determined to gain his object. He was respectful, he was attentive, he was deferential to the prejudices of the father, he made presents to the mother, and was incessant in his attentions to the daughter. The parents congratulated themselves that the influence of their child had produced such a kindly effect on her suitor, and fancied that she could live happily with the man, whose disposition, although naturally perverse, had, to all appearance, changed materially for the better. They did not imagine that his altered demeanor was the result of the temper they deplored, and grew out of his determination to accomplish his object.

Dorothea had not known what it was to love, and as Fanshaw was very kind to her, and as her parents consented to his proposal, she knew of no reason why she should decline it. There was, however, in her heart an instinctive reluctance to the union; and her mother, noticing her uneasiness, told her, what she believed to be true, that it arose only from a natural depression of spirits at the thought of leaving home: and so she was persuaded.

Aunt Dolly did not live long with him before he exhibited his evil spirit, and the meekness with which she bore his malice impelled him to the commission of new cruelties. He was angry with himself on account of his own wilfulness; he was angry with himself that he should so trample on her gentleness; and this feeling, instead of leading him to repentance, goaded him on to new insults. The unvarying kindness of his wife was a perpetual rebuke, and his perverse spirit defied it. In the conflict of his feelings he fed the devil within him with intoxicating drinks, and consummated his cruelty with the personal violence of a drunken maniac. This storm of affliction Aunt Dolly bore without a murmur; and although it was known that she suffered, God only knew how much.

In four years, the greater part of Fanshaw's property was spent in dissipation; and the stalwart man, type of the wreck of his fortune, became but the shadow of his former self.

It was on a stormy winter's night that Fanshaw breathed his last. He had been suffering from brain-fever, but as midnight approached, his

delirium passed away, and he lay quiet, but very weak. His wife told the attendant to take some rest, while she watched with the patient. A door was open that communicated with an adjoining room, where slept their infant child. A shaded lamp in this apartment furnished all the light for the sick man's chamber, except that which came from the wood-fire. Aunt Dolly was seated in an arm-chair close to her husband's bed. For some time all was quiet, save the wailings of the storm without, and the quick breathing of the sick man. Fanshaw lay unusually still, but his eye was fixed intently on his wife; and as he gazed steadily on her sweet face, pale and worn with care, yet beautiful in its mildness, the thoughts of his brutal treatment and her patient endurance pressed upon him, not to madden him, not to goad him on as in his life of strength, but to steady for the moment his tottering reason, and energize his failing vitality.

'Dolly!' and as the voice came from the sick-bed, she leaned over anxiously, and inquired, 'What can I do for you?'

'Do for me, Dolly! what have you not done and suffered for me! You have always been kind and faithful to me; I have as invariably wronged you. O Dolly! can you, *can* you forgive my brutality?'

At these words of kindness, so new and strange from him, she clasped his hand gently in hers, and replied, with sobs, 'God knows I forgive you whatever you have done amiss to me. I know your own disposition is peculiar; I know we all have faults. I do not wish to judge you. I do not love to have you speak to me as if you were so *very* wicked; you did not mean to wrong me. You must not feel badly about the past; you must forgive me all my shortcomings. I am but a poor, weak woman. I have often made you angry when I meant to please you, and I am sure you will pardon all *my* infirmities. Will you not, husband?'

As she leaned over the bed, the tears still falling from her eyes, pleading with *him* to forgive *her*, the amiable weakness that could so drive away all traces of his cruelty, and so hold up for pardon all that could be imagined against herself, while it deeply impressed him, was too incongruous to escape a mind naturally penetrating; and with a faint and ghastly smile, the reflection of his self-abasement, he said: 'A dying man must not deceive himself; and if the blessing of one who has been most cruel to you can avail aught—if God will receive the prayer of a wretch who has wofully abused his gifts—may He bless you, Dolly, who has seen how vilely I have afflicted you, and how meekly you have borne your sorrows!'

He essayed to speak again, but his disconnected words betrayed a wandering mind. These words were followed by a marked change in his countenance; his breathing grew heavy and regular. Dolly spoke to him, but received no answer. The lamp in the adjoining room died out; the fire on the hearth, reduced to a few coals lying among the ashes, ceased to afford any light; the storm without subsided and passed away; and the early dawn just sufficed to make objects visible. Aunt Dolly sat in the same seat, the hand of her husband still clasped in hers, and she listening to that heavy and monotonous breathing.

The breathing became less regular, now and then a gasp; the hand she held grew colder; there was a feeble expiration of breath; and as



the attendant descended the stairs, all was quiet. As the door was opened, Dolly turned inquiringly to the nurse, who stepped softly to the bed-side, laid her hand on the wrist, then on the heart of Fanshaw, looked at him steadily, then turned to Dolly and said: 'It is all over!'

Dolly was a widow.

The wreck of her husband's estate barely sufficed to maintain her and her boy Theodore, with the use of the utmost economy. I am sure the reader will form some just conception of the happiness it afforded Dolly to provide for her dear little son. I am constrained, however, to say that she was far too yielding and indulgent to become a pattern-mother. It was very hard for her to compel any body, and it was part of her nature to surrender to others. The boy, however, possessed an innate nobleness of character, that could appreciate, but could not impose upon his mother's kindness; and never was parent more beloved and honored by a child than was Aunt Dolly by Theodore.

I think it must be evident that this same Aunt Dolly is far from being a first-class heroine. She never troubles herself about 'woman's rights,' or discusses 'progress,' or investigates 'woman's mission.' She is fond of the faith in which she was educated, but is completely puzzled by the explanation of dogmas. She associates on the kindest terms with people of all sorts of creeds, and entertains a most dangerous charity for all manner of errorists. She can neither write a tale nor a poem; has not the slightest taste for fashionable society; and never dreamed of such a thing as coquetry. She is only a loving, guileless, unselfish woman; and if my reader does not think much of her, I am very sure she does not think much of herself. But to our history.

As Theodore advanced in years, the expenses of his maintenance increased, and his mother's self-denying acts were multiplied. But she was determined that he should lack no advantage; and, for the better completion of his education, removed to a large town, that he might receive the instruction to be obtained at its celebrated High School. From thence he was transferred to college. His increased expenses made it impossible for Dolly to live on her limited income. She wore gowns and bonnets for incredibly long periods, and practised every possible means of economy, but all would not do, and so she determined to take in plain sewing. She assured Theodore that she wanted more employment; that her time often hung heavily on her hands; that she was passionately fond of her needle; and that nothing but 'plain sewing' was necessary to complete her happiness.

Notwithstanding her innocent artifice, her son knew well his mother's object. He remonstrated, and threatened to leave college, and immediately begin to work for his living; but Dolly, yielding in other matters, would not abandon her determination to labor for her only boy.

Finding remonstrance vain, he withdrew opposition. But Dolly soon noticed that he rose earlier, and retired later; that he no longer took his accustomed walks with his friends; and that he became paler and thinner. Her anxiety to ascertain the cause was at length satisfied, and she discovered, to her dismay, that her son was employed as proof-reader for a printing-office. She begged him not to injure himself by this incessant application, but he was fixed in his determination. He enlarged on

the valuable knowledge to be acquired in his new vocation, and on the satisfaction it gave him to indulge in this way his literary tastes; and reminded her, that as he had withdrawn opposition to her 'plain sewing' felicity, it was cruel in her to oppose his proof-reading enjoyment.

Thus caught in her own trap, and struck by her own son with a return blow of self-denial, the fond mother was thinking every day how she could escape from her dilemma, when affairs were brought to a crisis by the illness of Theodore. He was attacked with a severe typhoid affection. Dr. Dobson could not master it, and was compelled to acknowledge that 'the fever must have its run.' Dr. Dobson was a stout, broad-shouldered bachelor of sixty, skilful in his profession, gruff in his manners, and a sworn enemy of all cant and humbug. He had been the physician of Dolly and her son during their town residence, and felt well enough acquainted with the former to call her by her old sobriquet of 'Aunt Dolly.'

I need not dwell on the untiring devotion of the mother to her boy; but how shall I describe her feelings when, in reply to her question, the Doctor told her that the young man's life was in danger. In an agony of grief she cast herself at his feet. 'Save him! save him, Doctor!' she cried. 'I cannot, *cannot* lose him. I have only lived for him. I would gladly die for him, but I cannot live *without* him. Oh, Doctor, listen to a poor desolate woman, and save my noble boy, my darling child!'

Dr. Dobson was a little ashamed of having a warm and sympathizing heart, and whenever the tide of tears came rushing to his eyes, he would forthwith proceed to 'd—n it.' 'Aunt Dolly!' he exclaimed, with rather an ill-simulated appearance of anger, and with a loud but broken voice, 'I say, d—n it, Aunt Dolly, do you suppose I don't do my duty? What do you kneel to me for? What do you mean by such conduct? What—what—I say, d—n it, what do you make such a fuss for!'

The Doctor jumped from his chair, strode up and down the room, vigorously wiped his face, as if his anger was breaking out in a profuse perspiration, cunningly passed his handkerchief over his eyes at the same time, and finally threw up the window, as if to let the spring breeze cool his wrath.

'Forgive me, Doctor,' said poor Dolly; 'I know I was wrong. I know you have done and will do every thing you can for my dear boy; but I am weak and nervous, and you must pardon me. I have spoken very wickedly: I have rebelled against God. May *HE* give me strength to say, 'Not my will, but *THINE* be done!'

The Doctor stepped up to her, suddenly seized her hand, and said, 'I don't know how to comfort women, but if your boy dies, it shan't be for want of care. Don't worry, don't worry! I shall be here again this evening.' Without waiting for a reply, he abruptly left the room.

About ten o'clock that evening, the Doctor visited his patient, and, after ascertaining his condition, deliberately pulled off his boots, took a pair of old slippers from his pocket, seated himself in an arm-chair, and said, 'Go to bed, Aunt Dolly; I shall stay with Theodore to-night.'

'Dear Doctor,' said Dolly, 'may God bless you!'

'Don't talk, Aunt Dolly; don't make me angry again; do as I tell

you.' Never did poor woman submit to an edict with a more grateful heart; and as she was leaving the room in silence, the Doctor exclaimed, 'Don't get up, Aunt Dolly, until I call you!'

Gentle indeed was his mother's nursing, but never a gentler or kinder nurse did Theodore have than gruff Doctor Dobson. It seemed as if he knew exactly what his patient wanted. He asked no questions, but changed the young man's position at the right time, watched his pulse, kept his head cool, and administered remedies according to his own excellent judgment. Theodore had sufficient consciousness to know who was tending him, and his strong faith in his physician gave him a feeling of quiet that was in itself a medicine.

About day-break the Doctor knocked at Aunt Dolly's door. A gentle tap failed to rouse her; for, overcome with fatigue, and made happy by the physician's kindness, she had enjoyed a sweet and refreshing sleep. A louder knock brought her to the door, with the question, 'How is my poor boy this morning?'

'No worse, Aunt Dolly.'

'How shall I express my gratitude, Doctor, for all your goodness?'

'By not talking about it,' was the blunt reply: with which the Doctor took his sudden leave, preventing Dolly from adding another word.

After his usual visits through the day, the Doctor again made his appearance at night, again took off his heavy boots, put on his slippers, seated himself in the arm-chair, and ordered Dolly to bed. This command she was too grateful to obey implicitly, but was told to waste no time in argument, and not to interfere with the patient.

The next morning there was the same eager question, the same reply, 'no worse,' and the same abrupt departure. But when the Doctor appeared the third night, and took the slippers from his capacious pocket, Dolly entreated him, with tears in her eyes, not to overwhelm her with kindness, and not to expose his own health. 'Oh, Doctor,' she said, 'suppose you should make *yourself* sick!' and at the thought of this calamity her tears flowed afresh, and her emotional countenance showed how deeply afflictive to her such an event would be.

Now, Doctor Dobson was certainly a very strange man; for, instead of being influenced by her persuasions, he absolutely laughed at her fears; and when she repeated them, his eyes fairly shone with delight. He seemed to regard the thought of being sick as a capital joke; and Aunt Dolly laughed too, although she could not possibly have informed any mortal (because she was herself utterly unconscious) of any sort of reason why she *should* laugh.

The next morning the Doctor informed Dolly that her son was out of danger, and with proper care would soon recover his health and strength. Dolly took the Doctor's hand, and, as the tears ran down her face, poured forth her gratitude.

'Poh, poh!' said the Doctor: 'more nonsense, Aunt Dolly! When I tell you the boy is *in* danger, you cry; and when I tell you he is *out* of danger, you cry. I suppose if *I* was sick, you would cry too.'

'Do you feel sick, Doctor? Ah, I was afraid it would be so! I was shamefully selfish to let you over-exert yourself. Are you going to be sick?' and as she asked the question, out flowed those ever-ready tears again.

'How *can* I be sick?' said the Doctor, hastily; 'I haven't any body to take care of me.'

'Oh!' said Dolly, 'I could almost wish you to be sick, that I could show my deep gratitude by being of some service to you! Is it possible you can think I would neglect the one who was more than faithful to me in the hour of my sorest trial; he who, under God, saved the life of my precious son?'

'Well, well, Aunt Dolly, you are the most singular woman I ever saw. You cry because your son is sick; then, because he is getting well; then, lest *I* should be sick; and then *want* me to be sick, so that you can take care of me! She wants me to be sick!' said the Doctor; and here he laughed as if Aunt Dolly had said the wittiest thing imaginable; and then Aunt Dolly, with her soft blue eyes, bright with happiness, laughed too, and they separated as if they had been at a festival of Comus.

Theodore gained rapidly. He was soon able to take the open air; and the Doctor, having obtained a fine saddle-horse, which he informed Dolly he had taken for debt, asked Theodore to exercise him while he was trying to find a purchaser.

I am compelled to confess that this horse-story was a pure fabrication of the Doctor's, and that he had purchased the animal for the sole purpose of promoting Theodore's health and enjoyment. This may have been wrong in him; but if he did not tell the truth, I must.

One fine morning, while Theodore was riding, the Doctor called on Aunt Dolly, and inquired about her son; for, notwithstanding his constant improvement, the Doctor's visits were frequent; and, although the young man said he was perfectly well, and needed no medicine, Dolly entreated that the directions of their medical friend should be strictly followed. Having received the most satisfactory assurances as to Theodore's health, the Doctor entered into general conversation, as had been usual with him of late. After a pause, he arose, drew out his watch, looked at it, and then resumed his seat. In a few moments he jumped up, walked swiftly to the window, gazed desperately out; returned to his chair; rose again, stalked to the mantel-piece, stared at an engraving; sat down a third time, and looked at Aunt Dolly.

She had watched his movements with interest, and had made up her mind that his kind heart was troubled about some patient whose sufferings and danger had interested him; and this thought brought vividly before her the Doctor's attention to her own dear boy, while her conscious face expressed her admiration of the rough but true man.

The Doctor, after a slight pause, said:

'Aunt Dolly, I began life very poor. Marriage was out of the question; I never devoted a thought to the subject. I struggled for years before I attained eminence in my profession, or became a man of property; and then my bachelor habits seemed fixed for ever. But this is all changed now; and I wish to say—that is, I desire—indeed, I called to ask—I know that I am rough and old-fashioned, and I never thought so little of myself as I do at this moment; but I still hope that—I hope that you—hope that you will—I *can't* say it as I meant to! *Aunt Dolly, will you marry me?*'

Dolly had listened intently to the Doctor as he began his speech, and

supposed he was about to ask her advice; and as he proceeded, she thought so little of herself that she did not anticipate an offer, which would have been easily foreseen by many of her sex; and when he abruptly concluded with his proposal, she was as much astonished as if he had asked permission to shoot her. She looked at him with wonder for a moment, and then exclaimed:

'Me! — marry you, Doctor!'

'There! I knew how it would be! I *am* an old fool! Why should I be so stupid as to think that a beautiful, kind, tender woman would take an old bear for a husband? Well,' he continued, taking up with trembling hands his hat and cane, 'you're right, you're right! Forgive me for troubling you.'

'Doctor! Doctor!' said Aunt Dolly, in a deprecating voice, 'you don't understand me. I was surprised that such a great man as you could think of a poor, lone, weak woman like me.'

Down went the hat, and down went the cane, and one of Dolly's little hands was buried in the huge grasp of the Doctor, as he hurriedly inquired: '*Will you marry me?*'

The blood rushed to her face, and with a downcast look she answered: 'I will, if it will make you happy.'

The Doctor dropped the little hand, and looked at Dolly searchingly; then grasped it again, and said: 'Tell me the *truth*, Dolly, the *whole* truth: will it make *you* happy too?'

Dolly looked up with her mild and loving blue eyes, those eyes bright with woman's trust and tenderness, and answered: 'God knows it will!'

Poor Dolly! she was destined to another surprise greater than the first; for no sooner had the words been uttered than the Doctor caught her in his arms, seated her on his lap, and kissed her over, and over, and over again, as a father would caress a child.

Sufficiently embarrassed by this violent outbreak of affection, she was doubly confused, while this demonstration was in progress, to see Theodore bound into the room, crying out: 'Mother! mother! you *must* go out and enjoy the bracing air!'

Now Theodore was fond of '*tableaux vivants*'; he had seen many, and acted in many; but never before had he been so startled as at that moment. He knew not what to say, and his mother knew not what to do; but the Doctor broke the silence by standing Dolly on her feet, and ferociously asking: 'What the devil do you want, Sir?' Before he could receive an answer, he said, in an altered voice: 'Theodore, my boy, I hope you will not grieve to hear that you will soon have a right to call me Father.'

'There is, my dear Sir, no man whom I would so gladly call Father; and what is of more importance, I know that my mother will be happy in the union, and *she* knows how very dear her happiness is to me.

'Mother,' inquired Theodore, with a playful smile, 'may I kiss you too?'

Dolly approached her only child, put her arm around his waist, laid her head on his breast, and turned to him a face radiant with motherly affection. Theodore clasped her to his heart, and imprinted on her fair forehead a kiss of reverence and love.



'And now, Doctor,' said he, 'as you say you are to be married soon, may I ask *how* soon?'

'Next week,' was the brief reply.

'Next week!' exclaimed Dolly, starting from Theodore's embrace; 'why, Doctor, how you talk!'

'Yes,' he replied, 'next week will either see me married or dead; for if I live, married I certainly shall be. The world shall know nothing about the matter until it is all over.'

Aunt Dolly could not resist the vigorous will of her future husband. During the brief interval before the wedding, his visits were exceedingly short. He said that several of his patients were very ill, and required all the time he could devote to them; and in reply to various questions, the answer was: 'We will see when the time comes.' Theodore grew quite nervous. He only knew that his mother was to be married at church on a certain day, but neither he nor Dolly knew where their home was to be, or where they should go when they left the church. Theodore called the Doctor's attention to this matter; but he only replied that he and Dolly were not particular, and that he thought he could live without any boy's advice.

Aunt Dolly was satisfied with any thing that would satisfy the Doctor, but her son awaited the result with manifest anxiety; for, notwithstanding the good intentions of the eccentric physician, Theodore feared that some blunder would prove a source of vexation and annoyance.

The marriage was celebrated in the most private manner; and, as the Doctor entered the carriage, he exclaimed:

'Now for a little journey, Dolly.'

'A journey!' said Dolly; 'and without any baggage!'

'I hate trunks and bandboxes,' was the reply; 'let them be sent after you.'

Dolly looked at the Doctor, and timidly inquired, as if it might be rather a sign of weak and childish curiosity: 'Where are you going?'

There was certainly nothing ludicrous or unnatural in the remark, but it appeared to amuse her husband mightily. 'Aunt Dolly,' said he, 'you are the most foolish little woman I ever met with. I just told you we were on a journey, and you ask me, 'Where are you going?''

Dolly looked at him beseechingly, as if in acknowledgment of her weakness in asking so superfluous a question.

Well, it is so! The Doctor told the truth. Dolly *is* a foolish little woman.

While she was resolving never to plague her husband with idle questions, and thinking how she could most promote his happiness and that of her son, the carriage stopped, and the Doctor cried out, 'Come, jump out, Aunt Dolly!'

In blissful ignorance, she was conducted into a neatly-furnished house, and, although no one appeared in the parlor to welcome them, the Doctor deliberately laid down his hat and cane, and told Dolly to 'take off her things.'

'Why, dear husband, where are we?' inquired the bride.

'In our own house, Dolly, where I hope we shall pass many happy days.'

The whole truth came out; the extreme danger of the Doctor's patients was a pious fraud; and in a few days, with the aid of some old friends, he had purchased and furnished a house, and so furnished it as to elicit the intense admiration of Dolly.

'And now,' said the Doctor to Théodore, 'as you were good enough to volunteer your advice as to the manner in which I should take care of my wife, perhaps you will be so kind as to inform me how to take care of my patients.'

'I have only to confess,' said Theodore, 'that much as I admired you before, Sir, I did not appreciate you properly.'

'Come, come, Sir,' responded the Doctor, 'don't try to humbug me with your flattery; I believe that no man had ever before so silly a wife and son; and to show his contempt for them both, he kissed Dolly, and shook Theodore's hand until there was danger of dislocation.

Let me give you a glimpse of the trio. Summer and autumn have passed away, and there they are, seated by a fire on a winter evening: Aunt Dolly has a collar in her hand she is making for her husband; the Doctor is seated in an arm-chair on the other side of the fire-place; and Theodore is reading from one of those charming authors of the nineteenth century, whose genial spirit, and broad humanity, and sympathetic power, reach all hearts: the story is full of interest and pathos; Theodore reads with an earnestness that shows how deeply his feelings are enlisted; the Doctor fidgets in his chair, changes his position, and ever and anon gives a loud 'ahem!' and rubs his eyes hastily; looking at Dolly, he sees her with her work on her lap, gazing intently on her son, and the tears following each other rapidly down her cheek; the Doctor jumps from his chair, walks across the room, and exclaims, 'Damn it, Theodore, that silly mother of yours is crying again!'

The son smiles; the mother dries her tears; the Doctor recovers his equanimity, and the story is resumed.

But I cannot detail their history; I cannot stop to narrate all the instances of Aunt Dolly's mistaken charity, nor how the Doctor told her, by way of check, that 'she would ruin him; nor how she began thereupon to economize and deny herself, and undertake all the 'plain sewing' for the family; nor how the Doctor became perplexed thereat; nor what frauds he committed by getting her every thing she wanted, or that he thought would please her, from patients who were on the eve of failing, and who would never have paid him a cent had he not succeeded in obtaining these identical things; nor how Aunt Dolly wondered at her husband's shrewdness and her own good fortune; nor how she never suspected that she was egregiously imposed upon.

I cannot stop to tell, except in this general manner, how Theodore became a distinguished lawyer; nor how his great plea was published in all the papers; nor how hard the Doctor tried to conceal his admiration of his son; nor how Dolly's great anxiety was lest 'the dear boy' should 'injure his lungs.'

Dolly devotes herself to her husband and son; and although the former laughs at her 'old wife's remedies,' he nevertheless soaks his feet and takes warm drinks at her bidding. She prepares for him his favorite dishes, brushes his hair and clothes, superintends his wardrobe, ties his cravat in the morning, and gets his slippers and cigar at night.

Dolly knows nothing about 'philosophy' or science; she is sadly posted up on orthodoxy; does not understand our 'free institutions;' never discusses 'the spirit of the age;' and, worst of all, has not yet comprehended the astounding difference between 'Allopathy' and 'Homœopathy.'

The Doctor tells her she 'is a little fool,' and she believes the assertion to be correct; but, in spite of her husband's epithets, she is never out of his sight at home, that he does not inquire, 'Where's my wife?'

O valorous and world-defying Bloomer! if thou couldst see this household slave, how would thy logical blood boil in thy veins; how would thy muscular limbs quiver with indignation, to behold this little wife moving in a narrow sphere of love, utterly unconscious of her wrongs and her degradation!

And yet, O loud-mouthed champion of thy sex! O strong-minded and high-souled he-woman! when thy eloquent protest is concluded, my only commentary will be, 'Dear, *dear* Aunt Dolly!'

It is said that many are made wise to salvation by the foolishness of preaching. I think that many are made equally wise by the foolishness of womanhood.

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L I N E S .

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BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

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The May sun sheds an amber light  
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;  
But she who, with a smile more bright,  
Welcomed and watched the springing green,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood  
In groups beside the pathway stand;  
But one, the gentle and the good,  
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs  
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;  
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,  
Once bade me listen while they sung,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year  
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;  
My heart aches when the flowers appear,  
For then I think of her who lies  
Within her grave,  
Low in her grave.

## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS, ETC., RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TOM FUDGE.

### CHAPTER SEVENTH

#### KITTY LEAVES HOME.

‘It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.’

STERN

THE proposal of Mr. BODGERS in reference to our friend KITTY had been naturally the subject of very much and serious reflection. Mrs. FLEMING, it will be remembered, is a lone woman: KITTY is her only child. Not only this, but the mother, like most country-ladies after the flower of their life is gone by, had a secret dread of the city. It is a natural dread, and is well founded.

If I had myself been consulted, I should, notwithstanding the gratification of meeting with my pretty country cousin, have shown considerable diffidence of opinion. There is a bloom, I have observed, indigenous to country-girls, which is almost certain to wear off after a year's contact with the town. This bloom, I am aware, is not much valued or admired by city-ladies generally; they cultivating, in its stead, a certain *savoir faire*, as they term it; which, being translated, means, very nearly—a knowledge of the devil.

Mr. BODGERS is a well-meaning man, and his regard for his young *protégée* would not have been surprising, even in a married man; much less is it surprising in a bachelor. I do not mean to hint that he entertains any thing more than a fatherly feeling for Miss KITTY. On this point I am not capable of judging. The tendencies of gentlemen over fifty in this regard are exceedingly difficult of analysis. I have met with those of that age who fancied themselves as provoking in the eyes of young ladies, of the tender passion, as they ever were in their life. If this be true, they must, in my opinion, have passed a very uninteresting and unprofitable youth.

The spinsters of Newtown are divided in opinion as to the attentions of Mr. BODGERS: the elder portion insisting that his matrimonial inclinations (if he have any) tend toward the mother; and the younger portion insisting, with a good deal of sourness in their looks, that the ‘old fool’ is in love with Miss KITTY herself. Such busy and uncomfortable talkers are not uncommon to country-towns. Indeed, they are the pests of the whole range of country-life.

What Mrs. FLEMING's views may have been, I will not undertake to say; she was certainly most grateful for the kindness of Mr. BODGERS; and, had it not been for her widowed state, might possibly have entertained the thought that he had serious intentions with respect to her daughter.

I say it is possible; for I have observed that mothers generally do not make the same nice distinction between a man of fifty and a man of twenty that girls are apt to do. Indeed, I flatter myself that they are disposed to look with more favor upon the man of the latter age, well

established in life, than upon youngsters of two or three-and-twenty. It is seriously to be hoped that the coming generation will be educated in the same substantial and creditable opinions. In that event, single men may look forward to a very brisk and long-continued nomad state of bachelorship, which, when fairly exhausted, will yield them a blooming partner, with whom to idle down those flowery walks of a virtuous old age, which end in a gout, a crutch, and the grave-yard.

KIRRY FLEMING has not been nurtured in these opinions. She has never courted the attentions of Mr. BODGERS in any other light than as the kind offices of an affectionate and whimsical old uncle. Yet even KIRRY herself has had misgivings in regard to her acceptance of this last kind offer.

It is strange how early a sense of propriety grows upon some minds, and how, by their very nature, some souls will shrink from what, to the common mind, seems only an honorable advantage! KIRRY, with those soft, yet keen blue eyes, has not been blind to the tattle of the gossips of her little village; and there is a shrinking from whatever will incur and provoke their remark. And added to all this, is the dread of leaving the places and the friends she has always loved.

The city multitude knows little of that fond attachment to place which grows up under the shadow of ancestral trees, and which spreads out upon the meadows that have seen all the youthful gambols and joys of the spring of life. Brick-houses and First-of-May movings cannot foster the feeling which twines its heart-tendrils among the mosses of old walls, and around ivy-covered trellises: and there is nothing in a street-name, or in a number, that so clings to the soul as the murmur of a brook we love, and of a shadow of the tree whose leaves we have made preachers of holiness and of joy!

And yet KIRRY, woman-like, has her vague longing for a sight and a sense of that great city which is every day whirling its multitudes through the mazes of gain and of pleasure. Alas, for our human weakness! Who is bold enough, and who is pure enough, at whatever age they may be, not to lust after that 'pride of life' which robs its votaries in splendor, and which gloats at the gaze of the thousand!

But against this craving, which belongs to our little KIRRY, (to whom did it ever not belong?) come up again the home attachments; not all confined to that old mansion, which has so long borne up the very respectable name of BODGERS. Indeed, those attachments are very wide-spread.

I do not at all mean to say that little KIRRY was at this particular time the victim of any very tender passion; I should be very sorry to think it. Nor do I mean to say that she imagined herself such victim; she would certainly never allow it. And yet it is quite surprising how actual parting does discover a great many little meandering off-shoots of affection, whose extent, or presence even, we had never before imagined.

Nothing but positive removal will expose the multiplied fibrous tendrils by which a plant clings to its natal place; and, sadly enough, it often happens in the same way, that our lesser affections never come fairly into view, with their whole bigness, until they are broken.

There never was a country-girl, I fancy, verging on seventeen, with eyes one half so bright as KIRRY's, or a complexion one half so tell-tale, or



with such fine net-work of veins to braid their blue tissues on the temple, without counting up divers of what the French call *affaires du cœur*. And these matters are recorded, for the most part, by withered nose-gays, silk-netted purses, embroidered slippers, and moonlight walks. If there be any one devoid of such experiences, she must be very much colder-blooded than my little coz KITTY.

At least such is my opinion; an opinion corroborated, I do not doubt, by Mr. HARRY FLINT, one time student, and now attorney, of Newtown. The name is, or was, familiar to KITTY. I have seen her blush at the bare mention of it; which fact she will strenuously deny.

The heart of seventeen is, however, a very uncertain, capricious heart. Its loves are, for the most part, sentimental impulses. It has no fair knowledge of its own strength. So it was, that though KITTY had sometime felt a little tremor at a touch of HARRY'S hand, and had looked with rather approving eyes upon a certain honest and ruddy face which he was in the habit of wearing, and had accepted his protection, on certain occasions, against such lurking assassins as are apt to prow! about village walks of an evening; and although, all things considered, she preferred him to the majority of people—out of her own family—she had never fancied there was any special depth, or indeed measurable capacity of any sort, about her feeling; and was half frightened to find how big a space he filled in the blank of separation.

As for HARRY FLINT, it would be wise for him to keep by his law, and forget as soon as possible a country-girl, on the eve of a city life. She will be very apt to forget him. I would advise him to put the embroidered slippers, which he now cherishes like two objects of vertu, to daily and secular use. And as for the pressed flowers in his prayer-book, (which he is shy of lending,) it would be well to transfer them to his herbarium, if they possess botanical value, and not to trust to any other value whatever.

A boy at twenty has no more right to be in love than so young a girl as my little coz. Nothing more than sentiment belongs to that age, between which and affection there lies a vast difference. There are plenty of people without the latter in any bulk, who class them both together. Such people are proper subjects of pity. Sentiment is febrile and impulsive. Affection is continuous and progressive. Hurt sentiment shocks prodigiously; but hurt affection cuts like a sword-blade.

The sentiment that dwelt in KITTY bound her to many things, and many people—HARRY FLINT among the rest. Affection dwelt more at home: and it glowed very deeply as she lingered there (I know how it must have been) upon the bosom of her dearest friend, struggling to say, what she could not say with a firm lip—'Good-bye, mother.'

I can imagine even my friend Mr. BODGERS in his long surtout, putting his yellow silk handkerchief once or twice to his eyes, under the foul pretence of blowing his nose, and saying very briskly, 'Pogh, pogh!' Nay, he has tried to hum a short tune, and walked to the window to observe the weather, without, however, making any observation at all. He has positively taken up a book from the parlor-table, and seems for a moment interested in it, notwithstanding he holds it upside down.

At a little lull, however, Mr. BODGERS gains courage, and begs KITTY

to 'cheer up,' and be a 'brave girl,' and fumbles his cornelian watch-key in a very impatient manner.

Still KITTY lingers, and the mother clasps her tightly.

A six months' or a year's parting between mother and daughter is surely no great affair: and yet a lurking, vague presentiment of change, accident, alienation, will sometimes make it full of meaning. Beside, the mother was alone; KITTY the only mortal to love; life was full of change. And with KITTY, too, the great city she had hoped to see dwindles now; so small, so insignificant is the world of objects, when measured by the world of affection. With this feeling rushing on her suddenly, and with one of those swift soul-measurements of time and life which the overwrought heart will sometimes call up, she forgets her little scheme of pleasure, and she will stay in her own home; she will not quit it—ever!

'Bless me,' says Mr. BODGERS, 'KITTY, child—Mrs. FLEMING, dear me—KIT—pshaw—psh'—— Mr. BODGERS is taken with a slight turn of coughing, which we would hardly have looked for in a man of such perfect health.

It is curious how a mother's resolution will grow with necessity; and just now it spread a calmness over the mother's action that availed more than all the 'pshawing' and 'bless me's' that TRUMAN BODGERS ever uttered.

And Mrs. FLEMING spoke very firmly, all the more firmly because so very gently.

'KITTY, my dear, you will go: I wish it. You will enjoy it, KITTY; you will improve, I am sure. Then you will write me, KITTY, very often; and you will see your cousins, and will come and see us again in the summer. Kiss me good-bye, KITTY.'

'Good-bye, mother,' falteringly.

And Mr. BODGERS buttoned his long surtout, and gathered up his umbrella; and with KITTY clinging to his arm, and looking back, they left her home together.

I could have spared this scene; but pray have not the FUDGES and BODGERSES as good a right to such little show of feeling as any of the DE LANCEYS, or the HOWARDS?

And there were village girls outside, to say, 'Good-bye, KITTY;' and there were old servants and poor women, who had felt her kindness, to say, 'God bless you, KITTY!' And there were boys who took off their caps, with a kind of cheerful mourning, to bow a farewell; and others, older and less cheerful, to wave a hat sorrowfully, and after that a handkerchief persistently, and with a slow, saddened action, that must have taught KITTY that a great many people loved her.

And the trees braided fantastic shadows along the old village walks, where recollection went walking yet. And the hills stooped kindly to the blue sky, in silent, sad greeting; and the belting woods far away, east and west, trailed autumn wreaths of gay colors along either side the road by which KITTY went away from her village home.

It may be that Mr. BODGERS thought regretfully of what joys had been cast from him and lost for ever, as he watched the sad, earnest face of his little protégée, lingering yet with her eye upon the vanishing town. It may be that the hope of some warmer feeling overtook him,

as he felt her impassioned grasp of his arm, as she clung to him, while her thought wandered before her into the strange scenes they were approaching.

As for HARRY FLINT, working at his tasks, it would be hard to say what thoughts came over him when he knew that she who had lighted up a good many fairy dreams of his was gone where a thousand objects would arrest her regard; and where the modest country-girl would become such mistress of the forms and fashions of the city as would blunt all the force of his homely and honest affection.

The poets have been wont to liken the twin growth of a happy marriage to the vine clambering around an oak; but if the boldness will be pardoned me, it seems a better disposition of the figure to liken the delicate tendrils of the vine to the beautiful, yet shadowy *thoughts* of some loved object, which, though not in actual possession, yet plays around the heart of a man with most beguiling touch, and braids itself with every vision of labor: which haunts the nights, and gives a halo to the morning: which dimly, and sweetly, before yet the affections have claimed full return, revels in the spirit, and leads off all the courage and the hopes of life.

I will not say, because I cannot say, how much of this experience had dwelt in the mind of a certain ruddy-faced young gentleman, who was very much less ruddy than usual on the morning of KIRRY's leave. But supposing this experience to be true of him, I think my reader will imagine that his heart was very sore; and that all the brightness which he had twisted into the warp of his study, and which had blazoned his courage and his hope, was suddenly torn out.

It would be very absurd in him to think any farther of the city belle; of course it would. He will doubtless forget her in six months; of course he will.

MR. BODGERS, (HARRY FLINT would give all his patrimony to be in his place,) sitting very trimly in his long surtout beside KIRRY, meditates pleasantly upon the prospect of that admiration which he knows must belong to his little protégée. There never was an old country-gentleman, with a pretty kinswoman, who did not feel perfectly satisfied that such kinswoman would be excessively admired in the city, and become, as it were by necessity, one of the reigning divinities. Such old gentlemen are, it is true, frequently mistaken; New-York being a large place, and there being an incredible number of well-looking women distributed over it, of almost every age and condition.

As for KIRRY, her thoughts ranged very widely; sometimes floating over the new scenes and new companions, and again jumping back, by a kind of electric action, to the old and cherished friends she had left behind. In evidence of the last, KIRRY did now and then, notwithstanding the homely encouragement of Mr. BODGERS, drop a low sigh.

'None of that; pray don't, KIRRY. They'll treat you well. They are pleasant old girls.'

This sounded to KIRRY disrespectful.

'They'll give you a storm of kisses; they don't often have a chance of that kind.'

Mr. BODGERS chuckled slightly at his own shrewdness.

'And, KITTY,' (Mr. BODGERS spoke in a fatherly manner,) 'be careful of your heart.'

KITTY looked archly at him.

'Plenty of butterflies will be flitting about you. Take care of them; they've no brains.'

KITTY looked disappointed.

'They carry all they're worth upon their backs.'

KITTY looked surprised.

'And by the by, KITTY, where's your little purse?'

'Full, Sir; ten dollars in it at least,' very promptly.

Mr. BODGERS smiled; but whether at KITTY's *naïveté*, or at thought of doing a good deed, I do not know.

'Hand it to me, KITTY.'

And KITTY drew out a very thin *porte-monnaie*, with certain letters scratched upon it, which she kept out of sight.

Mr. BODGERS thrust in a small roll of bills.

'Uncle TRUMAN!' said KITTY, but in such an eager, kind way as tempted him to search in his pocket for another roll.

'Be prudent, KITTY; and let me know when it's gone.'

KITTY hesitated, with her eyes glistening in a most bewitching way.

'No nonsense, KITTY; I'm an old fellow, you know. I've no use for money—no wife, you know;' and there was a dash of tender regret in this.

KITTY took the purse, and laying it down in her lap, placed her little hand in the stout hand of Mr. BODGERS.

'You are so good to me, Uncle TRUMAN!'

'Nonsense, KITTY!' and Mr. BODGERS coughed again, very much as he had coughed in the little parlor of Newtown.

The wind was fresh, and perhaps he had taken cold.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTH.

#### HOW THE FUDGES WORSHIP.

'A very heathen in her carnal part,  
Yet still a sad, good Christian at the heart!'

POPE.

I BEG to return to Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. The reader will not have forgotten her. It is not easy to forget her. She is in her pew, within the brilliant church of the esteemed Dr. MUDDLETON. The parti-colored light plays very happily: the pink reflection upon herself, the blue upon WILHELMINA, and a dark shadow upon the scanty-haired pate of SOLOMON FUDGE, late mayor, bank-director, and vestryman.

The church is a brilliant one, and, by virtue of the coloring within and without, creates the illusion of a gigantic hot-bed, in which the velvets, plumes, and gauzes figure as chrysanthemums, orange-flowers, and azalias; and the Reverend Doctor, in his modest *soutane*, accomplishes the gardener—who applies the steam, and who, with rare nicety of judgment, secures such an even and gentle atmosphere as quickens the vital succulence, and promotes to an enormous extent all floral development.

The Doctor, however, does not *pluck* his flowers—save only in a spiritual sense.

Equipages abound at the church-door: some from a long distance—for save fatigue; and some from a short distance—for other reasons.

The Doctor has advanced some distance in his discourse. ‘Mea dear hearers,’ he says, ‘leife is a fleiting bubble—deancing in the sun-beagms, pleaying upon the waves! It is fuall of emptiness—eall is vanity! Elas, mea hearers, that we might take the lesson to heart; and that the sweet and wheolesome doctrines of Dyvine inscription might geuide us in the weay of truth, in order theat by holy baptism—which is the new birrth—we meight live righteously. Sin, mea hearers, lies not so much in bead action as in bead thoughts; and the sprinkling which purifies, and the seacrament which joins us to holiness, when administered by a weorthy teacher of the Holy Catholic Cheurch, do make and constitute your only and seolitary heope!’

(God forbid that I should quote irreverently any honest teaching o religion; but there do overtake us from time to time such extravagances of doctrine as are only to be answered by a—FUDGE!)

Mrs. FUDGE is not, I regret to say, over-attentive to the discourse of Dr. MUDDLETON; on the contrary, she is thinking intently of GEO. WASH. FUDGE, and of the JENKINES. I will not say that proper thoughts have been wholly out of her mind. She has meditated upon the pleasing intonations of the Doctor; has indulged in agreeable speculations upon the quiet and repose of the church-services. Nay, she has pitied Miss SCROGGINS, who has a seat behind the column; has indulged in a compassionate regard for the Miss SLINGSBYS, who have uncommonly sharp noses, and for Mrs. SCRUBBS, whose daughter has made a run-away match with a poor man.

Mrs. FUDGE has gone even farther: she has determined to give her blue watered silk (having seen one precisely similar upon the person of old Mrs. GOSLING) to her waiting-maid. She has made her responses in a reverent tone; she has mused with half-closed eyes upon the nicety of Faith and Religion; she has experienced a cheerful glow in her spirits, and feels proud and happy that a comfortable doctrine can diffuse such charity and contentment over her somewhat ambitious life. The old-fashioned Baptist ministrations were sometimes annoying: Dr. MUDDLETON, dear, good man, is never annoying. She wonders if he is engaged to dine on Thursday; and if he likes a *filet—au sauce piquante*, or served plain!

From all this, however, as the Doctor progresses, her reflections warp, as I have said, to a consideration of GEO. WASH. FUDGE, now in Paris, and of the JENKINES. She wonders who the JENKINES are? She has asked several friends. Her friends do not know the JENKINES. Still, it is quite possible that the JENKINES are—somebody.

She figures to herself GEO. WASHINGTON, the husband of a rich and elegant Miss JENKINS—living in style—giving small, *recherchés* dinner-parties—sprinkled with foreign guests—spoken of in the Sunday papers—highly fashionable. She portrays to herself Miss JENKINS in very glowing colors. She murmurs to herself, ‘Mrs. GEO. WASHINGTON JENKINS—FUDGE.’



She pictures to herself her dear WASH. in plaid tights, with an eye-glass, and Paris hat, and short stick set off with an opera-dancer's leg, and a large budget of charms, and brilliant waistcoat, and moustache. She fancies him the envy of all the stylish mammas about town; half the stylish young ladies dying for love of him. She fancies him very carelessly winning some literary consideration—writing sonnets as if they were beneath him—patronizing poor 'penny-a-liners,' or possibly himself the suspected author of that magnificent poem, *The New Dido*!

Then there is WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. Mrs. FUDGE has reason to be grateful to PROVIDENCE for such a daughter. She is showy. Mrs. FUDGE, with matronly solicitude, has put her through an unexceptionable course of French phrases and pantalets. WILHELMINA is positively beginning to startle attention. There were certainly fears for a time; but WILHELMINA *is*, as I said, become an object of remark. Her hat alone would insure it. Miss LAWSON, in that hat, has outdone herself; and, strange as it may seem, has outdone her usual prices. Miss LAWSON—for a wonder—has exerted herself.

WILHELMINA has not a bad face: not indeed so tell-tale, or so wrought over with blue veins, as her cousin KITTY'S; but it is even better adapted to the work on hand. It is a striking face; her eyes are not tender, but good-colored, and well cultivated. Her figure is firm, tall, and jaunty; her hand not over-small, but reduced considerably by CHAUCERELLE'S gloving.

It is my opinion that Mrs. FUDGE bears her daughter considerable affection, especially in Sunday trim. It is my opinion that WILHELMINA bears her mother considerable affection, especially in view of the tempting baits which Mrs. FUDGE holds out to fashionable young men.

It would be interesting to notice the proud glances which Mrs. FUDGE, in the intervals of Sunday reflection, throws upon WILHELMINA'S hat, or her glove, or the exceeding pretty fit of her basque waist. Mrs. FUDGE only regrets that more eyes do not see it than her own. She fairly pines at the thought that such charms should not be doing execution upon the susceptible and highly advantageous young SPINDLE—son of the wealthy SPINDLE. WILHELMINA, by request, appears entirely unaware of her mother's enraptured glances.

I have said that WILHELMINA had admirers. They are not, however, very acceptable to Mrs. FUDGE. Mrs. FUDGE is ambitious—very. So is WILHELMINA.

Mrs. FUDGE has not spent her life, and money, and affection, (wasted upon SOLOMON,) for nothing. WILHELMINA is not to be thrown away—not she. An old clerk of her father's—a sensible young man in other respects—has sent repeated bouquets to WILHELMINA. Mrs. FUDGE condemns them to the basement. A small one, however, from BOBBY PEMBERTON, (eighteen last March,) with card attached, holds place upon the parlor table up to a very withered maturity.

As for Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, during this service, he exercises most praiseworthy attention; and shows such engrossment of thought—either in Dauphin or Doctrine—as is highly exemplary.

He commends and admires Dr. MUDDLETON, as a respectable and sound man, of healthy doctrine and unimpeachable character. He considers

these opinions safe, and they bound his religious ideas. Dr. MUDDLETON does not give up his desk to begging agents, or any enthusiastic declaimers. Mr. FUDGE does not trouble himself to inquire into the merits of any such haranguers—not he. He chooses to let well enough alone; and well enough in Christian matters seems to be written all over the person of Dr. MUDDLETON. His surplice, robe, manner and all seem to him the very incarnation of a good catholic faith. Indeed, an expression of opinion to this effect, to the clerical gentleman himself—when Mr. FUDGE was a little maudlin with wine—met with no opposition on Dr. MUDDLETON's part.

Mr. FUDGE is satisfied; Dr. MUDDLETON is satisfied; and for aught I know or believe, the Devil is satisfied.

I am aware that these remarks are not in a fashionable vein. Fashion does not recognize intensity, either in faith or manner. I should say that intensity, either in preaching, conversation, or habit, was vulgar and low-lived.

In religion, it certainly is.

Presumptuous, wild people might picture to themselves a better livelihood and habit for Mrs. FUDGE, daughter, son, and husband. They might imagine that a quiet modesty, charitable disposition, a careless submission to such superiority as Fashion bestows, a cultivation of the refinements rather than the enormities of life, might lend them more dignity, humanity, and contentment. This, however, is a prejudice of education.

I am myself of opinion that, with proper humility, forbearance, quietude, and charity, Mrs. SOLOMON might gain a more odorous name; nay, I am inclined to believe that she might rise to the distinction of worth and of respectability. And as for WILHELMINA, if her education ran to the perfecting of her parts for the duties of a quiet, modest, sensible housewife, I really think she might, by due self-denial, gain that eminence.

I have by no means introduced this chapter for the sake of making a homily upon life or religion. Nothing was farther from my thought. It shows how unpractised writers betray themselves into irrelevant matter, and lose sight of the burden of their story.

I presented Mrs. FUDGE at church, merely for the sake of noting a single incident, which has thus far wholly escaped me. I now offer it in my best manner.

Mrs. FUDGE, reflecting upon her improved prospects, felicitating herself upon the effect of WILHELMINA's hat, and casting comparative glances around the very populous pews, suddenly caught a glimpse of a young gentleman whose appearance excited her keenest interest.

Mrs. FUDGE abruptly closed her prayer-book; moved her face inadvertently out of the range of the crimson reflection from the window; absolutely crushed the lace edging of her *mouchoir*; and showed altogether the same kind of forgetfulness of her daughter and prospects, which many feeble-minded persons experience at church—for a wholly different reason.

I shall reserve a description of this gentleman, and the reason of Mrs. FUDGE's extraordinary action, for the next chapter.

## T H E   D A R K   V A L L E Y .

## I.

In the dim and misty valley,  
Where the sunbeams never stray ;  
Where the gloomy pine and hemlock  
Intercept the sunny ray,  
Throwing on the emerald velvet  
Heavy shadows, dark and gray :

## II.

Where the merry breezes, sporting  
With the pine-trees' scaly cone,  
Laugh not to the azure heavens,  
But along the branches moan,  
Like some weary heart that wanders  
Through the dark, cold world, alone :

## III.

Where the trembling brooklet murmurs  
In the still and silent glade,  
Shrinking from the giant shadows  
That upon its waters played,  
Hurrying on from wood to meadow,  
Half rejoiced and half afraid :

## IV.

There within the darkest shadow,  
Where the wind is never still,  
But in deeper tones is wailing  
For bright stream and sunny hill,  
All alone in dim, dark forests,  
Stands the gray and ancient mill.

## V.

And the gloomy pines around it  
Sigh in utter solitude,  
And awake the mournful echoes  
Of the spectre-haunted wood ;  
Then the dreary tones are shouted  
From each cave and cavern rude.

## VI.

There the foaming streamlet's waters  
Fling on high their snowy spray,  
And around the heavy mill-gates  
Murmur sadly all the day,  
Longing for the flowery meadows  
Where the rippling waters play.

## VII.

All around is dark and dreary,  
And a gloomy twilight rolls,  
Cloud-like, over hill and valley,  
Like the mists o'er human souls ;  
Mists that hide the symbols written  
On the sky's celestial scrolls.

## VIII.

In that silent, breathless darkness,  
In the shadow of those pines,  
Crowned with wreaths of woodland flowers,  
One bright sunbeam sports and shines,  
Frightening e'en the misty phantoms  
From their mystic, moss-grown shrines.

## IX.

Beauteous light from sunny tresses  
Gleams upon the sparkling water ;  
Silver ripples, that through forest  
And through flowery meads had sought her,  
Plash their creamy snow-flakes round her,  
Round LUCILLE, the miller's daughter.

## X.

From the withered leaves, the flowers  
Look into her face and smile,  
And like angels all about her,  
In the forest's fretted aisle,  
Gay-winged birdlings flutter round her,  
Screening her from harm and guile.

## XI.

All things love her ; e'en the great oaks  
Stretch like arms their branches out,  
And the elm, the forest giant,  
Trails his drooping boughs about ;  
To her ringing, bird-like carols,  
Green-wood echoes answering shout.

## XII.

So, in this dark vale of shadows,  
As we grope adown the years,  
When our hearts are full of sadness,  
When our eyes are dim with tears,  
And we shrink from dusky spectres,  
Unreal phantoms of our fears :

## XIII.

Let us, then, this truth remember:  
There's no shade without a light;  
And though darkness hangs about us,  
Yet it is not always night:  
Soon from out the eastern ocean  
Rosy morn will break in sight.

## XIV.

There's a bright LUCILLE that wanders  
In our darkest, dimmest aisle,  
And the shadows start affrighted  
From the sunlight of her smile,  
Dying out like clouds of incense  
In some gray cathedral pile.

## XV.

When the pall and narrow dwelling  
Scatter on our hearts their gloom;  
When the desolate world around us  
Seems a sepulchre and tomb,  
And the lovely flowers we cherished  
On the earth no longer bloom:

## XVI.

If we then would lift our spirits  
From the depths of their despair,  
We should find our strength sufficient  
For the easy yoke we bear;  
We should see that these afflictions  
Shining robes of blessings wear.

## XVII.

Why think heaven far-off and distant?  
Why from our weak, feeble sight,  
Say that those pure, crystal gate-ways  
Of the blessed land of light  
Are for ever veiled and hidden  
By the mists of DEATH's dark night?

## XVIII.

Surely they lie all about us;  
'Tis our senses that are dim;  
So we cannot see, like JACOB,  
Cherubim and seraphim;  
So we cannot hear the eternal  
Music of the seraphs' hymn.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER: pp. 271. Boston: LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

OF the nine original papers which, in connection with three briefer 'Critical Notices,' make up the contents of the present number of 'The North-American,' we have found leisure to read but four; and these, we confess, rather from the seeming attractiveness, in the first instance, of their titles. The entire articles, in their order, are: 'The Condition and Prospects of Canada;' 'THIERS's History of the Consulate and the Empire;' 'DANA's Geology of the Exploring Expedition;' 'Scottish Queens and English Princesses;' 'DENNETTOUN's Dukes of URBINO;' 'DE QUINCEY's Writings;' 'The Future of Labor;' 'Dwellings and Schools for the Poor;' 'QUINCY's History of Boston,' and the 'Critical Notices.' We first read the article upon AGNES STRICKLAND's 'Queens of Scotland,' and found it an admirable synopsis of that very interesting volume, which may be commended to all interested in the eventful deeds of Scottish history, and in Scotland's eminent historical characters. The paper upon the 'Writings of DE QUINCEY' next attracted us. It is written *con amore*, and with an evident knowledge of his subject, on the part of the writer; but, save in a few brilliant exceptions, we cannot but think the later writings of the English opium-eater have been very greatly over-rated. Let any faithful critic of DE QUINCEY observe how woefully verbose he is at times; how he 'beats the bush' for imaginative game, which do not repay the winning; and how his thoughts go off at a tangent, following nothing, and arriving at less; and it will be found that he is a bad precedent, with all his occasional brilliancy, for any young writer to follow. That we admire many of DE QUINCEY's better writings, the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER have borne abundant testimony. His 'Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts,' for example, particularly the first part, is in his very best vein, and long since received due honor in these pages. In his 'Literary Reminiscences,' also, are several rare sketches. His summing up of LAMB's 'festive' character is especially felicitous: 'He was joyous, radiant with wit and frolic, mounting with the sudden motion of a rocket into the highest heaven of outrageous fun and absurdity; then bursting into a fiery shower of puns, chasing syllables with the agility of a squirrel bounding among the trees, or a cat pursuing its own tail; but in the midst of all this stormy gayety, he never said or did any thing that could, by possibility, wound or annoy. The sensibility of his organization was so exquisite, that effects which travel by separate stages with most other men, in him fled along the nerves with the velocity of light.' 'Dwellings and Schools

for the Poor' is a well-considered and well-written article, with illustrative plans and elevations of 'model-houses' for families in London. The notice of BANCROFT's History, in the 'Critical Notices,' mentions one defect which it may be hoped that work will 'live down;' namely, that it is too national, and too strongly infused with love and admiration of our own country. Hear the reviewer. He is speaking of Mr. BANCROFT's earlier volumes: 'His manner had one signal excellence, which would have atoned for many faults; it was never feeble, prosy, or dull. One other quality it had, which contributed largely to the success of the work, though we are not sure that it will add to its merits in the estimation of posterity. It was animated throughout by a fervid spirit of patriotism; a love of country too exalted to be discriminating, and an admiration of the American polity, which would brook no limitations and admit of no defects, colored his pages so highly, that the historian seemed to give place to the eulogist, and the leading personages of the story to be uniformly represented as saints or heroes.' But on the whole, the present is a very fair number of our time-honored and chief Quarterly.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY ARSENE HOUSSAYE. In two volumes. pp. 450. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

THIS is a capital book. The author presents us with a series of lively and brilliant sketches of the principal philosophers, poets, painters, musicians, and beauties who figured in France during the reign of Louis XV. With the political history of France during that epoch, with the great battles and treaties, with the disasters that attended her arms and deprived her of her colonial empire, most persons are acquainted; but the social habits of her people, their modes of thought and manner of life, are known to few save the historical student, who has the time and patience to wade through the voluminous *mémoires pour servir*. A book which should furnish such information to the general reader has long been a desideratum, and this desideratum is admirably supplied by the volumes before us, which unite the *utile* of history with the *dulce* of romance. The author's principal sources of information are the aforesaid memoirs, and the correspondence and journals of the day; but he sometimes drew his information from other and more interesting sources. 'I put in operation,' he tells us, 'another species of study. Every time I met in the world a man or a woman of the eighteenth century, I tried to read with open book their recollections.' How well he has availed himself of this means of information, may be seen in the article on DORAT. Thanks to M. HOUSSAYE, we are no longer compelled to gaze upon the great men of the eighteenth century in the statuesque attitude of historical personages. We are admitted to all the privileges of contemporaries; we have the *entrée* of the literary salons; we are permitted to behold the field-marschals, the poets, and the painters, who have laid aside their batons, their pens, and their palettes, to listen to the bon-mot and repartee, the sparkling wit of PIRON, FONTENELLE, and RIVAROL. A charming society it is; and we doubt not the reader will derive both amusement and instruction from an acquaintance with the 'Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century.' We cannot forbear paying a merited compliment to the publisher. The volumes are 'gotten up' in elegant style, in regard both to typography and binding; and each volume is adorned with a beautiful portrait, the 'counterfeit presentments' of Louis le bien aimé and Madame de POMPADOUR.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE HOME CIRCLE. In paper covers: price Twenty-five Cents. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS library is to compose a regular periodical issue, with 'good paper, good print, in a pocketable form, and for the library.' The publisher promises 'books that are worth reading and worth preserving, and a large amount of reading for a small price.' Mr. PUTNAM commences his selections well. He gives us 'Home and Social Philosophy,' entertaining and instructive chapters on everyday topics from DICKENS's 'Household Words;' THOMAS HOOD's amusing 'Whimsicalities,' illustrated by numerous wood-cuts; 'The World Here and There,' edited by DICKENS; 'HOOD'S OWN,' selected papers; 'Home Narratives,' edited by CHARLES DICKENS; 'A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway,' translated from the German by CHARLOTTE FENNIMORE COOPER; and 'Up the Rhine,' in two volumes, by THOMAS HOOD. We see announced, also, as 'in preparation,' a great variety of other works, of an attractive character, if one may judge from the titles, and the names and reputation of the authors. Of these we shall take appropriate notice hereafter.

THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Arranged under the Direction of the Hon. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State. By E. B. O'CALLAGHAN, M. D. In two volumes, large Quarto. pp. 1257. WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY, Public Printers, Albany.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of an old friend and correspondent, Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, Secretary of State, for a copy of these two remarkable volumes; remarkable for the thoroughness of research, the completeness of detail, which they exhibit, and for the admirable arrangement of the author, by which the whole history of the Empire State, beginning at the very earliest period, passes consecutively before the reader as in a moving panorama; wherein figure all its great characters, red and white; and wherein are developed and set forth all the great facts which had their influence in making the State what she is—the pride and glory of the Union. That portion of the first volume which embodies the early Indian history, possesses the interest of a romance; while the illustrative engravings, copies of rude aboriginal art, give an additional zest to portions of the text. Very quaint and rare are the papers in the second volume, relating to Lieutenant-Governor LEISLER's administration; the manuscripts of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON are replete with interest; and the paper on 'Early Steam-Navigation' is alone worth the price of the work, if, indeed, it be for sale, of which we are not advised. The first volume is enriched by a map of 'New-Belgium,' (now New-York,) and a part of New-England. In point of time, it is the third oldest map extant of the province, having been preceded by only two Dutch maps, one in 1616, and the other in 1618. Beside other old and rare maps, pictures of Indian totems, etc., the first volume contains several of the earliest views and military plans of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, boundary-lines between the whites and Indians in 1768, etc., etc. The second volume is still richer in illustrations of a more finished kind; steel engravings, giving the earliest views of SACKETT'S Harbor and New-York; a portrait of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON; a great variety of interesting maps and military plans; plans and pictures of RUMSEY'S and FITCH'S first steam-boats; with two superb views of the upper and lower falls of the Genesee, then called 'Casconchiagon,' or 'Little Seneca's River;' a

sketch of Buffalo, etc., etc. The volumes do great credit to the author; the type is large and clear, and well impressed; *but*, we could wish that the paper had been better. What an improvement it would have been to the volumes, had they appeared upon such paper as the English public volumes are printed upon!—of a good color and firm body.

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APPLETON'S POPULAR LIBRARY OF THE BEST AUTHORS. Essays from the 'London Times,' and HUE'S Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE liberal and enterprising publishers, from whose old-established house these volumes reach us, have proceeded with their accustomed judgment in their selections for the popular series commenced as above. The papers from the '*London Times*,' unquestionably the ablest daily journal in the world, are chosen with marked discrimination. We have first a full and faithful private history of 'Lord NELSON and Lady HAMILTON,' an article no less remarkable for its style than for its condensation of historical facts; while of other personal papers, we have 'LOUIS PHILIPPE and his Family,' 'HOWARD, the Philanthropist,' ROBERT SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE; DEAN SWIFT, STELLA and VANESSA; 'JOHN KEATS' and 'FRANCIS CHANTREY.' Aside from these, are articles upon 'Railway Novels,' the 'Drama of the French Revolution,' 'Sporting in Africa,' and 'Ancient Egypt.' All these papers illustrate topics of a permanent biographical and historical interest, and while they exhibit a variety of treatment, are models of their class. The whole is mainly a reprint from a work issued by MURRAY, the eminent London publisher. The second of the above-named selections is a reprint of a translation from the French, published by LONGMAN in London; the eventful story of a long journey and circuit of Chinese Tartary, performed by a Roman Catholic missionary and his assistant. 'On their route every where is novelty, danger, and excitement; fresh scenery, fresh adventure, with religious rites, and manners and customs, now for the first time fully described, and which appeal not only to the general love of intelligence, but to a love of the marvellous also.'

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LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY: with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord COCKBURN. In two volumes. Volume First. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

WE simply mention the publication of this very interesting work at this time, having neither the leisure nor the space to do justice to its merits in the present number. It will receive adequate notice hereafter. We can only make present room for JEFFREY's opinion of DICKENS's 'Christmas Carol,' expressed in a letter to the author: 'We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine *goodness* which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the CRATCHETTS is like the dream of a beneficent angel, in spite of its broad reality; and little *Tiny Tim*, in life and death, almost as sweet and as touching as NELLY. You should be happy, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom, since Christmas, 1842.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A FEW MORE FABLES. —It won't take the reader a great while to discover the satire couched in the '*Fables*' which ensue. In these days of political conventions and keenly-contested legal trials, they have an especial interest. But what a cutting rebuff that is which is given by the Ass to Æsop, in the last example! We have seldom seen any editorial thrust among our contemporaries that was *quite* so severe, although we have remarked not a few that somewhat resembled it:

### *Paucum plus Fabularum: or a Few More Fables.*

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BY GILBERT SPHINK: MASTER OF ARTS, PROFESSOR OF THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES, DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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#### FABULA I.

##### THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE MOON AFTER THE LATE ECLIPSE.

A MONTH or two ago, the moon suffered a total eclipse. Thereat the Man in the Moon was highly indignant, and considered what course he should adopt to prevent a repetition of the injury to the orb of which he is sole proprietor and inhabitant. 'I think,' said he, 'that I will hold a large and enthusiastic meeting, and pass resolutions on the subject, and see what effect that will have.'

So he posted in the most conspicuous places of the Moon large hand-bills, which exhorted himself to assemble on the following night, to take into consideration 'the late unwarrantable aggressions of the mother-planet.'

In obedience to this call, the Man in the Moon mustered at the time appointed, and made a speech to himself of such overpowering eloquence, that he unanimously adopted the resolutions which he had drawn up for the occasion. The following is a copy of the proceedings of the convention:

'At a meeting of the Man in the Moon, held on the twenty-first day of March, 1852, he called himself to the chair, and, after a stirring and patriotic speech, adopted the following resolutions, amidst tremendous enthusiasm:

'RESOLVED: That the conduct of the Earth in eclipsing this free and independent orb on the night of the last instimo, was outrageous, flagrant, mean, and pusillanimous.

'RESOLVED: That if it is repeated, this orb will nullify, and go off on its own hook.

'RESOLVED: That the thanks of this convention be presented to the chairman for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over its deliberations.'

What will be the effect of these resolutions I am unable to say; but I will remark as a significant, a *highly* significant circumstance, that there has not been a total eclipse of the moon since.

#### MORAL.

I HOPE that those learned gentlemen who make almanacs will learn from this fable how wicked it is in them to get up so many eclipses, merely for the sake of selling their incendiary publications. It has been said that the convention spoken of above was 'packed,' but that is not true. The Man in the Moon would scorn to pack a convention.



FABULA II.

THE RULING OF MR. JUSTICE BRUIN IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VS. LUPUS.

A HORRID villain of a wolf was tried for the murder of a sheep before Mr. Justice BRUIN, the distinguished Nisi Prius Judge, who was then holding Oyer and Terminer in one of the back counties. An OWL was sworn on the part of the people. 'Mr. OWL,' said Attorney-General BADGER, 'did the prisoner at the bar kill the said sheep?'

'He did,' said the witness OWL, who was a very nice, orthodox old owl.

'How do you know that he did?' asked Mr. Attorney-General.

'Because, Sir,' said Mr. OWL, 'I saw him at the very time *when* he did.'

'Scoundrel!' muttered the Judge, noting the testimony in his minutes; 'scoundrel! kill a poor sheep: he shall hang like a dog. Is there any testimony in behalf of the prisoner, Mr. VULPIN?'

'There is, your honor,' replied Mr. FOX, who was counsel for the prisoner. 'I shall produce a most respectable and pious gentleman, whose testimony will effectually free my client from the charge which is made against him. Crier, call the Reverend Mr. BLOODYJAWS.'

The Reverend Mr. BLOODYJAWS being thereupon called, came forth. This 'respectable and pious' witness was a black wolf, with a countenance of extraordinary sanctity.

'Mr. BLOODYJAWS,' said Mr. FOX, 'did the prisoner at the bar kill the said sheep?'

'No, Sir,' said the witness, 'he did not.'

'How do you know that he did not?' said Mr. FOX.

'Because,' replied the witness, 'I saw him at the very time *when* he did n't.'

'I object, may it please the court, to this evidence,' said the Attorney-General.

'The evidence may go to the Jury,' said the Judge, after the point had been discussed, 'because, if it be true that the witness saw the wolf at the very time when he *did n't* kill the sheep, it follows that the prisoner cannot be guilty; especially if the day when he *did n't* kill the sheep was after the day when he *did*.'

M O R A L.

THIS fable illustrates a legal point which has never before had the benefit of a judicial construction, to my knowledge. Mr. HOWARD is entirely welcome to insert it in his Practice Reports, if he wishes to do so.

FABULA III.

THE ASS WHO WROTE A FABLE.

AN Ass once complained that he had been greatly injured by Æsop, having been held up before the eyes of all mankind as the most ridiculous of animals. 'But I will be revenged,' said he, 'for I will write a fable myself, in which Æsop shall appear to be a very ridiculous man, and the Ass to be an animal of great wisdom and attainments.' He therefore wrote the following fable:

'The Sarcastic Ass.

THE Ass, that wise and learned animal, sat one day in his study writing a Treatise on the Human Mind, and muttering to himself in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Polyglot languages. Somebody rang the door-bell. 'Solomon,' said this profound philosopher to his man, 'go open the door; and if my friends Baron HUME and ARISTOTLE are there, make your manners to them, and give 'em my compliments, and say that I'll be down directly: but if it's that Scotch deputation again, tell 'em that I positively cannot accept that Professorship in the Edinburgh University, and it will be of no use to urge me. I won't go. Set the dog on 'em, SOLOMON. They have kept me in a state of siege for three months.'

'SOLOMON went out, and presently returned, saying that old Dr. Æsop had called, and begged to see the illustrious Dr. ASSIOS.

'Show him in, SOLOMON,' said that learned animal; and as his servant again departed, he continued: 'I will take this opportunity to address Æsop in the most pungent and sarcastic manner, so that he will not be able ever to hold up his head again.'

'Good morning, Dr. Æsop,' said the Ass, as the scurrilous old Grecian entered the room.

'Good morning, Dr. ASSIOS,' said Æsop.

'Sir,' the Ass continued, 'how are you?'

'Tolerable,' said Æsop.

'Sir,' said the Ass, rising from his chair, and making use of his most sarcastic manner, 'how is your grandmother?'

M O R A L.

FROM this fable it may be seen that the Ass is not only an animal of astonishing wisdom, but that he is able to utter the most plithy and withering remarks whenever he chooses to do so. Æsop ought to have looked out how he fooled with such a witty personage, as he found out, in this instance, to his sorrow!

FLORAL. — We most cordially join in commending to metropolitan favor and patronage the beautiful enterprise whose character is set forth in the subjoined communication: 'England has every year a cluster of midsummer days, whose beauty is no where surpassed. There is a constant moisture in the atmosphere, which prevents the foliage from withering in the ardors of July and August, and which imparts to the English landscape that roundness and fulness of form, and richness of texture, to which America affords no parallel. It is this which justifies and occasions English pastoral poetry, which is so much more expressive and beautiful than that of any other nation save the Italian. Many of the finest passages in English verse — as you discover on some enchanted July day in the heart of Derbyshire or Worcestershire — are pure landscape-painting. This is especially remarkable, among recent poetry, in TENNYSON'S '*In Memoriam*,' where the coloring is as gorgeous and as natural as upon TURNER'S dazzling canvas. It is during these delicious days, whose beauty is so brief, that the horticultural displays take place in Regent's Park, and at Kew and Chiswick, just beyond London. There is no festival in the year more beautiful or more honored. It is the very flower and culmination of the English season.

'One bright morning in a recent summer I drove with friends at noon from London to Chiswick. The road was thronged with the gay phaëtons of the 'fast' gentry; the neat cabs of men of leisure and fashion; the slow-rolling dowager chariots, garnished with powdered and stolid-visaged coachmen, and tall, full-legged flunkeys; and the quiet cobs of grave men, trotting at a highly respectable rate toward the summer-palace of the Duke of Devonshire. Magnificent Chatsworth, also, is a mansion of this nobleman's, some four or five hours from London upon the rail-road, in Derbyshire, and of which Mr. DOWNING has given us the best account in his letters to *The Horticulturist*. Chiswick is a smaller spot, but it has the same thick, green foliage; sweeping, cloud-like, smooth lawns, whose surface yields more crisply and luxuriously to the foot than Persian carpets; the same glassy, dark streams, set in velvet verdure; the same winding paths; every where the same impression of a princely estate which for years had been held by princes. The green-houses were open, the graperies, and the gardens; aerial buildings had been thrown up to shelter the plants and fruits from the sun; and in one pavilion, separate and superb as a queen, was the miraculous lily, '*VICTORIA REGINA*,' owned by the Duke of Northumberland, and a very tropic in itself. Among these flowers, along the paths and upon the lawns, was constantly moving a crowd of all that was most famous in every department of London life: poets, painters, authors, gardeners, noblemen, and men and women of fashion. Children shouted and ran upon the grass, and looked longingly at the exquisite fruit, and, by their gay dresses and blithe frolic, completed the beauty of the scene.

'The practical result of all this is, the splendid fruit of England, and its rare and choice flowers. The gardener, whose time and skill have been devoted to rearing whatever is finest in its kind, comes to Chiswick, to Kew, or to Regent's Park, and challenges the world. Like the poetic tournament of the Minnesingers upon the Wartburg, these festivals are a tilt of flowers and fruit, at which every victor earns a fame of the utmost value to him in his profession. A movement of the same character has recently been commenced in New-York, in which not only the practical florists, but the gentlemen who own large estates near the

city, or who have conservatories in their town-houses, are interested. The list of members rapidly increases; their character and position certify the success of the enterprise; and the town will be enchanted in the early days of summer by an exhibition which will make Metropolitan Hall a palace of FLORA; a resort which will delay many feet already turned country-ward, and which will secure to those who cannot escape the city a brief vision of perfect summer. 'Who so base as not' to wish this aim success, to the amount of three dollars' worth, which is the annual subscription of members? None, surely; and to all the rest who will willingly and gladly secure the permanence of a Horticultural Society in New-York, be this line a leaf of rosemary for remembrance. 'Pray you, love, remember!'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Friends, *old* friends, let us impart a fond secret to you. We won't say that you 'mustn't let it go any farther,' because you can 'pass it on' as fast and as far as you like. There is in the press of the Messrs. APPLETONS a volume, to be speedily followed by another, entitled '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table: by L. Gaylord Clark.*' It has been prepared at the suggestion of many friends, the favorable judgment of several of whom would do honor to a far worthier literary project. During sixteen years, sitting alone or with company in the sanetum, or circulating in society, we have seen and heard much to awaken mirth, and felt much that has awakened tears. Looking back now upon these records, almost forgotten, we find that they seem new even to us, and the old emotions with which they were originally jotted down, come back again freshly upon us. Now any one man who feels and enjoys; who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears that *will* out and *must* have vent; such an one, it seems to us, is simply an epitome of the public. So thinking, and so hoping, we have gone back over the long, long period during which we have gossiped with our readers, and have segregated from our pages such passages as interested us most when we wrote them: and as there will be at least no lack of variety, and abundant contrast, we trust to be able to make our first humble 'venture' acceptable to readers generally. One thing we can at least promise, and that is, that however far short it may fall of excellence, it shall contain nothing that may offend; while in the character of its execution, its distinct divisions, largeness of type, quality of paper, etc., the publishers will leave nothing to be desired. Our brother EDITORS, who may approve of our little project, will lay us under an obligation, which we shall be only too happy to reciprocate, if they will copy into their columns this brief programme of our design. Tell your readers, gentlemen, please, that we shall try to present for their acceptance a work that shall be a various and pleasant companion for the rail-car, the steam-boat, and the fire-side. - - - THEY have a tremendous poet in Madison, Wisconsin. 'His name it is' JAMES T. DAVIS, and he is immense. He did not at first, as we learn, have unshaken confidence in his powers; but upon showing his effusions privately to a friend, he was made aware of their extraordinary merit, and advised to commit them to the press at once. His adviser at first affected to think them not his own, but copies of new poems by our friend BAYARD TAYLOR! So he gets his 'editor,' in a specimen-sheet, in advance of a volume embracing his entire poetical works, to write: 'Having been offered

for publication, these poems were condemned as outright plagiarisms, either from BYRON, SCOTT, or BAYARD TAYLOR. This false and slanderous stain on the character of an author conscious of a strict and unscrupulous reliance on his own powers, unless removed, would work the deepest wrong both to the public and myself: and he goes on to say that he has 'an affidavit, under the Great Seal of the State of Wisconsin, sworn and subscribed before *himself*, that they are unqualifiedly original, verbatim et literatim, and copy-right secured!' The style of typography of the 'specimen,' which is printed apparently upon wet-leather types, is not less remarkable than the orthography, etc., which out-YELLOWPLUSHES YELLOWPLUSH. We present two brief extracts. The first is from a poem entitled '*The Joys of Spring*,' and the second from another description of '*A Walk from my Cot*:'

## FIRST EXTRACT.

'THE Rain Drops of spring intermingle with the morning Dew,  
It causeth the herbage to grow  
And come in its green Silkin hue.  
The hill tops have recovered the wintry Blast,  
and from Brown into Green they are cast.  
The face of our land most gay  
now clothed in the garment of may,  
the cherping birds—  
Who flock around sweet may when Drest so superb,  
they Rejoice to hear Springs welcome voic,  
for in the flower of May Do they rejoice.

'the Bee this morning came  
and so Didst thou the same,  
and me he stung, but for this thou art not to Blame  
the Lily It did suck,  
and honey from it tuck,  
thou this morning smote my cheek  
and I didst speak,  
if thou would visit me early in the morn  
I would the adorn  
the rose you visit first  
and call her your sweet child, be cause she Did on you with fragrance Birst.'

## SECOND EXTRACT.

'WHILE walking from my cot hearily in the morn,  
beneath the shades of the twilight Dawn  
I Rambled to the shore,  
for natiors Beauty to adore—beautiful,  
I saught my self Down by the willow,  
there to listen to the roleing Bilow,  
I snuft the morning heare,  
the Rose so fare had nipped the air  
With its fragrance and its Beauty,  
I said fond spring thou art ever faithful to thy duty,  
as the sun arose it Tip'd the hills with Read,  
And kindly said sweet rose lie smile upon thy head.'

The author of these sublime lines, we infer, is going abroad. He is going

—'to Rome on from shores,  
and Listen to the sound of Biloing Rores.'

The compositor, in placing the lines in type, spelt rores 'roars;' but the proof-reader corrected it by the original, much to the gratification of the author, who assured him that he wouldn't had that mistake go out to the 'reading public' for the price of his reputation, 'it looked so ign'rant!' - - - How many reminiscences of 'days that were' rose up from the 'dark backward and abyssm of time,' as we read the following passage in a familiar epistle from an old friend and fellow-student! The writer is speaking of the scene represented by the fine picture of THAYER, recently noticed in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER: 'I rode yesterday through 'the Hollow,' and close by the old church; and my heart filled with boyhood's memories, as I looked upon its well-preserved but

reverend frame; its wooden columns, its gilded weather-cock, and its tin-tipped spire; and that fullness swelled to overflowing, as I looked behind it, upon the gray walls of our dear old ACADEMY; and upon that row of locust-trees, now picturesque, and strong with age, that were but pliant saplings when you and I, and CHARLIE, (and some who are better now than we,) used to beat the ball, and play at quoits, upon the green they shade! I stopped instinctively, and waited there an hour. I heard again the bell that used to call us to our morning task; I looked upon the hills on which we spent our holy-days. There was the same old orchard, and the chestnut-grove that H—— used to guard, and from which, in spite of his watching, we used to bear our golden stores. Oh! I could almost hear the voices, I could almost see the faces we may never see again. And as I turned away, my heart could not suppress the prayer, that we may all meet again, with fresher, gladder feeling, in that changeless world where youth will be immortal, and even to enter which, we must renew the childhood of the soul again, and 'become as little children.' - - - In the eastern part of Delaware county, in this State, there resides a man named B——, now a Justice of the Peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent, the ugliest-looking individual in the whole county; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day, he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain-roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the 'Square' 'fifty, and beat him.' Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. 'For God's sake, don't shoot!' shouted the man, in great alarm. 'Stranger,' replied B——, 'I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I've seen.' The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his 'rival,' replied: 'Wal, captain, if I look any worse than *you* do, *shute!* I do n't want to live no longer!' - - - A rook captive at the Sing-Sing prison was recently killed instantly by the bursting of a grind-stone on which he was grinding files, and which was driven by steam. The unfortunate man was but twenty-seven years of age. He had been sentenced for five years, which would have expired in a few days. He had increased the velocity of the stone to enhance the amount of his labor; doubtless with the hope of earning something 'over' for himself, that he might use when he should once more hail the 'sunlight and the blessed air' of freedom. Perhaps it may seem 'mawkish,' but, to our conception, there is something very affecting in this incident; and yet the released convict 'sleeps well' where 'the prisoners rest together' in undistinguishable graves. - - - Time's come for taking the spotted trout; and we are daily thinking of the streams where they lie perdu in the beautiful region of the Susquehanna and the Chenango; and with 'Rex,' the King-fisher of that section, we must presently proceed thither, and while the subtle prey from their hiding-places. With 'ground-bait,' or 'fly,' *some* of 'em must be lured into our baskets. 'Silly, blind bodies, canna they *see*' the sort of 'tempting offers' that are made them; when their lovers, bent on their seduction, 'drop them a line' explanatory of their object? After all, however, we 'humans' are not much wiser:

With contempt we may look on the fish in the brook,  
That we're cruel enough to make fatal assault on,  
Those strange fragments of foil, fur, silk, leather, and hook,  
Called 'flies' by the school of the late IZAAK WALTON.

But though man sits as Judge on perch, trout, pike, and gudgeon,  
How oft when *see* rise at life's 'flies' do we look in 'em,  
To ascertain whether, under foil, silk and feather,  
The things we snap up have or have not a *hook* in 'em?



THERE is something very touching and expressive in this account of Dr. JOHN-SON'S last hours. A friend had, at last, induced him to execute his will, which he resolutely postponed to the last, from a kind of presentiment that the act itself would hasten his demise: 'As the fire burned up, he found himself relieved, and grew cheerful. After I had dictated a few lines, I told him that the ancient form of wills contained a profession of the faith of the testator; and that he being a man of eminence for learning and for parts, it would afford an illustrious example, and well become him, to make such a declaration of his belief as might obviate all suspicions that he was any other than a Christian. He thanked me for the hint, and, calling for paper, wrote on a slip that I had in my hand and gave him, the following words: 'I humbly commit to the infinite and eternal goodness of ALMIGHTY GOD my soul, polluted with many sins; but, as I hope, purified by repentance, and redeemed, as I also trust, by the death of JESUS CHRIST.' - - - Here is a '*Tribute to Woman*,' from a note to the Editor, the justice of which few will dispute: 'There is a *something* about woman that is curious, is n't there? This morning I swept the school-house. I thought 't was nicely done. I felt proud. Presently some girls came in; and one, true to the instinctive sense of neatness characteristic of her sex, took the broom. She swept after me—and, good gracious, what a change! It seemed as if—well, I can't *tell*; but when she had got done, I had a very poor opinion of my house-keeping powers, I assure you. The stove-hearth, the wood by the stove, all, every thing, put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it that makes them give such *an air* to things!' - - - A NEW correspondent awakens some old country-thoughts, when he talks about sliding down hill in winter, playing fox-and-geese in the snow, making maple-sugar in the spring 'sap-works,' chewing hemlock-gum, going to spelling-schools and speaking-schools, Fourth-of-July, and 'General Trainin',' with its water-mouthing 'water, mush, and other millions,' its gingerbread, its small beer, and small cakes for small boys. Ah, well-a-day! would n't we like to be made *as easily* happy now as then!' - - - A NOTICE of the recent death of Rev. WILLIAM WARE, of Boston, was prepared for our last number, but accidentally crowded out. Those of our readers who have perused in these pages the '*Letters from Palmyra*' and the '*Letters from Rome*,' will need no farther evidence of the creative genius and purity of style which have established the author's literary reputation upon a broad and firm basis. Many editions of each of these works have been issued, both in England and America, since their first appearance in the KNICKERBOCKER; nor are they at all lessened in popularity at the present moment. As a man and a Christian, Mr. WARE was beloved by all who had the pleasure to enjoy his acquaintance and friendship. It was always a delight to us to peruse his letters: they were models of naturalness, grace, and elegance, and were always the faithful reflex of his mind and heart. He was an exemplary pastor, a good neighbor, a true friend, an affectionate husband and father. The disease of which he finally died was paralysis, to successive shocks of which his latterly delicate system had been exposed. A touching and characteristic incident connected with his death, was recently mentioned by Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWES, of this city, in an eloquent discourse upon that theme: 'His steps were to the very last attended by a special blessing: a son some seven years old, the angel of God's presence, sent by PROVIDENCE to lead him over the rough places of his wearisome journey to its close. When he was at length struck by the last blow

from his mortal enemy, and lay for more than a week in painless unconsciousness, with occasional gleams of recognition for his family, this little boy, shortly before he died, approached and kissed his father's lips. Mr. WARE murmured, in a whisper, just audible, 'Sweeter than a thousand flowers!' and these were his last words.' Joy and rejoicing to his ransomed spirit, in that land where summer is eternal, and where the flowers never wither! - - - MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, on the eighteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-fourth of May, will give in New-York her last concerts in America. When shall we look upon her like again? When shall we hear such another voice in the great hall of TRIPLER? One who heard her in Boston last Autumn for the first time, writes us from far 'down east,' that he is coming to town expressly to 'listen to her ravishing strains once more.' He wrote some verses upon hearing her before, of which the subjoined stanzas are very beautiful:

'WHEN evening came so calm and still,  
We went to the place of prayer,  
And she in her robes of spotless white  
Stood alone before us there.

'And there she sang as the angels sing  
In their celestial bowers,  
'I know that my REDEEMER lives,'  
And we felt that her God was ours.

'And we blessed her again with streaming eyes,  
And hearts that were filled with love;  
For we knew when she ceased to sing on earth,  
She would sing in the heavens above.'

READ '*Fruitless Crowns*,' the initial paper of the present number, if you would see the difference between a condensed, 'matter-full' style, and that species of writing which skirmishes 'all about and about' a subject without reaching it; which few read, and none remember. - - - A 'GREAT MEDICINE,' as the Indians phrase it, in Maryland, from whom we shall always be well pleased to hear, sends us two or three items, the perusal of which may 'assist digestion:' 'A worthy physician of our city, a member of the Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman who happens to be a Methodist. Not only is 'SAM' a Methodist, but he is also as bright and shining a light in the church as it is possible for such a piece of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the blacks conduct their devotions. Well, SAM was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of the social meetings which he led; and these religious services were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve. The Doctor, however, is famous for his good-nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friends with wonderful equanimity. One night, however, when they had been unusually 'powerful in prayer,' the Doctor thought proper to administer a gentle reproof. So, the meeting over, the zealous coachman was summoned before his master. 'SAM,' said the old gentleman, 'why does thee make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the ALMIGHTY is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf, that it cannot hear? HE can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee roars.' 'Massa Doctor,' replied SAM, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, 'you isn't read de Scriptures wid no kind ob 'tention.' 'How so, SAM?' 'Why, you done forgot, 'pears to me, how it says dar, plain as kin be, '*Hollered be dy name!*'' The Doctor gave up SAM in despair, for there was no answering that 'argument.' By the by, talking about negro preachers, reminds me of an old white-headed Baptist negro, who used to harangue a dark flock in a small house in this town.

The old fellow always laid especial stress on the distinctive tenets of his sect. One evening he was explaining the origin of the heresy of sprinkling, and gave the account of the early performances of that rite on this wise: 'You see, my bredren, dey jis tuck de converts down to de 'branch,' and walked 'em a little into de water. Den de preacher, he takes a bunch ob swishes, and he stooped down and cotch up a little ob de water and gin it a small sling on de people.' The protracted and contemptuous emphasis which he laid on the words '*small sling*' should have been *heard* to be appreciated. Extempore prayer is undoubtedly a very good thing when it is well done; but that, as you very well know, is not always the case. I have heard a congregation recommended to the LORD on the ground of its respectability. One of the greatest atrocities in this line, to which I have ever been witness, took place at a funeral. The pastor of the congregation was so much affected that he could not continue the ceremony; for in the coffin before him lay the oldest member of his congregation, one of his kindest, truest, and most constant friends. He therefore called on another clergyman to discharge the sad duty, which he commenced in this wise: 'O LORD! have mercy upon thy servant, who, for reasons which, if explained to this large and respectable congregation, would prove perfectly satisfactory to every member of it, declines performing the service at the grave,' etc. This is, verbatim, the structure of the opening sentence of his prayer. How different from the majestic 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust' of the solemn Episcopal service!' - - - We commend to the careful attention and candid judgments of our readers the *Lecture on the Morality of the Law*, not long since delivered before the bar of New-York, by our friend and correspondent, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq., as it appeared in the '*Evening Post*' and '*Evening Mirror*.' Our readers, in past months, will have observed that we have kept up a 'line of observation' respecting the morality, etc., of law-pleadings, and we are glad to find our views confirmed by so keen an intellect and so good a lawyer as Mr. KIMBALL. It may be 'an ill bird that fouls its own nest,' but it is a wise and considerate bird that shows how it may and should be kept clean. The lecture has been widely read, and a Philadelphia daily journal has devoted a series of articles to a controversion of certain of its positions, but apparently with little or no effect. - - - Gor the *idfluedza* ag'id: caught it id this cha'gi'g April weather. Eddy thi'g with ad *eb* or ad *ed* id it, we end't prodoudee at all. *Dow* we end appreciate this '*Dialogue between a Pair of Sduff-Dakers*;' for takid' sduff has the saba effect as the *idfluedza* od the dose:

"Good bordi'g, BISS CURRINS; how do you do this bordi'g?"

"Why, BISS GRIBES! do tell us, is that you? Where have you bid this lo'g tibe? Why haved't you bid to see us?"

"Oh, I dod't go out buch, as I have bid troubled a good deal with paid id the head a'd stobach. I have it sobe dow, but it's a-getti'g better."

"Ah! well, I ab glad of it. You busd't catch cold, BISS GRIBES. Wod't you have a piche of sduff?"

"Yes. This is very fide sduff. Where does it cobe frob?"

"Well, I dod't dow. I sent little TOSBY after it; he got it dowl street sobewhere."

"Do you dow that bad that goes by here every bordi'g with a tid pall id his ha'd, a'd cokes back ag'id at dight?"

"Oh, that is Bister JINDI'ns. He works dowl to the basheed-shop, a'd carries his didder with hib. He is a dice you'g bad, a'd they say he is a-bakid buddy."

"Aid't he be the wud that is payid attidied to Bajor BASON's daughter, BARY ADD?"

"Do, it is'd't BARY ADD; it is EBLEIDE, wud of the twids. I suppose they will bake a batch of it."

"Well, I guess it's tibe for he to be a-goid."

"Cobe id a'd see us ag'id sood, wod't you?"

A'd exit BISS GRIBES. - - - OUR readers will remember the circumstance of a young and beautiful Indian girl being killed recently at Deposit, on the New-

York and Erie Rail-road. Her native name was SASANEAH LOFFT. She was one of two intelligent and interesting sisters, who had been giving concerts in the Chenango valley, to great public acceptance. Judge AVERY, of Owego, with the courtesy and chivalry peculiar to himself, opened his house to 'LITTLE FLOWER,' the inconsolable survivor, and gave to the remains of the faded 'flower of the forest' a becoming funeral. The following lines, from the pen of a lady of taste and education, residing at Oxford, Chenango county, to whom one of the Indian girls had brought a letter of introduction, possess more than the usual merit of elegiac stanzas:

To her FATHER, the 'Great SPIRIT,'  
The forest child has fled;  
Sharp was the arrow, brief the pang,  
That laid her with the dead!

But yesterday, and she was here,  
Gay as the fawns that bound,  
In sportive grace and joyousness,  
Her woodland home around.

Holy her mission; for to her  
The blessed task was given,  
To show her dark-browed race a path,  
All luminous, to heaven.

But earth shall hear her song no more;  
'T is done, that work of love;  
She wears a seraph's shining wings,  
And joins the choir above!

Bright, beautiful, and young was she,  
Majestic in her mien;  
And though no crown adorned her brow,  
She shone as Nature's queen.

Changeful as is a lakelet fair,  
With sunshine and with shade,  
Her face, o'er which the rays of mind  
In wondrous beauty played.

The Spring will come, with gentle hand,  
To deck her forest bowers,  
To wake the birds and sparkling streams,  
And ope the laughing flowers.

A gladsome welcome waits for her  
Amid that sylvan shade,  
And there a yearning mother longs  
To clasp the Indian maid.

The birds will sing, the streams will dance,  
The flowers their perfume shed;  
But she, whose wild delight were all,  
Sleeps in a dreamless bed.

Oh, when thy fearful bolt, great God!  
Falls on that mother's heart,  
Send THOU thy Dove with gentle balm  
A solace to impart.

And though the blast, sweet 'Little Flower,'  
In dust has bowed thee low,  
Remember, HE who sends a cloud  
Will also plant the bow!

Long, long, in sylvan solitudes,  
Will sound the tale, I ween,  
How the GREAT SPIRIT called to heaven  
Their bright, accomplished queen. M. C. C.

It should be added, in explanation of the third stanza, that these fair native minstrels were laboring to raise funds to be used in educating and christianizing the Mohawk people, now on the reservations in Canada. - - - In the course of a recent letter to the *Editor* from a correspondent in Milwaukee, there occurs this passage, which struck us as rather laughter-moving than otherwise: 'Deputy-Sheriff P——, of this city, was recently called upon to arrest a duly-registered 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor,' etc., on the charge of having forged city orders; rather a small business, by the way. After the arrest, 'DAVID,' the aspersed, wished to be accompanied among his friends for the purpose of procuring bail. The sheriff, in whose breast kindness and mercy are blended about 'af and 'af' with the sternness and dignity of justice, complied; but his efforts were all unavailing. Night was drawing on toward its small hours, and he could wait no longer. The accused must go to jail. As a last small favor, 'DAVID' wished to go home and break the sad news of his arrest to the companion of his bosom. In view of this mournful task, he was much agitated. 'Oh, Mr. P——,' said he, 'this is the hardest of all! How will my dear wife bear up under the blow? She is so sensitive, so solicitous, that it will overpower her; it will drive her crazy. She is a delicate creature, Mr. P——, and her sufferings will unnerve me!' A sympathetic tear started into the north-west corner of the officer's left eye, rolled down his manly cheek, rested for a moment upon his vest, and then diffused itself among the snow-flakes upon the ground, warming and melting even *their* obdurate hearts. They reached the house,

and entered. They were met by a stalwart Amazonian, whose large face shone with the lambent glories of an autumn sunset. DAVID in a faltering voice broke to her the terrible intelligence that she was to be robbed of her 'bosom's lord. P—— stood by to 'bear a hand' if she should faint. 'I am arrested, my dear, for forging.' 'What the d——l is *that*?' was the very affecting query of the 'sensitive' female. 'They accuse me of writing other people's names, and are going to put me in jail, my love.' 'Who in thunder is goin' to do it, DAVE?' replied the 'solicitous' wife; and without waiting for a reply, she proceeded to pile up anathemas loud *and* deep upon the heads of those who had sought to place him in durance vile. The sheriff was overwhelmed by the 'affecting' scene; yet, with a 'ruling passion' strong for the ludicrous, he touched the prisoner lightly under the fifth rib, with: 'Break it *gently* to her, DAVID; she's a delicate creature, is n't she?' Let me mention another legal anecdote, and I am done. In a recent murder-trial in this city, of great public interest, where the usual course of intimidating or 'bluffing' the adverse witnesses was frequently resorted to, the following colloquy was held. Lawyer S——, for the prisoner, was engaged in the cross-examination of a Mr. C——: 'Now, witness, you stated on your direct examination that it was your *impression* that the prisoner did not have on a dirty shirt when you saw him: now can you say, on your oath, that he did *not* have on a dirty shirt?' 'I am positive,' replied the witness, 'that he did not have on a dirty shirt at that time.' Counsel, with a ferocious air and stentorian voice: 'Then, Sir, how dare you say that it was your *impression*, if you were *positive*? Leave the stand, Sir!' The opposing counsel called him back. 'Mr. C——, are you under the impression that you were *not* knocked down on your way to the court-room this morning?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Do you *know* you were not?' 'Yes, Sir-ee!' 'Then,' assuming the air and tone of Mr. S——, 'how dare you state to this jury and the court, on your solemn oath, that it was your *impression* that you were not knocked down, when you knew positively that you were not? You may leave the stand!' - - - Much amused to-day by an anecdote, new to us, of a clergyman in Georgia who had often been accused of being a better planter than preacher. One Sabbath morning, during a season of excitement in the cotton-market, and after a prayer of more than common length and fervency, which seemed to disturb somewhat his usual self-possession, he took up his hymn-book and devoutly said: 'You will please sing the fortieth psalm, second part, *long staple*!' - - - THE doleful complaint made by the friend who sent us the note from which the following is an extract, was at once attended to by the namesake of the 'hero of San Jacinto:'

'Now his tears fall thicker:  
Wonder what they mean?  
Faith, they've stopped his KNICKER-  
BOCKER Magazine!'

'My magazine has been stopped nearly three months. No issue—no communication. What is the matter at your end o' the line? Has the wire broke, or 'suthin gin eout'? Won't you be kind enough to screw her up, and see if you can't set her a-goin' again? I'll pay the bill for repairs when I see you next.' 'All right!' - - - '*Heroines of History*' is the title of a new and very attractive volume, from the pen of our excellent friend and correspondent, Mrs. M. E. HEWITT. We cordially adopt and endorse the praise bestowed upon the work by the capable critic of the New-York '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal: 'Mrs. HEWITT has made a judicious selection from those women made eminent by their abilities, their virtues, or by circumstances, for the subjects of her essays



in this pretty volume. The greatest women are those who are never heard of; who, in the perfection of womanhood, are true friends, pure Christians, fond and devoted wives and mothers. Such may not be called great 'intelligences,' but they are great *women*. To be all this completely, requires, it need not be said, no mean mental endowments, as well as the noblest traits of soul; but the lives of such, who are the happiest as well as the best of their sex, can rarely challenge the attention of the world. Next to them come such as are several of those whose lives Mrs. HEWITT has chronicled in a style which will win her many delighted youthful readers. The book is illustrated by engraved portraits.' MESSRS. CORNISH, LAMPORT AND COMPANY are the metropolitan publishers, and they have performed their part faithfully. - - - THE following letter was recently received by a town-correspondent, in answer to an advertisement for a man to clean his boots for him daily. The writer is a 'colored geman':

'Newark the 20 of March 1852 two.

'SIR: this Morning I Was informed by the Sun Paper of the Situation you have publihd. I do Hereby Certify to your Honr. Sir that iam qualifyd to Ocupy it.

'I Will produce an ample and dignifyd Carater—in the city or cntry.

'I am advanced in years but Smart and active lately arivd here from the colage of Wilmington.

'Competent in Ingenuity.

'Your Reply to this Sir—Will be imedietely attend'd. P — L ——.'

BEREAVED heart! peruse the touching lines which ensue; and, in the language of the author, who wrote them in 1588, 'If thou be a father that reads, thou wilt apardone me; if not, suspend thy censure until thou be a father:'

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,  
Contending still with men untaught and wild,  
When HE who to the prophet lent his gourd  
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer-gift my precious flower was given,  
A very summer fragrance was its life;  
Its dear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,  
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,  
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,  
With out-stretched arms its care-worn father greet;  
Oh! in the desert what a stream was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,  
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;  
For that home-solace nerved me for my part,  
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying!  
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!)  
And HE who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,  
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely called, nor suddenly it perished,  
But gradual faded from our love away;  
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,  
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed MASTER saved me from repining,  
So tenderly HE sued me for His own;  
So beautiful HE made my babe's declining,  
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,  
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,  
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,  
Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,  
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,  
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,  
Our little lamb by GOD'S OWN LAMB redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,  
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,  
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,  
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,  
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;  
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,  
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'T was a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping,  
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;  
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping —  
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwining,  
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;  
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,  
One gentle bird would not be driven away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,  
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;  
And when at last the little spirit parted,  
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,  
As with a human sorrow in its coo;  
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,  
Most pitifully 'plained — and parted too?

'T was my first present, my first pledge to Heaven!  
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,  
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,  
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

What calm, tender resignation, what sanctified sorrow, what holy trust, are here! - - - We must be brief with 'P. M.,' who answers our private note returning his communication. He will pardon us for saying, that his 'argument' is no argument at all. A '*visible* theme,' eh? Then what do you make of BRYANT'S '*Evening Wind*,' the most perfect poem, in all respects, that has ever been written in America? What is there '*visible*' about the wind? For your argument is not to the '*mind's* eye,' don't you see, but to the outward vision. Follow the wind from the wild blue waves it has been riding all day, to the scorched shore, and the vast inland stretched beyond the sight; and restore it, with sounds and scents from all its mighty range, once more to its birth-place, the deep; and what is '*visible*' to the outward sense save as it is reflected from the bright mirror of Genius? '*Visible* themes!' Genius is the God-given gift that *reveals* the invisible to ordinary sight. - - - Our old rooster is dead! He was a glorious old cock, and treated his harem with the utmost gallantry and kindness, '*scratching about*' for them in the soil of the flower-borders, and calling them about him to partake of the food the gods had provided. But the brave old fellow began to sicken; his '*shrill clarion*' at day-light dwindled to a penny-trumpet, and a very poor '*herald of the morn*' was he. At length he began to grow shabby; to lose all pride in his personal appearance; and anon, lost all heart, and would lie prone on the flagging of the walks, with his corrugated legs, '*like the corn in the brake*,' sticking straight out before him; and while lying in this condition, with '*dimming eye* and abated crest,' the women-folk of his household would go up and flout him, and pick at his attenuated legs! And so he died, leaving three widows and an interesting family of orphan eggs, some of them of a very tender age. When shall we look upon such a cock again! - - - SOMEBODY in the '*Evening Post*,' and somebody, too, who must have enjoyed them, has been describing '*The Pleasures of Maple-Sugar-Making in the Country*.' Ah! the writer is right. But he should have '*realized*' the *beginning* of the scene he depicts. The coming on of the spring; the warmth

on the sunny-sides of the barns and out-houses, with the cows 'pensively ruminating,' their little ones, with high-arched, wiggling tails, 'bunting' at the 'maternal bosom,' and sliding down rearward, now and then, in that affectionate act, by reason of the little ice-hillocks, 'slippery places' which the fresh straw-litter had treacherously concealed; the cold nights and warm mid-days; the old 'sap-troughs,' before cedar-buckets were known; the bass-wood 'spouts,' split out with a gouge, from sweet-smelling cedar, before the evening fire; the tapping of the trees; the placing of the troughs; the gathering of the sap; the tremendous 'store-trough;' the suspended kettles; the foaming fluid; the syrup; the boiling down; the 'sugaring-off;' the night-watching over the suspended kettles, 'pot-ash' and other, from the straw couch of the temporary 'shanty;' the sudden 'sap-freshet;' the blue smoke curling up through the reddening maple woods; how all these things come back upon us at this moment! 'Oh, the days that are no more!' - - - WHEN we stood in the Patent-office at Washington, and looked at the little old RAMAGE press that BENJAMIN FRANKLIN worked upon when a journeyman printer in London, we could not help contrasting the state of printing then with what it is now: and this thought was still more forcibly brought to mind a day or two since, by receiving from an obliging correspondent a copy of the '*Columbian Centinel*,' published in Boston on the twentieth day of September, 1797. Aside from its interesting intelligence—and it contains, among other things, an account of the launch of the old 'CONSTITUTION' frigate, and the marriage of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS at London—the paper itself is a curiosity of ugliness. The paper is far coarser than any common wrapping-paper used now-a-days, and of very little brighter color; while the types—but they are indescribable! and yet the '*Centinel*' was one of the best-executed journals of its time. What a printing-office it must have had, in comparison, for example, with that in which the KNICKERBOCKER is executed, and which we premise at once we are about to describe at some length, as a matter of interest, in the first place, to many of our readers, and in the second place as an act of simple justice to an excellent printer and his faithful assistants, who have always vied with each other in making the external appearance of this Magazine second to that of no periodical in America or Europe. Mr. GRAY will soon be settled in his new quarters in Cliff street, near Franklin Square, when he will have 'ample room and verge enough' for the daily-increasing business that crowds upon him. The building to be occupied by Mr. GRAY, for solidity of construction, and adaptation to the purposes designed, is not surpassed any where. Three entire floors, each heated by steam, well ventilated, and admirably lighted by day and by night, will afford the requisite facilities for the dispatch of his immense business. Ascending to the fifth floor, we find the composing-room. In this apartment is performed the composition of *twenty* different publications, comprising semi-weekly, weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly newspapers and magazines, with a large amount of stereotype work—in fact, *every thing that can be done by type*, in the best and most tasteful manner. Here also is the jobbing department, where every species of plain and fancy printing is executed, by the aid of a most extensive and varied assortment of types, borders, and ornaments. Every thing is here conducted on the most perfect system. Two gentlemen, well qualified for their responsible positions, have charge, respectively, of the *literary* execution of the 'book, magazine, and job,' and 'newspaper' departments. The *mechanical* execution of the newspaper-work is under the charge of two of Mr. GRAY's brothers, brought up in his establishment; while Mr. LESTER, a man who 'each particular of his duty knows,' with several assistant-foremen, superintend the book,

magazine, and job-work. Descending to the fourth floor, we find the 'press-room.' Here are eight steam-presses, ranging in size from the largest 'platens' and 'cylinders' to the smallest 'card,' driven by a splendid engine, located in the basement. No where, perhaps, is more strikingly exhibited the progress of the mechanic arts in this country than in this branch of the business. Here, thousands upon thousands of impressions are daily struck off, by these wonderful machines of HOE's, ADAMS's, and GORDON's invention, which silently, swiftly, and with mathematical precision, print every variety of work, from the largest sheet to the smallest card. On the third floor will be the proprietor's office, where he will 'sit at the receipt of custom,' welcome his friends and patrons, and show them his silent but powerful hydraulic presses for smoothing dry sheets, his stores of paper, etc. 'Such is a modern printing-office.' And when, to the very meagre sketch we have attempted to give, we add, that Mr. GRAY is himself a practical printer, and, in addition to great taste and skill, possesses an experience of more than twenty years, and has performed every duty connected with his multifarious business, we need not wonder that his success has been so great, and that his customers are to be found in all the walks of life, mechanical, mercantile, and marine; among religious bodies of almost every name, and the most respectable and extensive publishers of this and other cities. - - - '*Reuben and Phæbe, a Pathetic Story*,' will arouse high emotions in the breasts of all lovers of true poetry. The measure of the closing line of each stanza is what is termed 'irregular metre':

'In Manchester a maiden dwelt,  
Her name was PHÆBE BROWN;  
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,  
And she was considered by good judges  
to be by all odds the best-looking girl in town.

'Her age was nearly seventeen;  
Her eyes were sparkling bright;  
A very lovely girl was she —  
And for about a year and a half there had  
been a young man paying attention to her  
by the name of REUBEN WRIGHT.

'Now REUBEN was a nice young man  
As any in the town;  
And PHÆBE loved him very dear;  
But on account of his being obliged to work  
for a living, he never could make himself  
agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. BROWN.

'Her parents were resolved  
Another she should wed —  
A rich old miser in the place;  
And old BROWN frequently declared that  
rather than have his daughter marry REUBEN  
WRIGHT, he'd sooner knock him on  
the head.

'But PHÆBE's heart was brave and strong;  
She feared no parent's frowns;  
And as for REUBEN WRIGHT so bold,  
I've heard him say more than fifty times  
that (with the exception of PHÆBE) he  
did n't care a ——— for the whole race of  
BROWNS.

'So PHÆBE BROWN and REUBEN WRIGHT  
Determined they should marry;  
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night  
They started for old Parson WEBSTER's,  
determined to be united in the holy bonds  
of matrimony, though it was tremendous  
dark, and rained like Old Harry.

'But Captain BROWN was wide awake;  
He loaded up his gun,  
And then pursued the loving pair;  
He overtook 'em when they'd got about  
half way to the parson's, and then REUBEN  
and PHÆBE started off upon a run.

'Old BROWN then took a deadly aim  
Toward young REUBEN's head;  
But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,  
He made a mistake and shot his only daughter,  
and had the unspeakable anguish of  
seeing her drop right down stone dead.

'Then anguish filled young REUBEN's heart,  
And vengeance crazed his brain;  
He drew an awful jack-knife out,  
And plunged it into old BROWN about fifty  
or sixty times, so that it is very doubtful  
about his ever coming-to again.

'The briny drops from REUBEN's eyes  
In torrents poured down;  
He yielded up the ghost and died:  
And this melancholy and heart-rending matter  
terminates the history of REUBEN and  
PHÆBE, and likewise of old Captain  
BROWN.'

'Mr. CLARK may not believe the following,' writes a Yankee oriental, 'but it is a fact: In a very small 'shore-village' of the old Bay State, there is a very small Methodist congregation, who continually keep up *not* a small quarrelling. One of the 'lights' in the tabernacle, an old fisherman, who had been several times expelled, for reasons unknown to this deponent, was lately put forth from the fold, and, according to his usual custom, applied for pardon and readmission.

A council of the 'elders' was convened, and the question put to them, whether they had any objections to readmitting him. One little man, a shoemaker and fisherman, rose and said: 'I ha'n't got nothing ag'in' DAVID, only DAVID bought from me, three years ago, a lot of anchor-stuns, and I've called on him a good many times for the money, but could n't get it; and I do n't think DAVID oughter be let back till he pays me for them anchor-stuns!' DAVID still remains 'expunged.' In the same place, an old man, also a fisherman, who is greatly given to exhortation, (and who says that ef he had had the 'oportunities' his sons RICHARD and ELIJAH have had, long ere this he would have had his seat in the legislative halls, was holding forth one night at prayer-meeting, and wished to impress it upon his hearers that they would work hard to get money, but didn't care about getting the gospel, which was 'giv' away for nothin'.' In the course of his argument he said: 'Supposin' a member of Congress, or any other great *chimist*, was to come up here and teach you some way of makin' gold or silver, you'd all be a-runnin' a'ter him!' Isn't that a new idea of the 'rulers of the nation'?' - - - We positively had a nightmare after reading one evening the following account of '*A Hair-Breadth Escape*,' by a metropolitan correspondent. It is 'too horrible:' 'In the summer of 1843 I was travelling through the State of Pennsylvania. It was toward the end of June, that, after passing a delightful week in the city of P——, I took the train one lovely morning to go farther west. Rail-roads, at that period, did not, as now they do, intersect, in every part, our 'glorious Union;' but here, a fine road, passing through a splendid country, and conveying the traveller some seventy-five miles from the place of which I speak, had recently been opened. Locomotives then, as now, were only permitted to come to the 'out-squirts' of the city, and the cars were drawn by horses from the dépôt to the suburbs, where the engine was attached. Instead, however, of the driver standing upon the platform of the car, a small seat or box was constructed in the end of the roof, the seat being slightly depressed below the top of the car. In this the driver sat. Arriving where we took our locomotive, I saw, for the first time, these seats, and an impulse seized my mind at once, to substitute, for a place within the car, a seat thus perched aloft; and it was with a good deal of satisfaction that, after obtaining permission from the conductor of the train, I mounted to my post. A slight rain during the night had 'laid' the dust, the country was looking gloriously, and every thing promised a delightful ride. In order to avoid the smoke and cinders, I selected the end most remote from the locomotive, and took a seat with my back to the machine. The train started. The motion became swift. The air was bracing, the scenery magnificent, and the whole effect exhilarating and exciting in the extreme. I had ridden in this way for nearly an hour, when, upon turning my head to look in advance over the track, I perceived, at a distance of perhaps a mile, what at first sight seemed to be the entrance of a tunnel, but which I found, on looking closely, was the end of a long covered bridge, over a river which we were rapidly approaching. As we drew nearer, a feeling of anxiety came over me, lest my position should prove one of danger. I could not resist the conviction that I *could not pass through that bridge!* To get down from my eminence would be attended with great risk; but as I looked with straining eyes, and measured with fearful, calculating mind, the opening, I felt, nay, almost *knew*, I could not pass with safety. How should I act? I had no time to think! We neared the bridge! My soul was full! I was nearly leaping from my place, when my eyes resting upon the smoke-pipe of the engine, *I saw its top was higher*



than my head. For a moment, I felt that I was safe. It was *but* a moment; for that instant, as I looked, I saw the smoke-pipe bend! On hinges half way down, over it swung! It bowed one half its length, while I, bending to the middle, had barely time to droop my head, as we plunged into the bridge; and under that roof, two hundred feet in length, my back just grazed the beams. Since then, I ride inside the cars.' - - - BRACKETT's marble group of '*The Shipwrecked Mother and Child*,' now exhibiting at the STUYVESANT Institute, has many striking beauties, and one or two omissions which we cannot but regard as defects. The expression of the mother's face, as you stand over and look down upon it, is exceedingly fine; the arms are admirably disposed; *but* the figure is almost painfully, certainly unnecessarily, nude. How easily might a little drapery have been introduced, and with effect! We do not like the child. - - - 'DICK BEDFORD,' says a clever Wisconsin correspondent, 'a perfect specimen of unmitigated improvidence, upon being censured by his employer for his vagrancy and destitution, 'came back' with an excuse, which, as it was accompanied with his 'I'll swear it's a fact,' cannot, of course, be questioned. 'You see, Captain,' said he, 'I've not always been so infernally poor. Last August I 'tended DODD's furnace, and as I was running some hot lead into the pig-moulds, I spilt in it, out of my vest-pocket, three hundred dollars in silver, that I was keeping for a fellow, and, by Gimini, it melted quicker than you could say 'JACK ROBINSON!'' 'And so you lost it?' responded the Captain. 'All but the *lost*!' replied DICK. 'I just said nothing to nobody: I bought that pig, and I sold it to a jeweller in Galena for five hundred dollars. *That's* the kind of speculations I get! Shall I water the horses now, Captain?' - - - A GENTLEMAN who was doing well, but wanted to do better, in Kentucky, removed to a farther-western State; and in answer  
nd ent, wrote back the following flattering account of the 'ked'ntry'  
and its inhabitants: 'You ask me how I like this country and the people thereof. As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that *every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow!* As for the people, they are perfect Christians. They fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, 'Let God be true, but every man a liar!'' That's a charming section of Uncle SAMUEL's domain, is n't it? By-the-by, this reminds us of a very clever thing we find in General CLARK's journal, the *Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*, in the shape of a letter from a gentleman in Wisconsin to a friend who had asked for various information as to the country, its climate, productions, etc., etc. In his reply, he 'lumps' these with a great deal of humor. We annex a few:

'Among the game are to be found the domestic fowl, the swallow, crow, and blue-jay, and, in mild summers, the night-hawk and screech-owl.

'The animals hunted for their fur are, the cat, the chip-munk, and stray dogs; those chiefly esteemed for their flesh are, the musk-rat, skunk, and wood-chuck.

'The principal articles of consumption are pork, white beans, apple-sauce, and rye-whiskey.

'The principal articles of import are, dried apples, buffalo-coats, tea, tobacco, cotton-cloth, molasses, bogus cigars, and spoilt oysters.

'The articles of export are few, being only such things as they do n't want themselves; the principal are, convicts to Auburn and Sing-Sing prisons, and emigrants to California.

'The chief productions are, white-headed children, which in time grow to be lumbermen, pedlars, deacons, squires, politicians, and rogues.

'Their means of getting a living are ingenious and varied; the most ostensible, however, is 'dickering,' at which they are very expert, swopping horses, trading cattle, and getting boot.

'Their chief amusements in winter are, keeping up a fire, watching the weather, going to funerals, whittling, and breaking steers. In summer these are varied by getting out manure, hoeing corn, acting as scare-crows, and 'getting down sick' eating green apples.

'The range of domestic duties is confined altogether to chance and the 'women folks.'

'Their principal business is, an impertinent interference with other people's affairs, to the entire neglect of their own, exaggerating evil reports, throwing obstacles in the way of public improvements, talking politics, and doing chores. The young leave the parental roof at a tender age, and commence on their own hook, peddling pop-corn, ginger-bread, and molasses-candy.

'The climate is a cross between Lapland and Siberia — not quite so cold as the one, and a good deal colder than the other, but healthy. The principal diseases are, lame stomach, delirium-tremens, and 'folks is sick.'

'The articles of luxury most esteemed are, salt cod-fish, dried pumpkins, and woolen gowns.

'The articles of furniture are, a cook-stove, mop-pail, and wash-dish.

'Their farming implements consist of an axe, a hoe, a log-chain, generally *hooked*, and a jack-knife.

'Their education is confined to writing their names, guessing off hogs, and making axe-helves.

'Their moral and religious ideas are vague and loose. They generally live to a green old age, and die as green as they lived.

'Their principal places of resort are, the platforms of rail-road dépôts, bar-rooms, justices' courts, and public and private offices, where they have no business.

'Their habits are predatory and migratory.'

THERE is an odd old fellow in Montrose, Pennsylvania, as we are 'credibly informed,' who is somewhat addicted to potations; and when he takes them at all, he 'potates' rather freely. Once, on a Saturday, he had become considerably inebriated. Sunday found him as mellow as Saturday left him; and, in addition to the stock of whiskey in him, he felt a desire to visit the sanctuary. So to the 'meetin'-house' he went. Parson B——, a worthy old dominie, was instructing a Bible-class. Old CHARLEY walked in, and sat down quite demurely in a pew. He listened very attentively to the questions and answers for a few minutes; but, being anxious to show his knowledge of 'Scriptur' and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. 'Parshon B——,' said he, 'aks me some o' them hard ques-shuns.' 'Uncle CHARLES,' said the dominie, with a solemn face, and in a drawling tone, 'do n't you know that you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?' 'Yes'ir, and the gall of bitterness too. Aks me *another* ques-shun!' - - - 'THE impression made on your eye by PERSICO's statue of COLUMBUS,' writes a favorite contributor from the interior of the 'Empire State,' 'was precisely the one made on mine. A couple of years ago I made my way to Washington, and, while wandering around the capitol, unexpectedly beheld the statue, (my first view of it,) from a point to the right, at a distance of several rods. The figure, seen from that point, seemed erect, composed, and grandly commanding. But when I changed my position, the great CHRISTOPHER changed his character. One foot was planted forward, the other back; and the resemblance of the statue to a big bowler about to hurl his globe was quite complete. I have always thought of it since as the statue of 'CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS making a Ten-strike.' I want to tell you a story, showing how compliment may be 'run into the ground.' I once heard a young clergyman make a speech on the subject of Sunday-schools, in the course of which he described, quite graphically, the mustering, by some zealous teacher, of children of all sorts and conditions; some coming without hats, others without coats, and others with bare feet. He was followed by another young minister, who crowded his harangue with complimentary allusions to the 'beautiful and eloquent language,' 'the touching and pathetic words,' 'the graphic and elegant remarks' of 'my brother who preceded me.' In the course of his speech, he too spoke of the gathering together of little folks from the high-ways and hedges; and how the urchins came forth, as it were, from the hollow logs and wood-chucks' holes; and said: 'They come, in the *beautiful and eloquent* language of my brother, with *bare feet*!' - - - WE are right glad to find our old friend J. M. FIELD in 'the field' again at St. Louis, where he will presently open his new and beautiful theatre. Himself a gentleman, and an admirable and versatile actor, he has had little difficulty in drawing around him men of kindred character and talent. When we say that CHIFFENDALE is his stage-manager and GEORGE HOLLAND one of his comedians, we say all that it is necessary

to mention in 'this meridian.' - - - Our friend and ancient contemporary, General MORRIS, has written a song entitled '*The Prairie on Fire.*' Meeting DEMPSTER in Broadway the other day, he hailed him with: 'Why don't you set '*The Prairie on Fire!*' 'What should I do *that* for!' replied DEMPSTER; 'I might as well ask you why you don't set the North River on fire!' And the two good-natured, good-looking friends separated, with simultaneous displays of mutual ivory. - - - WE would have the reader take notice, that the editorial opinions of this Magazine, of whatever kind, end with the close of the Gossip. We mention this, because the advertising sheets, at the end of our last number, have been taken by some readers to be a continuation of the original articles of the work. Should they be quoted in this connection, the public will now understand it. - - - THE reader cannot fail to be struck with the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the *Lines by William Cullen Bryant*, now first published on a preceding page. They were written for Mr. DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, whose popularity seems to increase with every concert that he gives. He has set the words to music that is *worthy* of them; and higher praise we could not award to his admirable performance. Mr. DEMPSTER always has the warm suffrages of the poets to whose lines he composes music. TENNYSON was almost overcome with the music of '*The May-Queen*;' and we perceive that CHARLES SWAIN expresses his 'high admiration of the sweet and graceful manner in which his words have been set.' - - - WE observe that *Mr. Lewis G. Morris's Annual Sale of Improved Breeds of Domestic Animals* will take place at his superb country-seat at Mount-Fordham on the ninth day of June next. Mr. MORRIS leaves for Europe soon afterward, and the public may anticipate large and rare additions to his stock for next year's sale. He has the true spirit of an agricultural nobleman; for he aims, and successfully, both to do and to receive good. - - - A FRIEND in Stockbridge (Mass.) sends us the following anecdote of Rev. ZEB. TWITCHELL, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference. At one time he represented Stockbridge in the state-legislature. 'ZEB,' says our informant, 'is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified—a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but *out* of the pulpit, there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion: 'The last time I stopped at that tavern, *I slept with the landlord's wife!*' In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant. 'I mean just what I say,' replied ZEB.; and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence, until they reached the Conference. In the early part of the session the Conference sat with closed doors, for the purpose of transacting private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct during the past year. For this purpose, the clerk called the roll, as was the custom, and in due course ZEB.'s name was called. 'Does any one know aught against the conduct of brother TWITCHELL during the past year?' asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer. After a moment's silence, ZEB.'s travelling companion arose from his seat, and, with a heavy heart, and grave, demure countenance, said he felt that he had a duty to perform; one that he owed to God, to the church, and to himself. He must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though with trembling. He then related what ZEB. had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the

landlord's wife, etc. The grave body of ministers was struck as with a thunder-bolt; although a few smiled, and glanced first upon ZER., then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew, better than the others, the character of the accused. The Bishop called up 'brother T.,' and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. ZER. arose and said: 'I did the deed! I never lie.' Then, pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded, with slow and solemn deliberation: 'There was *one* little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, *I kept the tavern myself!*' The long and troubled countenances relaxed; a titter followed; and the next named on the roll was called.' - - - The following inscription is copied from a tomb-stone in Rockingham county, New-Hampshire:

'A WIFE so true, there are but few,  
And difficult to find;  
A wife more just, and true to trust,  
There is not left behind.'

WE learn incidentally, but upon undoubted authority, that the young Mr. D. WILLARD FISKE, from whose 'Letters from the North of Europe' we quoted an admirable passage in our last number, has been passing the winter at the University of Upsala, attending lectures, etc. His intelligence, assiduity in pursuit of knowledge under all kinds of difficulties, and his surprising acquirements for his years, have gained him great favor among the professors, and other learned men. He goes to Denmark in May, and embarks at Copenhagen for Iceland, where he intends to pass the summer. His immediate object is, to make himself well acquainted with the languages, history, and traditions of the northern nations, their sagas, etc.; and he is in a fair way of accomplishing it. We cannot avoid contrasting the conduct of this poor youth, bravely struggling forward to intellectual eminence, in defiance of poverty and privation, with that of the host of young Americans, spendthrift sons of wealthy fathers, who are wasting time and opportunity, degrading themselves and disgracing their country, amidst the enervating and licentious pleasures of Paris. Which of the two may be considered the real specimen of 'Young America'? - - - By way of caution to all similar applicants, let us say to Mr. J. S. MORTON, secretary of the '*Michigan University Reading-Room*,' at Ann-Arbor, in answer to his note requesting us to send to 'the institution' a free copy of 'that valuable periodical, the KNICKERBOCKER,' that we shall do no such thing. We don't print, at great expense, a work to give away to those who have no sort of claim upon us; nor do we greatly affect the cool impudence of such mendicant requests. And our contemporaries, every where, owe it to themselves to resist, as many of them do resist, the appeals of kindred eleemosynary 'petitioners,' who will 'ever pray' in this kind, until taught better. - - - A LITTLE boy, 'well in his boots' for the first time, and very proud of them, said to his mother, after reading his customary chapter in 'Scott's Family Bible' in the morning: 'Mother, why did n't MOSES wear boots?' 'Why, my son, what makes you ask *that* question? Perhaps he *did* wear boots, my dear; we do n't know.' 'No, mother, he did n't, because the BIBLE says that the voice that came out of the burning bush told him to take off his *shoes!*' There was no rejoinder to this 'clinger.' - - - GENIX has again laid the town under obligation to his enterprise and far-seeing discernment. He has opened a '*Ladies' and Juvenile Bazaar*,' at Number 543, Broad-



way, under the new and superb Sr. NICHOLAS Hotel, which he has fitted up, in the way of elegant decorations and ornament, in a style hitherto unsurpassed in New-York. We were informed, by travelled persons whom we met at the Bazaar, that nothing superior to it, in chasteness, richness, and true taste, could be seen in Oxford or Regent-street in London, or the still more beautiful *magasins* of Paris. But more than this: it has *every thing*, of the very richest and rarest, that can be obtained in the way of ladies' and children's costume, 'from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet,' imported directly from Paris, as well as such as may be manufactured in this city. Young ladies and mothers have now no need to 'go a-shopping,' for *all* they require can be obtained, and at reasonable prices, at the 'Bazaar.' What with the fame of this new 'institution,' the 'vogue' of his spring hats, 'just published,' and the splendid service of plate recently presented to him by his *employées*, there is reason to fear that GENIN may soon decide not to 'let his children play with the neighbors' children,' as they have been accustomed to do! - - - A FRIEND lately from Canada encountered the following *affiche*, posted on a board, by a Frenchman, as a caution to the people not to trust his wife, who had run away from him:

'Ma name thas PETER ROVILLE : ma Waf, he leav ma hous and shant ax me. Any man that trusts him on ma nam, thas a loss for you !'

WE have tested, to our entire satisfaction, the justice of the commendations bestowed by our correspondent 'M.' upon the '*Mansion-House of Benny Stelle of New-Brunswick.*' In conjunction with a most agreeable party of distinguished Jerseymen, and one or two Gothamites, we enjoyed there recently a supper and a breakfast (*such a breakfast!*) of which the recollection even now lingers upon the palate. BENNY STELLE is a benefactor to your true *gourmet*. - - - '*The Lantern,*' after the manner of 'Punch,' is a very clever and lively publication. Many of its drawings are very effective; and much of its poetry is far above the ordinary standard of merit. Witness the lines, '*An Old Story,*' by Mr. FRIZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, recently published. It is brim-full of poetry and feeling, and very like poor Hood. - - - *The National Academy of Design* has opened its annual exhibition with a great number of very fine pictures, which will receive due attention in our next. Our best artists are proved to have been both industrious and successful; and some of the more eminent among them have really won new laurels. The exhibition-rooms, we have remarked, are daily and nightly crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. - - - THE lines beginning:

'THERE was a hermit, old and gray,  
Mid pine-woods *dewling* far away,'

are respectfully declined. We should like to know what the hermit does when he '*dewls*?' The meaning of the term '*dewling*,' as here used — and it is twice repeated — passes our poor comprehension. - - - ONE of the many attractions of WASHINGTON is *Brown's Hotel*. It is a new and immense structure, on Pennsylvania Avenue, built of pure white marble, and contains 'any quantity' of airy sleeping-rooms, private parlors, beautifully arranged, and a dining-hall of most sumptuous dimensions, elegantly and chastely furnished. The host is 'native and to the manor born,' and knows well 'what he has *been about*' for the greater part of his life. His table is luxuriously supplied with edibles and potables, and the attendance is admirable. Beside all this, that he is a 'good fellow' is another fact, which no body can deny. Long may he wave! - - - WE heard an intelligent criticism at the National Academy exhibition the other evening. An affected fop, with a profusion of flashy jewelry, stood twisting his



moustache before the preëminently great scriptural picture of DURAND. 'Glorious picture!' said he; 'magnificent cloud-effect; the *chiaro-scuro* supaub; the animals and the people running, terrible! terrible! But I don't like the subject, d'ye kno'; those kind o' things, like ALLSTON's *Nebuchadnezzar's Supper*, they don't interest me.' There might have been a difference between BELSHAZZAR's feast and NEBUCHADNEZZAR's supper! - - - THE town-reader, in passing BOARDMAN's jewelry-store, corner of Lispenasd-street and Broadway, may see in the window a rare and beautiful work of antique art. It is a bronze group, representing '*The Flagellation of Christ*.' It was formerly the property of Cardinal BOUVISI, and was purchased at the sale of the Cardinal's gallery of paintings at Lucca. The group was well known to be the work of the celebrated JOHN of Bologna, and was so warranted at the sale. - - - 'J. N. M.'s' 'sewer'd' joke was originally told in the KNICKERBOCKER, in a note to the EDITOR from Mr. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, on the eve of his sailing for France, in the pleasant capital of which he is now residing. - - - SOME of the most beautiful specimens of *Ornamental Jewelry* that we have ever seen in New-York, may be examined at the establishment of the manufacturers and importers, Messrs. N. OTT AND COMPANY, Number 304, Broadway, corner of Duane-street, up stairs. Their assortment is as various as it is rich and elegant; and, whether at wholesale or retail, their prices are always reasonable. - - - We have not forgotten our *Washington Memoranda*; but we must let it spring 'from thought's occasion,' rather than 'sit down' to its recollection. It is quite too 'rememberable' to be easily forgotten. - - - THE spacious and beautiful establishment of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway, near Leonard-street, is a perfect gallery of rare works of art. Aside from its great store of all the latest and best engravings of Europe, there may always be seen there the master-pieces in landscape and portraiture of the best English, French, German, and American artists. It is truly an 'Art-Union' of itself. - - - DURING no month since the KNICKERBOCKER began to exist have so many contributions been received as in the month 'last past;' so that we trust our correspondents will 'possess themselves in patience.' Books and other publications not noticed in the present number will 'receive dispatch' in our next. - - - We would call especial attention to *Paul Delaroché's 'Napoleon at Fontainebleau'*, on the eve of his abdication, now exhibiting at the STUYVESANT Institute. It is a superb work, by a man of true genius. - - - We tender our thanks to Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD and Hon. JAMES BROOKS, for speeches delivered by them in the Senate and House of Representatives. - - - THE festival of 'Paas' was celebrated in the good old-fashioned style on the evening of the seventeenth, at the ASTOR House, by our 'St. NICHOLAS Society.' A feeling and beautiful tribute was paid by Hon. JOHN A. KING to the late venerable Rev. JACOB SCHOONMAKER, of Jamaica, whose tall, commanding person and sonorous vernacular will long be remembered by every son of St. NICHOLAS. - - - WE have received from a favorite contributor, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' a patriotic poem for our next number, which we predict will hereafter be regarded almost as much a national effusion as '*The Star-Spangled Banner*' or '*Hail Columbia*.' But our readers shall judge. - - - MR. FOREST's engagement at the Broadway still runs on. Over *sixty nights*, at 'this present writing,' and no diminution in his crowded audiences. What a LEAP is his! *That we did* get a chance to see, and never saw it equalled, nor could it be, by any actor in the world. - - - For a piece of genuine appreciative criticism, read the essay '*On the Genius of Charles Dickens*,' in preceding pages.

It does equal honor to the writer and his subject. - - - A CHARMING chapter from MEISTER KARL'S 'Sketch-Book,' and an admirable 'Schediasm' paper upon 'The Rights of Children,' are in type; but, together with 'The Condemned Ship,' 'Legend of a Locomotive,' and four additional pages of 'Gossip,' they are literally 'crowded out.'

LITERARY RECORD OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.—A recent work by Mr. HENRY JAMES, embracing the lectures delivered by him in this city some two years since, and which were at the time the 'talk of the town' for their freedom and originality, has been abstracted — 'conveyed' the wise it call' — from the sanctum. 'When found,' we shall 'make a note of it,' for a note-worthy tome it is, as we saw from a merely casual glance over its pages. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, is the publisher; and he has also in press, to be published some time during the month, a new edition of *Hallock's Complete Poetical Works*. What a treat will be there for every lover of true poetry! Some foretaste of what may be expected will be found in the 'Extract from an Unpublished Poem,' elsewhere in the present number. - - - KOSSUTH'S visit to this country has given rise to two volumes which lie before us. From Messrs. DERBY AND MILLER, publishers, at Auburn, in this State, we have the '*Life of Kossuth*,' including notices of the men and scenes of the Hungarian Revolution, together with an appendix, containing his principal speeches, with an introduction by HORACE GREELEY. The compiler is Mr. P. C. HEADLEY, a brother of the author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals.' From Messrs. PHINNEY AND COMPANY, Buffalo, we have '*Kossuth and his Generals*,' with a brief history of Hungary, select speeches of KOSSUTH, etc., by HENRY W. DE PUT: with an introduction by Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND, late Speaker of the New-York House of Assembly, etc.: with portraits, and a map of Hungary. Both these volumes are executed upon fair paper, with large, clear types. - - - The '*Harp and the Plough*,' by our 'Peasant-Bard,' JOSIAH D. CANNING, Esq., of Gill, (Mass.), to 'speak right out in meeting,' has been printed, and will ere long be published. No reader of the KNICKERBOCKER will need to be informed that it will prove replete with honest thought and simple poetical feeling. - - - '*Women of Christianity, exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity*,' is the title of a work from the pen of JULIA KAVANAUGH, and the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Its subjects are selected from four periods or eras: first, the Roman Empire; second, the Middle Ages; third, the Seventeenth Century; and fourth, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The work is interesting from the grouping and variety of its characters. The same publishers have in press, 'CORNEILLE and his Times,' by GUIZOT; 'Days of BRUCE,' by GRACE AGUILAR; 'The Student's Wife,' HORACE SMITH'S 'Gallies and Gravities,' 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' 'Little Peddlingtonians,' 'Papers from the Quarterly Review,' etc. - - - 'Summerfield, or Life on a Farm,' from the press of DERBY AND MILLER, Auburn, is a work which we are sorry to be obliged to pass with a simple record of its title, and a recommendation to the reader to purchase and peruse what will richly reward perusal. It is from the pen of DAY KELLOGG LEE. - - - A VERY useful manual for the clergymen and laity of the Episcopal Church, is a *New Arrangement of Psalms and Hymns*, alphabetically prepared in lines, by which any psalm or hymn may instantly be found on reference to any line contained therein. The great convenience of such a work is too obvious to require comment. OCTAVIUS LONGWORTH, Williamsburgh, the author, and ORVILLE A. ROORBACK, New-York, are the publishers. - - - THE best editions of the best standard works for schools and general reference that are published in this country proceed from the press of Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, of this city. Three lie before us at this moment, of rare value and convenience: LOUIS FASQUELLE'S '*New Method of Learning to Read, and Speak, and Compose the French Language*;' SURENNE'S '*Dictionary of French and English*,' in two Parts, abridged; and a '*New French Manual*,' by the same author. The great success of these works is a conclusive evidence of their great merit. - - - WE have received from Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-Row, complete in one volume, with several engravings, '*The Tallier and Guardian*,' mainly by STEELE AND ADDISON, including an account of the authors, from the pen of MACAULAY, and important notes. Of a work so well known, it need only be said that it is well printed in double column, upon good paper. - - - WE have but space left to mention the following additional works as awaiting future 'consideration:' 'A Reel in a Bottle,' by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, from the press of SCRIBNER; 'The Nineteenth Century, or the New Dispensation,' a brief examination of the claims and assertions of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, published by JOHN ALLEN, Nassau-street; 'The Future Wealth of America, being a Glance at the Resources of the United States,' (a much more important and comprehensive work than even its title indicates,) by FRANCIS BONYNGE, for fourteen years a resident in India and West China; 'Life in the West, or the MORETON Family,' from the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia; 'An Autobiography of WILLIAM RUSSELL,' by our old friend and correspondent, the author of 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' etc., etc.

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"We have our favorites in literature, as well as other things, and, I confess, that, among the Grecian writers, my estimate of Herodotus is great. His evident truthfulness, his singular simplicity of style, and his constant respect and veneration for sacred and divine things, win my regard. It is true that he sometimes appears credulous, which caused Aristotle to say of him, that he was a story-teller. But in respect to this, two things are to be remarked; the one is, that he never avers as a fact that which rests on the accounts of others; the other is, that all subsequent travels and discoveries have tended to confirm his fidelity. From his great qualities as a writer, as well as from the age in which he lived, he is justly denominated the "Father of History." Herodotus was a conscientious narrator of what he saw and heard. In his manner there is much of the old epic style; indeed, his work may be considered as the connecting link between the epic legend and political history; truthful, on the one hand, since it was a genuine history; but, on the other, conceived and executed in the spirit of poetry, and not the profounder spirit of political philosophy. It breathes a reverential submission to the Divine will, and recognises distinctly the governing hand of Providence in the affairs of men. \* \* He travelled to collect the materials for his History—he made of them one whole, and laid one idea at the bottom, with as much epic simplicity as Homer did in the Iliad."—*Daniel Webster*.

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"In Thucydides, the art of History is farther advanced, though he lived very little later than Herodotus, and probably had read or heard his history, though that is doubted.

"Thucydides did not, indeed, make one whole of his work, for he did not survive the war whose history he undertook to relate; but he is less credulous than Herodotus; he has no proper dialogue; he is more compact; he indulges very little in episodes; he draws characters, and his speeches are more like formal, stately discussions. And he says of them, they are such as he either heard himself, or received from those who did hear them, and he states that he gives them in their true substance. There is nothing to create a doubt that personally he heard the oration of Pericles.

"In short, Herodotus's work seems a natural, fresh production of the soil; that of Thucydides belongs to a more advanced state of culture. Quintilian says of the former, *In Herodoto omnia leniter fusi*, of the latter, *Densus et brevis et semper instans sibi*.

"But, upon the whole, I am compelled to regard Thucydides as the greater writer. Thucydides was equally truthful, but more conversant with the motives and character of men in their political relations. He took infinite pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with transactions that occurred in his own day, and which became the subject of his own narrative.

"It is said, even, that persons were employed by him to obtain information from both the belligerent powers, for his use, while writing the history of the Peloponnesian war.

"He was one of the most eminent citizens of the Athenian Republic, educated under the institutions



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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGOVOIK.

### THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE 'rights of man' and the 'rights of woman' have been discussed 'ad nauseam;' but who vindicates the RIGHTS OF CHILDREN? I have just risen from the perusal of a very *learned* report of the Judiciary Committee to the Legislature of the State of New-York on the new Divorce Bill, in which their existence, as a feature growing out of the *sui-generis* contract of marriage, is not even alluded to! The 'rights' of woman were unheard of until she herself took up the pen, and also mounted the rostrum, in her own behalf. Until this was done, we thought she could get on very well with the share of *duties* allotted to her, without pestering us with talk about her rights. I am afraid we are trying the same game with children.

Still some may say, those evils are best overcome which find their own cure. Perhaps this is true. And if truth is destined always to 'lie at the bottom of the well,' and can be drawn up only by a bucket-full at a time, and none can hoist it up except those who are dying of thirst, and know where to find the 'well,' and have the strength to draw up the bucket, perhaps one ought to wait for precocious juvenility to help itself. Abhorring precocity, however, as I most heartily do, I apprehend it is wiser to protect ourselves against its presumptuous outbursts by a timely taking up of the cudgels ourselves in behalf of the 'rights of children;' otherwise, we may live to hear the cry bawled into our ears, 'It is too late!' Nay, the 'Rising Generation' may issue its manifesto, proclaiming to the 'millions yet to be' that, 'goaded to despair' by a 'deep sense of their manifold wrongs,' they have 'risen' in vindication of the 'rights guarantied' to them by 'nature and nature's God!' HEAVEN forefend this *uncivil* war! Let us beware lest we revive the edict of 'the good

King Herod !' Let us yield gracefully. As old Master Chaucer hath it :

'*Thou willest eke that stoupest with the winde  
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.*'

Seriously, however, this is a momentous subject. What fearful suggestions press upon the mind and weigh down the heart when we contemplate from what unfit and unhallowed hands an immortal soul too often receives the unhappy impress that colors, shapes, and tones its eternal destiny ! Had we not Revelation to save us from the error, it would be almost enough to drive the skeptical into doubts of God's existence. Nay, when we consider that A CHILD is not a mere finite sequence of matrimonial union, sometimes welcome and sometimes obtrusive ; not a mere personal gift to ourselves, for sport or profit, but is the germ of an existence as important at least as our own, an existence that reaches in duration from everlasting to everlasting ; that to no inconsiderable degree it is a plastic mass of unfinished spirit, and measurably the creature of circumstances in its shape, direction, and action ; that its memory is imperishable, and impressions once formed upon that are never effaced ; that its ultimate line of motion is the result of a composition of forces made up of all the events and experiences of this life, external and internal, sensuous and spiritual ; when one is led to consider thus, one almost shudders at the fearful responsibility incurred by even interfering at all with its action. Nothing but a sense of religious duty and a hopeful trust in God's providence,

— 'from evil still educing good,'

could reconcile the thoughtful to undertake this perilous task. In this spirit alone should the task be attempted.

Viewed in this aspect, it becomes no light thing to check or lead the infant mind in any direction whatsoever. Perhaps, too, it may be no light thing to stand by and witness its blind and heedless choice of that which may cost it ages of endless pain to undo, without stretching out a helping hand to warn or guide the erring innocent. The argument is very strong on both sides, and one winces at taking either horn of the dilemma. Still, I incline to the opinion that, except we address ourselves to the work in that reverential spirit of which I have spoken, inaction is the least culpable course, far oftener than we are apt to suspect.

Now, let us canvass this matter a little. Our guides to right and wrong are fallible. Our lights are feeble and cross-lights. They not unfrequently dazzle and bewilder us, until we ourselves are perhaps misled. We are apt to look only at present effect. In the ordinary affairs of life, with a wise recklessness, we may safely leave much of ultimate sequence to take care of itself. Here, however, is a little stream flowing on, flowing on, with unerring certainty and ceaseless ebb, toward the ocean of eternity. A pebble dropped into this stream seems but to break its surface for a moment into dimples, or to turn its tiny current awry, and to lose its effect ; but it imparts a motion to the stream that is never lost until the stream has permeated the remotest sea. If we are astray, is there no terror in the suggestion that we may duplicate the error, nay, more, multiply infinitely the ugly images of error by perpetuating them ? Even

if we are right, are we sure there is but one highway to truth and rectitude? May not many divergent ways converge to a common centre at last? Beside, the world is ever learning—not, perhaps, new ultimate or new radical truths, but new modes of finding out and reaching truth. We are acquiring the art of concentrating the ideas of myriads of generations into the duration of a single earthly life. May we not over-rate the value of our personal experiences and seniority? The true measure of duration of time being the 'succession of ideas,' may not another mind, starting from the stand-point of our acquisitions, reach with clear vision and vigorous grasp at twenty, that which we see but dimly at forty? Nay, may it not make this even the basis of farther explorations? What then? Shall we not distrust with deep humility our ability to perform the part we assume, with such assurance, of 'friend, philosopher, and guide' to the young mind and heart?

Now, let us come a little more to particulars. As souls are complex and not single, and their faculties and capacities variable in their proportions, it is a monstrous absurdity to apply the same rule to all; and as we cannot during childhood accurately discern the precise degree of complexity, or the exact proportions of the various faculties, is it not unwise to give to all an iron rule, which may check and control, but cannot *regulate*, their movements? Why not enlarge the liberty of childhood? Why not, in a devout spirit, trust more to PROVIDENCE? Who can tell what beautiful and intelligent instincts infancy might develope, if not exposed to bad example, nor yet smothered with too much learning and discipline that 'makes it mad'? The tree trained to the wall cannot stand erect in the blast, and will perish in the storm. What matters it if childhood do go somewhat astray? May not its very error be its destined path-way to rectitude? May it not be that we are sacrilegiously interfering with the ways of PROVIDENCE in thus arbitrarily mapping out the travels of an immortal soul? May it not be that we are, with unhallowed hands, confusing that eternal harmony which God has designed?

Why, what is a child, that we should thus dare to tyrannize over it as the defenceless subject of our caprice? A play-thing? A gift for our amusement? One 'whose chief good and market of his time is but to sleep or feed? A beast? no more!' A property of ours? Is it not rather a 'double trust'—a kinsman and guest?—a trust next in importance to our own souls, confided by the ALMIGHTY, to be answered for hereafter? Oh that men and women would think thus!

I know of no more stupendous error prevalent in the world than the not uncommon opinion with many very intelligent people, that the characters and dispositions of men and women are *created* by the discipline of childhood. As if God had made immortal beings to be, in their entire shape and every feature, of necessity, the wares of our paltry handicraft, the sport or victims of our imperfect guidance! All physical nature that perishes has the impress of God upon every lineament; but the immortal soul waits the stamp of a human die before it can pass current! Each 'beast that goeth downward' has its distinctive traits of character and disposition, which 'fire cannot burn out of it;' but a man, forsooth, is a piece of sodden clay, that is angel or devil as *chances* may determine! Is not this Atheism? or worse, is it not Diabolism too? For my part, I

would sooner believe there was no God than believe that He who created the universe could create a human soul without a purpose, and that purpose indelibly stamped upon it. I stand up for the individuality of every human being. In that I reverently recognize the 'image of God' in which he is created.

Really, this matter of 'training up a child in the way he should go' is carried too far. It has been too long the sanctified pretext for galling domestic despotism. You may, and very likely will, train him *down* in the way he should *not* go. Every created being is a law unto itself; and I am well assured that at least one half of the life-time of most reflecting men is wasted in discovering, amidst the rubbish and confusion of hereditary ideas and opinions, what that law is, and in emancipating their minds from the tyranny of this foreign yoke, and subjecting them to the dominion and law of their own nature. It is time we began a reform in this matter of *moral instincts*. It is time we began to teach children principles instead of facts, and to point out to them the end to be arrived at, and the means of its accomplishment, instead of authoritatively laying down iron rules to be blindly obeyed. We set the body free from the leading-strings as soon as possible, rightly judging that self-dependence will create strength, and suggest the means of supplying whatever is needed; but we never disfranchise the mind until, in spite of all enervating and corrupting influences, it rebelliously breaks away from mistaken tenderness, and, discovering its own subjection and degradation, begins life in downright earnest, and upon its own resources and responsibility.

It is odd, and it is humiliating too, that extremes should so often meet in the social and political relations and rules of life. It has sometimes seemed to me that the fabulous hiding-place of truth would have been better described as being at *the end of a circle* than at the bottom of a well. Is it not frightful, that in this latter part of the fifty-ninth century of man's history, after myriads of hecatombs of human victims have been slaughtered and offered as sacrifices in the pious endeavor to establish *good government*, the political philosophy of our day should have completed the circle, and, returning to the starting-point of pure nomadic life, built its theories upon so primitive an axiom as 'That government is best which governs least'? Is it not appalling to contemplate the oceans of treasure squandered, the bankruptcy and ruin evolved, in teaching the commercial world to seek of the 'powers that be,' as the best boon that can be awarded, the very same thing that must have been the instinctive prayer of the two men who made the first bargain: '*LAISSEZ FAIRE*,' let us alone? Were it not too simple, and the illustrations too trite, I might press this view. In one word, think for an instant what a vast proportion of the toil, and sweat, and blood, and treasure of the heroes, and patriots, and martyrs of the world has been spent in emancipating mankind from the bonds of those political and social errors they have inherited, almost without a fault of their own. Looking back through the ages, what a dismal scramble do we see! The blind leading the blind, or the sage in chains in a dungeon draining the poisoned cup, or the madman rioting on the throne and convulsing the world with his mandate! Poor Truth ehained, like Prometheus, to a rock in the ocean, and Tyranny, vulture-like, eating out its very heart!

Now, I suspect that childhood too has been the suffering victim of hereditary error. I suspect that a larger element of the '*laissez faire*' policy introduced into the nursery and the school-room, and the leaving of nature a little more to her own resources, would better subserve the interests of humanity than all the petty tyranny of baby 'embargoes,' and 'bounties,' and 'stop-laws.' I would have a little less materialism, and a little more 'faith, hope, and charity,' exercised toward these little folks. I would not crush the heart out of youth by discipline brutal in character or excess. I would never degrade, never humiliate, never disgrace the image of God in miniature. I would trust more to nature and time, and less to compulsion. I would have a separate key curiously adapted with cunning art to unlock every little heart, and I would not force them all open with the same crow-bar.

In fine, to cut short this discursive ramble, I record my solemn and indignant protest against all tyranny exercised over childhood. I advocate the right of a child to grow up naturally, instead of being 'brought up' artificially. I resist the baleful influence of petty domestic despotism. I deprecate alike the misconceived or misplaced pride or fondness that tortures the infant brain into preternatural precocity, and the heedless or wilful violence or privation that torments the infant heart into despair and diabolism. In behalf of infant humanity, I claim a larger liberty, and ask to have the individuality of the child recognized and made the basis of a peculiar treatment.

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T O M Y W I F E I N A B S E N C E .

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

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My darling wife! though far away, my thoughts revert to thee;  
Thou art my steady beacon-light across Life's solemn sea:  
Though high the waves that intervene, though dark the clouds above,  
I turn to thee, my cheering beam, in confidence and love.

I know not if this heart, so fond, so faithful, would not break,  
Thus pained by absence, were it not, consoler! for thy sake;  
I know not if these weary, watching, tearful eyes of mine  
Would not be dim, but for the smile reflected back from thine.

I think, O treasure of my life! of all thy winning ways;  
I think of thy devoted love, above thy husband's praise;  
Of all that thou hast been to me, my happiness and pride,  
Since at God's altar thou didst stand serenely at my side.

I think — O bitter thought! — how small has been thy love's return;  
How few the deeds that I have done so dear a prize to earn:  
But, as a sailor cast upon a lone, tempestuous sea,  
Repentant turns to Heaven, and prays, so turns my soul to thee!

Grant, grant, kind HEAVEN, that I once more may hear her gentle words,  
And the sweet voices of our boys, my pretty little birds!  
And then, if sorrows come, I'll kiss the hand that wields the rod,  
And from afflictions deep exclaim: 'Thy will be done, O God!'



## T H E T O M B - B I R D .

BY E. W. D. CANNING.

ON a recent visit to the tomb of WASHINGTON, I observed that within the vestibule, in a niche above the door leading into the inner tomb, and immediately over the sarcophagus of WASHINGTON, a bird had constructed its nest, as it were in the shadow of the fame of the 'Father of his Country.' This incident prompted the following

## L I N E S .

Nor in the 'green-wood tree,'  
Where sunbeams twinkle 'mid the stirring leaves,  
And through the rocking boughs the tempest heaves  
Its minstrelsy:

Nor yet in sheltered nook,  
Where sloping eaves protect the callow young;  
Nor 'mong the willows, where the song is sung  
Of bounding brook:

But here, within the tomb,  
In the deep silence where the dreamless rest,  
This bird of fancy strange hath sought her nest  
And found her home.

Ay! better than the sun  
To the plumed reasoner seemed this sacred shade:  
For here the venerated form is laid  
Of WASHINGTON!

Methought a pleasant thing  
And beautiful, a choicest well worthy fame,  
In sanctuary hallowed by such name,  
To fold the wing:

Committing without fear  
To such defence her teraphim, her trust,  
Safe in the mute protection of *his* dust,  
Whom all revere.

For what foe flies in air,  
Or darkling skulks for prey with art malign,  
To invade the sanctity of such a shrine  
Were bold to dare!

There is a glorious fame,  
More potent than the serried hosts of war:  
'Tis the blest influence diffused afar  
Of a *good name*.

Thus, though fierce discords run  
Like bale-fires 'thwart our country's sky of gloom,  
Hope shall look calmly from the guardian tomb  
Of WASHINGTON!

## A T A L K U P O N A N T I Q U I T Y .

BY E. KENNEDY.

## ‘THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.’

WELL, says one, you say that all these voluminous authors, filling some one hundred folios or so, and none of them of later date than the fifth or sixth centuries of the Christian era, are so full and explicit upon all points connected with the doctrines of the New Testament; why, as sure as the world, they must contain information of great value, these ‘Fathers;’ they must amplify most pleasantly upon topics which, in the pages of the New Testament, are only vouchsafed to us in the shape of obscure hints.

You think so, do you?

Why, certainly: these men, living so closely upon the heels of the apostolic times, and at a period, too, when mere tradition alone would seem to possess a value irresistible, ought to be prepared to tell us all things we desire to know. Why, they must be invaluable. Origen, and Tertullian, and Cyprian, and Jerome, and Augustine — these you say their names are? I’ll purchase the set of them, and forthwith will put my old grammars and lexicons into requisition, and learn to read these ancient worthies, seeing, as you remark, that they are not rendered into the vernacular.

All this is reasonable enough; and most men of ordinary intelligence and ordinary curiosity, learning, for the first time, that there were such authors extant as the ‘Fathers,’ would entertain similar surmises and suppositions. ’Tis true, they did live closely upon the heels of the apostolic times; yea, they even dove-tailed, so to speak, upon the era of the apostles themselves: Ignatius and Polycarp must have seen and conversed with the evangelists; Irenæus, and Clemens, and Justin Martyr, followed very soon; and then Tertullian, who died as early as A. D. 220. Origen, the most famous man of those early times, flourished about the middle of this same century; and contemporaneous with him, and succeeding to him, were a host of others more or less distinguished. Augustine seemed to close up the list of this galaxy of great names, he dying A. D. 430.

The reader will perceive that when we speak of ‘Fathers,’ the worthies who lived and flourished from the days of the apostles until about the middle of the fifth century are included in this designation. These one hundred volumes in folio are only the remains of those long-distant and exceedingly loquacious ages. Origen, for instance, must have written more than a cart-load of books, and of these scarcely a minimum portion has come down to us: and perhaps this is as well; for we have already more of these early writers than we care to pin our faith to. Like as we regard the learned labors of one

‘TRISMEGISTUS,  
Whose writings all have happily missed us!’

But still there remains behind an important question, which has hung upon us ever since we took this subject in hand: What is the burden of the story contained in this mass of paper and printer's ink before us?

The simple-minded man who does not know, or even wish to know, what 'antiquity' means, and who, we are sure, never heard of the 'Fathers,' and would hardly know where to place them, had he even so heard, finds comfort from the doctrines of this same religion, and even dies rejoicing in the faith of it; but the enlightened scholar — we mean the individual who has sharpened up his intellect by whatever means or motives were open to him — has not so simple a 'faith,' and he must needs seek after an ampler testimony. In this sense we sometimes think that if

'Ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise!'

But no matter: one cannot unmake himself any more than he can form a new creation; he would know, he would understand, he would inquire.

For the first century of the Christian era, the contest was for the truth, in itself considered; for the attestation of the one great fact, that the history recorded by the apostles was a reality and not a fiction. And if we may believe Gibbon, the early converts to the 'faith' were most sturdy in its defence, enduring such shocking persecutions as excite our passing wonder and surprise that human nature could bear so much, or that the strong will of man could sustain itself under such grievous torments and trials. For a while, (read Gibbon,) after the first promulgation of Christianity, the struggle was, we say, not for niceties of doctrine, but for the existence of a fact; but afterward, when the fact grew, and when the Roman Emperor himself embraced the 'pestilential heresy,' as Pliny had entitled the religion of the Christians, then the period for hair-splitting arose, and then the fertile pens of the Origenes and the Chrysostoms were brought into requisition. And this is what we have next to talk about.

'THERE are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!'

Oui, Monsieur Hamlet, you are right there, be well assured! Who would have thought it true — and yet it is true — that we of the nineteenth century are vastly in advance, in point of knowledge, of those who flourished in the earlier ages of the Christian Church! And so far from our being under necessity to go to these Fathers to learn truth, and to find out deep things, they should the rather come to us and be instructed. In these earlier ages, men were, mentally speaking, in an infantile condition; there were Romans and Greeks acute enough, 't is true, but little did the more polished of these nations bother themselves with the opinions of a conquered province; the mass of those who received the teachings of the Christian doctors were unlearned, uneducated; they were mere children in mental stature.

For the century or two of the Christian era, there was little else broached by the early 'Fathers' but mere exhortations to duty, to purity of life and conduct. After a while, however, doctrinal subjects came up for discussion, and from about the year A. D. 200 until perhaps A. D. 500, there was enough of it, in all conscience. And when

any inquiring individual, in our time, may ask after the contents of all these one hundred volumes in folio—stern-looking fellows they are—we have a most ready answer:

These volumes, my good Sir, were written some thousand years ago or more, by Messrs. Origen, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerome, and a host of others—for their name is Legion—for the furtherance of what they esteemed to be sound principles—orthodoxy—in opposition to the errors of sundry curious-minded individuals, whose ingenuity in devising explanations for deep subjects led them constantly upon the borders of 'heresy;' for that was the term given to free inquiry. Such were Arius and Sabellius, the founders of the Arian and the Sabellian theories in regard to the Second Person of the TRINITY. The former of these theories gave too little, and the latter too much divinity to the SAVIOUR of mankind: that is to say, the former regarded him as man, and as man only; whereas, by the latter hypothesis, he was wholly divine, and his human body was, perhaps, only the semblance of such.

Now the good 'Fathers' of that day undertook, by the force of argument and copious illustration, to set all right; hence these huge folios: but let it be remarked, by the way, that oftentimes these very 'orthodox' 'Fathers,' when in earnest pursuit of error, themselves fell into heterodoxy where they least suspected it. And this arose from the very nature of the subject. As, in physics, there are said to be some fluids so subtle and delicate that human sense cannot detect them, so in the abstrusities of theology there are some subjects so utterly intangible that man's investigation may not reach for their development; ignorant he is, and ignorant he must remain of matters unrevealed to human pen.

So then he may search the 'Fathers' in vain for a solution of vexed questions?

That he may, indeed. Only worse: for he will find confusion worse confounded by dipping his little vessel into these muddied streams.

If the reader is not wearied with us, we will endeavor to show why these *paternal* fountains, although so copious, are very turbid and unsatisfactory: When the doctrines of Christianity began to take root and to grow apace, a more accommodating spirit was manifested on the part of its teachers; in other words, the Platonic philosophy got mixed up with the pure doctrines of the New Testament. In order to gain strength to their cause, these degenerate teachers allowed the vagaries of the philosophic Plato to square themselves with the 'mysteries' of the Christian faith; and the Platonists were well pleased, on the other hand, to become 'Christians' with so small a sacrifice. The teachings of this illustrious Grecian had become largely intermingled with the thoughts of thinking men of that period; and when, in the time of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, the religion of the New Testament became the religion of the Empire, and consequently grew to be popular, there was small difficulty in gaining hosts of converts to the new faith: converts, however, more in name than in reality, as may well be imagined.

Beside this intermingling of Greek philosophy with the doctrines of the New Testament, and the consequent contamination of the latter, there were other causes having a similar tendency at work. There was the school of the Gnostics beside.

Do'n't get out of patience, reader!

These Gnostics derived their doctrine from the 'wise men of the East, certain oriental magi, who were certainly wise above what is written, contending as they did for the eternity of matter, and that *it* is the source of all evil.

We touch upon these topics with great reluctance; but having undertaken to explain to the reader—whom we suppose to be a *miscellaneous* man—the *cause why* of these ponderous folios, written by the 'Fathers' in question, there was no such thing as an evasion of Greek and oriental philosophy. It was to contend against the *heresies* occasioned by these systems of human speculation, that the 'Fathers' drew forth their majestic pens.

The most extraordinary man of all the early 'Fathers' was Origen, whose works, as we have before remarked, would number a cart-load, had they all come down to us. This illustrious Greek 'Father,' born A. D. 185, fell into errors fully as grievous as those he set about to controvert. Following the Jewish mode of interpreting Scripture, he is always for discovering a hidden or mystical sense, lying beneath and behind even the most simple and obvious passages of the Bible. By the way, this allegorical method of scriptural interpretation has been common in all ages of the Christian Church, down even almost to our own days. But the 'Father' Origen is the prince of all allegorists or allegorizers, or of that class of biblical critics who

'Apprehend more than cool reason comprehends,'

and who draw inferences and deduce deductions such as never mortal man, other than themselves, are able to get a glimpse of.

But we pass on: Suffice it to say, that error, in doctrine prevailed copiously, notwithstanding the counterblasts of orthodoxy, or what purported to be orthodoxy at that time. The Church called a General Council—that was the result of the matter—to settle the difficulty. The celebrated Council of Nice, held A. D. 325, was the grand healer-up of these wounds; it enacted the *formula* which, from that day to the present, has been considered the standard of orthodoxy, so far as the second person of the TRINITY is concerned. The words of the formula were, 'Of one substance with the FATHER,' as they now stand in the Nicene Creed. It would be very curious to tell of how one single letter in a Greek word set men at loggerheads for a couple of generations or more, occasioning the shedding of much ink, as these corpulent folios here testify.

Once upon a time, a hungry wolf, prowling about for prey, came to a certain cottage and asked to be admitted—wolves talk sometimes to suit the purposes of fable-mongers—and this, of course, was denied him. Becoming somewhat importunate, he besought of the simple-minded people within that only his nose should be allowed ingress. This seemed certainly very reasonable, and it was granted; but, unfortunately for the inmates, the animal's nose served only as an 'entering-wedge' to the body of the beast himself, and they were all soon devoured. So it was with the settlement of this 'heresy;' other points of equal obscurity immediately arose, a succession of them; and for two or three



hundred years the Church enjoyed no rest from these acute disturbers of the public peace. The next subject upon the carpet was, the 'Third Person in the TRINITY,' his mode of existence, and his manner of '*procession* from the FATHER and from the SON.' Divers other men of might arose, to stand by the truth, and to oppose error, in this behalf. If the reader is cognisant of Latin and Greek, he may set in for a month's hard labor, in 'digging out' the grains of precious sense from the many bushels of superincumbent chaff which he will find in these tough folio pages.

Church history, from the time of the Emperor Constantine, or even before it, down to Justinian, is crammed to overflowing with 'heresies' such as we have here referred to, and others of a kindred hue. When once the door was opened for cavilling or for criticism, there was a mighty rush for the 'bad eminence;' and 'heresies' and 'heretics' abounded. Council after council met to 'lay down the law,' *ex cathedra*, as well as to punish the wrong-doers, even to the extent of the *flagellation* of a bishop sometimes—so we read. And not only councils met in solemn divan, but ponderous tomes were perpetrated to inform mankind what, from the nature of things, it was impossible for finite humanity to penetrate and to solve.

It is no small part of knowledge to be able to know one's own ignorance. We hear it said of certain very learned men that they have a keen perception both of what they know, and of what they don't know; and it is a characteristic of our own age to be willing frankly to acknowledge known mysteries to be mysteries. 'Put me into the atmosphere of mystery,' said a learned professor once in our hearing, 'and my mind experiences immediate relief!' But with the 'Fathers' there was none of this; they must needs lift the veil and explore the pene-tralia, forgetful, all the while, that frail mortality has no faculties to grasp, much less to decipher the mysteries of that mysterious 'THREE in ONE.' And herein these 'Fathers,' every one of them, have failed most signally, most miserably, we might say; failed, in that they ventured into a vast profound, whither human ken might not attempt its explorations!

We, in our time, do not attempt such voyages into dream-land; it suffices for us to be satisfied with the authenticity of the Divine Record, and to render obedience to its plain precepts.

They have 'done the state some service,' notwithstanding, these 'conscript Fathers,' as we have heretofore had occasion to remark: they have rendered it unnecessary for any future age of the world to expend its strength upon impossible issues; they serve as light-houses to the wind-tossed mariner, directing him what shoals to avoid, and warning him of what head-lands he might encounter. We learn a lesson even from the errors of mankind.

And then, as we said before, the human mind has grown apace: it was in its infancy at the time these 'Fathers' wrote; that is to say, the development of Christian doctrine was but in its infancy. We are not sure but it may be set down as an established fact, that the human mind generally has been in a condition of progress; at least, from the

period of the Reformation onwards. The eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries have produced minds of more acuteness than had lived at any other previous period of the world, and particularly in theological science.

And now, to sum up all that might, could, would, or should be said concerning these 'Fathers'—that is to say, concerning what our poor pen can so discourse—we regard them as knowing less, far less than we do, and as having a more perverted judgment than ourselves; and, in a word, as but babes in that science in which they would pretend to instruct us. Who goes to them to learn such wisdom as that which is to guide him through time, and out into regions where 'time is no more,' is welcome to do so if he pleases; we ourselves ask no such aids. *Non tali auxilio egot.*

Ever since Lord Bacon gave laws of rational induction in philosophy, and taught that theories are useless and worthless except alone as guides to experiment, the world has been satisfied to know what it knows, and to be dubious and uncertain as to what it don't know. Mere theories, idle fancies, coinages of the brain—these all go for what they are worth now, which is just nothing at all, unless proven upon the basis of experimental truth. And why not in theology as well, should not the idle notions of mere dreamers be cast to the wide winds and to the misty clouds, where they rightfully belong? Why, only to think of it! in the middle ages there were profound disquisitions and wordy debates among the philosophic divines and 'schoolmen' of that period, as to how many angels could meet together and dance upon the point of a needle without jostling one another! Some of the fancies of Origen, and others of the 'Fathers,' are scarcely more come-at-able.

What good can come of it?

This is a question men ask themselves very seriously now-a-days. Such questions as the *quo modo* of the 'TRINITY in unity,' or 'How are the dead raised up, and with what *body* do they come?' and the intricacy, fully as deep or deeper than all, of recognizing God as the ruler, and governor, and controller of all things, whilst at the same time the 'human will' is left unmolested—such questions as these, and a hundred others of like nature, which arise not only from the teachings of the inspired record, but which suggest themselves to the thoughts of thinking men, are of the theoretical stamp; they belong to the 'region of mystery;' a region whence not even an echo is heard, even from our much calling! Modern theology does not perplex itself with such bundles of impossibilities; at least, it has no business so to do. If a thing is beyond our reach, we say so; but this the 'Fathers' did not do; the more profound the sea of mystery, the farther and deeper they plunged into it: and all the while their starting-point was a wrong one; building up a superstructure upon an impossible basis, and not following that most wise and truly Crockett-ian doctrine of being

'Sure you 're right before you go ahead.'

There may be some—indeed, there *are* some—that will be delving into deep places, and so getting beyond their own reach; these remind us

of the definition given by a canny Scot of metaphysics: Twa men talking and disputing together: the one does n't know what the other is talking about, and he that's talking does n't know himself!

And so we bid the 'Fathers' adieu.

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BUNKER HILL: AN OLD-TIME BALLAD.

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BY RICHARD HAYWARD.

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It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,  
When the 'minute-men' from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:  
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,  
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;  
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,  
'We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!'

'Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!'  
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,  
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,  
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:  
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;  
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, 'All's well!'  
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,  
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.  
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;  
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:  
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,  
The drum that beat at Louisburgh, and thundered in Quebec!  
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,  
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;  
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,  
'The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!'  
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:  
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;  
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,  
This soil their Palestine shall be! their altar this redoubt!

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;  
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;  
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,  
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder from her side;  
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom thrill,  
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;  
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,  
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands  
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands:  
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,  
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray:  
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,  
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,  
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy peers)  
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,  
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!  
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they,  
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way —  
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,  
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.  
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew, with hands accursed,  
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed;  
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in the strife;  
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,  
By Tanner brook and Lincoln bridge, before the shut of sun,  
We took the recompense we claimed — a score for every one!

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf  
Are crowded with the living freight — and now they're pushing off;  
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,  
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!  
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,  
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;  
And now they're forming at the Point — and now the lines advance:  
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;  
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring:  
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing  
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,  
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,  
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;  
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst  
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accurst:  
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;  
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;  
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,  
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:  
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,  
'Hurrah! they run! the field is won!' 'Hurrah! the foe is fled!'  
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,  
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes;  
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!  
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,  
We saw, from Charleston's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;  
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,  
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave  
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior-grave!  
What though the day to us was lost! Upon that deathless page  
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!  
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,  
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;  
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour  
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,  
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,  
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

## A TRIP TO MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

On a bright, smiling morning in the month of September, 18—, we left Geneva on a trip to Mount St. Bernard. The deck of the little steamer was crowded with passengers, representatives of almost every nation on the globe: the garrulous Frenchman; the taciturn Englishman; the thinking, smoking German, (by the way, I really believe the weed induces thought;) the canny Scotchman; the swarthy Spaniard; the dignified Italian; the restless Russian; the inquiring American; each typified his race, and formed the ‘*dramatis personæ*’ in the little social rôle to be performed during the few hours we were to be on board.

The blue waters of the lake, reflecting the beams of a morning sun, danced gaily on, soon to swell the current of the turbid Rhone, which rushes impetuously forward just beyond the out-skirts of the city, and is lost to view after its junction with the Arve, a few miles below the town. The last friendly greetings over, the steamer launched forth upon the bosom of the lake, and we sped along, the spotless, peerless peak of Mont Blanc on our right, and the dark Jura extending like a rampart on our left.

Geneva lake is about forty miles long, in the form of a crescent. Its shores are dotted with little villages, whose whitened spires add loveliness to the scene. On reaching Lausanne, which is about three quarters of its length, we immediately engaged a land-conveyance, and, after much bargaining and talking, (the only way to prevent extortion,) we started on our journey. A few miles from Lausanne is the far-famed castle of Chillon, immortalized by the pen of Byron and the imprisonment of the heroic Bonnevard. It stands upon the very edge of the lake, whose waters, close under its walls, are eight hundred feet deep, and commands the pass of the mountains, from the canton of Valais to the Vaud. We were conducted through it, and found that Byron’s description was true to the letter. The seven columns look as solid and firm as though put up yesterday, and the Gothic ceiling gives the place rather a pretty effect. The partitions formerly existing between the cells have been taken away, and the gloom and dreariness of the apartment in a measure dispelled. The pillar and the ring to which Bonnevard was chained were pointed out to us, and the effect of the cankered teeth of the iron is seen upon the flinty floor: the rock is much worn around the column where he paced to and fro, the chain allowing him to take only three steps, and the pillar is covered with the names of illustrious men, mementoes, as it were, of the sufferings of the hardy Swiss patriots. The walls are exceedingly thick, and the melancholy moaning of the waters must have sounded the requiem of many a poor wretch. The windows are very narrow, and guarded by thick iron bars. We were introduced by our guide into a dark room, called the ‘Chamber of Torture.’ It was here that the condemned took his final exit from this



world, through a trap-door which precipitated him down a pit, its sides armed with sharp spikes, into the lake below.

Journeying onward, on the following day we reached Martigny, situated at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, where we changed our conveyance for a 'char-à-banc,' a vehicle holding three. The 'char-à-banc' is like a small stage cut in two lengthwise, with a seat only on one side. It is so constructed in consequence of the narrowness of the road, and is peculiarly adapted to persons of a nervous temperament: facing the side of the road as you do, you have the full benefit of the ravines and precipices which border the way; and the effect is often heightened by the mischievousness of the 'cocher,' who drives as near the edge as possible, urging on his mules with shouts and the lash.

In proportion as we ascended, the scene changed; the green of the fields merged into dusky brown, and the trees were represented by stunted bushes of a sickly appearance. After a tedious ride of several hours, we reached Liddes, a miserable village, a sort of half-way house, where we dined, and mounted mules to accomplish the remainder of the ascent, as the path is so narrow and steep that wagons are impracticable. At Geneva, we complained of the heat: we now wrapped our cloaks and blanket-shawls around us, shivering with the cold. As we journeyed upward, the scene became more and more wild. The mountain-torrent seemed literally jammed between the rocks, far down in the depths below, foaming and hissing at its confinement. The few stunted bushes finally disappeared, and we at last emerged upon as desolate and gloomy a tract as I ever beheld. What before had been a road was now a simple goat-path, broken and rugged. We followed nearly in the foot-steps of Napoleon Bonaparte; and the summit of a small peak, overhanging an immense chasm, was pointed out to us as the spot from which he had nearly fallen, while urging on his tired troops, during one of his Italian campaigns.

Some little distance from the Hospice, the track is indicated by tall posts, with fingers pointing to the summit of the mountain, to guide the bewildered traveller when overtaken by the snow-storm. The nearer we approached the top, the more awfully grand the scene became, surrounded as we were by nature's cloud-capped towers. The dead silence which reigned in air was almost insupportable; and the rain which commenced falling, enveloping every thing in a thick mist, and benumbing us with cold, did not at all improve our feelings. Still, onward and upward were the words; and I doubt whether the Emperor himself urged forward his tired troops with more energy than we did our lazy, stumbling mules. This exercise saved us, perhaps, from freezing. At last, after ascending a steep path, with a 'mer de glace' below us nearly fifty feet in depth, we reached the Hospice, the shades of night having already settled upon the mountain-tops.

At the entrance we were met by one of those world-renowned animals, the St. Bernard dog, who, wagging his bushy tail, walked in a dignified manner up to us, in token of welcome. We patted his huge head, and he disappeared through the doorway, as if to apprise the inmates of the approach of strangers. He was of a dark yellow color, broad-chested, with short, thick hair, fitted by nature to brave fatigue and the elements.

On entering the hall, and ringing a bell, the rope of which was suspended from the wall, we were received with exceeding politeness by one of the monks, who ushered us into the *salle-à-manger*, heaping upon the blazing hearth large billets of wood. We gathered around the fire, not needing an invitation, for we were shivering with cold. The wind howled and moaned around the building, and heavy drops of rain and hail pattered loudly against the window-panes. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon us all, (our party was now increased by the arrival of some gentlemen from the Italian side;) and it was not at all dispelled when we heard the solemn chimes of the chapel pealing forth, sending their iron voices to be echoed and reëchoed by the peaks around. It was the hour of prayer: and we listened to the low chant of the monks, as they slowly moved along the vaulted passage to the chapel, seeming almost like voices from the tomb. The effect was inexpressibly sublime. There they were, separated from the external world, bound by a vow to devote the best portion of their lives to deeds of mercy and benevolence; engaged in devotion, holding converse with their MAKER, who seeth in secret, almost, I may say, face to face; the elements at war around them, sending their cold and chilling breath through the gloomy building, far removed from the habitations of men. Too much praise cannot be awarded them, and their cause should enlist the sympathies of the world at large.

After a coarse and homely meal, seasoned however with a prodigious appetite, we retired to rest; but sleep was a tardy visitor, so deep was the impression made upon me by all that I had heard and seen.

The Hospice is four stories high; oblong, and perfectly plain, with a wide hall running its entire length. Its walls are very thick, so as to resist the avalanche, which occasionally comes thundering down from the peaks around, and stands upon a base, surrounded on almost every side by lofty crags. There are fifteen monks, who occupy the main building, and six domestics, who live in a small house a few rods distant. The fraternity is bound by a vow to remain fifteen years engaged in their philanthropic calling. Few, however, can endure the rigor of the winters, but are obliged to descend to a more congenial climate to recruit their shattered health. In the wall of the hall is a large marble tablet, with an inscription in honor of Napoleon: several pictures of him are suspended in the rooms, and the monks seem to adore him.

Close to the Hospice is the 'morgue,' or charnel-house, where the bodies of those found dead upon the mountain-passes are deposited. Several skeletons, or rather dried remains, (the extreme cold acting upon them in a measure like petrifying earth, or embalming compositions,) their tattered garments strown round about them, stood in ghastly array against the walls; and in one corner we saw the remains of a mother and her child, locked in Death's cold embrace, perhaps never to separate until the last trump shall summon them to their home in the skies. Many are the sad relics shown the traveller in this gloomy abode, but the sight elicits tears of pity rather than disgust.

On the morning of our descent the ground was covered with snow, which was falling in such fine flakes as almost to resemble mist, making it difficult to see a few feet in advance. Before leaving, we were con-

ducted to the chapel, standing at one extremity of the building. It is prettily ornamented with sacred relics and marble altars. I would here remark, that no charge is made by the monks for receiving and entertaining travellers. The poor worn pilgrim is safely housed, and sent on his way rejoicing; but visitors who desire it are shown the charity-box in the chapel, and leave whatever contribution they may wish. Many wealthy families make yearly pilgrimages to the Hospice, to deposit their contributions.

One of the objects which most interested us, was the monument erected by Bonaparte to the memory of the young Desaix, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo. He fell at the commencement of the action, having time only to say: 'Go, tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done enough to live in posterity!' During his military career, General Desaix had had four horses killed under him, and received three wounds. He was a mere youth, and had just rejoined the head-quarters of the army, burning with a desire for battle. The evening previous, he remarked to his aides-de-camp: 'It is now a long time since I have fought in Europe; bullets do not know me more; something is about to happen.' When his death was announced to the First Consul, in the midst of a terrific fire, he only remarked: 'Why am I not allowed to weep his loss?' About a month after the action, his body was transported to Mount St. Bernard, having been previously taken to Milan to be embalmed.

Napoleon occupied three days in crossing St. Bernard, which offered serious obstacles to the heroic courage of the French troops. His whole army came very near annihilation in passing, on the opposite side, the fort of Bard, considered impregnable, by reason of its position on the summit of a peak, and closing the passage of a deep valley. He dug a passage in the rock, beyond the reach of cannon, which served his infantry and cavalry; and, enveloping the wheels of his wagons and cannon with straw, on a dark night forced his way through the little town of Bard, although exposed to the fire of a battery of twenty-two pieces, which, playing upon him at random, did little damage to the republican troops.

After bidding our kind host adieu, we set out, our guides leading the mules, the descent being so slippery as to render this precaution necessary. The cold penetrated to such a degree, that some of our party dismounted to restore the circulation of blood. Our hands were swollen like small boxing-gloves, and we walked the whole distance to Liddes, enjoying the comforts of exhausted breath, tired limbs, and wet, frozen feet. The descent to Martigny was made in about three hours, and we hailed with joy the first sight of the Hôtel de la Tour, our stopping-place for the night.

On our return to Geneva, we took the opposite side of the lake from that by which we came, sleeping at the little village of Eriau. The road was quite circuitous, passing through defiles which shut us from the external world, and again approaching close to the lake's edge, the soft music of whose gentle ripples, as they plashed upon its pebbly shore, formed a striking contrast to the hoarse voice of the mountain-torrent. A great part of the way, the road was shaded by the Madeira-nut tree,

whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy avenue, sheltering us from the burning rays of the sun. We passed groups of peasantry, in their picturesque costume, gathering the nuts, and collecting them in large sacks. Pretty little farms, fields of grain, orchards, dotted the landscape; and through the long, umbrageous vista we saw spires, the molten waters of the lake, and Mont Blanc in the dim distance. It was a beautiful picture; and we found it a difficult matter which to admire most, Nature in her wild and rugged majesty, or extended as she was before us, in soft and gentle mien. Switzerland is truly a romantic country: and Savoy, which partakes much of its character, will not suffer in the comparison.

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S T A N Z A S .

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BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

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I.

I LOVE to hear the frantic winds  
Rave through the long, dark night:  
My sympathizing spirit finds  
In them a wild delight.

II.

I love to see the misty post  
Drive after winter rain,  
And fancy Autumn's sheeted ghost  
Walks the deserted plain.

III.

I love the Thunderer's eloquence  
Behind the murky screen:  
It gives sublimest evidence  
Of HIM who dwells unseen.

IV.

I love 'cloud-cleaving geese' to hear  
High in the vernal sky:  
They sound Hope's future in my ear,  
And paint it to my eye.

V.

I love to hear the trickling rill  
Deep in the hollow wood:  
It gives my breast that nameless thrill  
That *lang syne* ever could.

VI.

I love to see the polar blaze  
Stream upward and abroad:  
It lights my soul on loftier ways,  
And nearer to its God.

## S T . H E L E N A .

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND MRS. JUDSON.

BY GRETTA.

'Tis holy ground, that rocky isle  
In the lone, blue eastern main,  
Where they laid this loved one down to sleep,  
Never to wake again!

'Tis holy ground! The Dove of Peace  
Is brooding in the shade;  
Is hovering with folded wing,  
Where she is lowly laid.

'Blow softly, gales,' for he no more,  
St. Helen, rests in thee;  
He, whose dominion shook the earth,  
And stopped but with the sea.

But they have given *her* a place,  
The loved, the good, the fair:  
Blow softly, softly, gentle gales,  
A saint is sleeping there!

O traveller, as you pass that way,  
And gaze upon that shore,  
Think not of him whose conquering sword  
Is sheathed for evermore.

Think not upon his iron heart,  
And on his warrior form;  
Think not of Earth's distracted throes,  
Of battle and of storm:

But think of her whose holy dust  
Is mingled with the sod;  
Of her whose fearless hand upheld  
The banner of our God:

Of her who went in faith to show  
To blinded Pagan eyes  
The Star of Bethlehem, shining high  
O'er Burmah's darkened skies.

A rallying-point, in years to come,  
Shall that lone island be,  
For all who bear the Word of Life  
Across the trackless sea.

There shall they rouse their weary hearts,  
Disconsolate awhile:  
'Cheer, comrades! cheer: we're passing now  
St. Helen's sacred isle.



'Cheer, comrades! cheer: the beacon-light  
Still glows above HER tomb:  
On, then, to trim the lamp she lit,  
In yonder land of gloom!'

No more NAPOLEON's wondrous might  
Alone shall thrill the breast;  
But memories of her deeds of love  
Shall make that island blest.

They'll think of him as of a storm  
That swept in terror by:  
But she shall be the arch of hope  
Serenely glittering high!

And yet that tender, fragile frame,  
That woman's gentle heart,  
Braved more than that proud warrior braved,  
To act her holy part.

*He* went where'er Ambition called  
And pointed out the track,  
And culled the laurels for his brow,  
To bring in triumph back.

*She* humbly bowed, and offered up,  
Ere yet the deck she trod,  
Her home, her friends, her hopes, her all,  
Upon the shrine of God!

She bade farewell, a *last* farewell,  
To Home's receding shore;  
Left the warm breast where she was rocked,  
To press it nevermore.

*His* battles were with warlike men,  
Drawn out in proud array,  
Where host met host, and strife and death  
Still marked the bloody day.

*Her* foes were all the hideous train  
Of heathen pomp and pride;  
But there the woman fearless fought,  
And there the martyr died!

*He* made a ruin where he stalked,  
And all his trodden path  
Is darkened by the thunder-clouds  
Of agony and wrath.

*She* shed a light around her way,  
And with the steps of prayer  
Raised up a ladder to the skies  
Which brought down angels there!

O rocky, wave-girt sepulchre,  
A blessing rest on thee!  
Guard well the holy dust she gave,  
Lone island of the sea!

## Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

My friends, are ye tired of earth? Then let me lead you away among the dim shapes and silent mysteries of Wonder-Land:

### FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

‘ALL over doth this outer earth  
An inner earth enfold;  
And sounds may reach us of its mirth  
Over its pales of gold.  
There spirits dwell — unwedded all  
From the shapes and shades they wore;  
Though oft their printless footsteps fall  
By the hearths they loved before.  
We mark them not, nor hear the sound  
They make in circling all around;  
Their bidding sweet and voiceless prayer  
Float without echo on the air;  
Yet often in unworldly places,  
Soft Sorrow's twilight vales,  
We meet them with uncovered faces,  
Outside their golden pales;  
Yet dim, as they must ever be,  
Like ships far off and out at sea,  
With the sun upon their sails.’

I speak of the early time, when the world was utterly lonely and silent. As yet, the forests of Northland were unbroken, save by the power of the tempest. For the axe of the woodman had not then sounded, nor the oar of the Viking been heard on the Northern Sea.

The giant NOR lay in a vast cavern by the shore of the Baltic. And he felt the breath of the evening wind as it moved sadly and wearily among the mighty oaks: for it had come from the forest, and bore upon its wings the mournful voices of the dark-green trees. And the voices spoke to the giant father, and said: ‘Why are we thus neglected? Among our branches no spirits dwell; our beauty is unsung; unheeded and unloved, we bloom and wither; and our lives are very short, for no Hamadryads protect us who dwell here in the far Northland.’

And the voices died away; but the giant Nor was troubled in spirit at the wail of his loved ones.

From the depths of the far distant blue, even from the outer courts of Asgard, the dwelling of the deities, came the voice of the gentle Braga, the spirit of poetry, whose soft, flowing words are as mead to Odin, the father of the gods. And he said to Nor: ‘Thou art alone, but we will give thee a son who shall be as a father to the spirits which were born from the dark-haired Asa. From the hills and forests, from the valleys and plains of the south, shall they come; and when they dwell in these lands of thine, they will be yet more beautiful than before; and the men who come after will call this race the ELFIN, and their father the TEUTON.’

And it happened even as the gentle Braga had said. Northland was no longer desolate, but filled with the spirits of Faerie. Hill and dale, mountain and river, tree and fountain, had each its guardian spirit. Deep in the earth dwelt the gnome and kobold: far, far from the light of day

they built themselves gold and silver halls, lit up with ever-gleaming carbuncles.

In the hard rock dwelt the Duergar and Dienez, who were thought in those days to be harder and sterner than the rocks themselves, while the rivers, lakes, and fountains of Undines, Naiads, Nymphs, Melusinae, and Wassereelfen. But even in this soft and gentle element were found those fierce and gloomy sprites, the Kelpies, who delighted in troubling mankind. So said the men of an early time. Heaven forbid that I should speak aught against any of the dwellers in FAERIE! No word against the Gnomes of the Mountains! I sat among the rocks in moon-light in Nibelungen Land, and heard their voices humming in the caverns. And in mystery, in beauty, and dimness they led me down :-

For seven days  
Heard I in the hill  
The iron hammers:  
For seven days  
I listened there  
To the songs of the Gnomes.  
For seven days  
Heard I gold and steel,  
And the fire which sounded  
Like the cries of many men.  
Deep in the earth  
Lies the land of the Gnomes;  
In that country  
Are neither trees nor meadows;  
Moon-light and star-light  
Shine not upon them.  
Birds do not sing there;  
Barley does not grow there;  
Bees and flies  
Saw I never there.  
They see no clouds,  
Yet sometimes rain  
Falleth upon them,  
Down through the rocks.  
But it is very light  
In the Land of the Gnomes,  
For they have bright stones

Which flash in the dark  
Like the eyes  
Of an angry wolf:  
So the house is lighted.  
Their land is very broad,  
For under all the earth,  
And the great sea also,  
Dwell the Gnomes.  
When it is cold on earth,  
It is warm in that country.  
When the summer is hot,  
The Gnomes bear heavy garments.  
In that land  
Is much iron and gold:  
Therewith they make  
Fine swords and helmets.  
There in that land  
Saw I many men and women,  
Many fair maidens,  
Brave knights and good harpers,  
Who had left the green world,  
And dwelt merrily  
In the houses of the Gnomes.  
There we feasted  
With mead, wine, and beer.  
Naught had we to pay,  
For the Gnomes love men.

The Undines, too, like all elementary spirits, are of a kind and gentle nature, living, loving, and delighting in all good. Such was that mild maiden so sweetly drawn by the gifted fairy annalist, La Motte Fouqué: such, though man hath belied them, the *Wild Ladies* who sang to Von Troneg Hagen; such the fair Nymph of Lurlei; such the gentle siren of Naples; and such the water damosell of the great magician Göthe:

'Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,  
Zheilt sich der Fluth empor;  
Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht  
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.'

In the element of fire dwelt the pure salamanders and saldini, who are, say the Rosicrucians, more beautiful and reserved than their relations of Air, Earth, and Water: and nearly allied to them the familiar spirits, termed *Penates*; born, according to Paracelsus, of Fire and Air.

How shall I describe ye, O beautiful Sylphs? Bright dwellers in the aerial element, how can I tell the unutterable longing, the deep yearning with which my heart inclines to your celestial company? Whether ye revel in the rose-perfumed cloud which, at glowing dawn, hangs over the golden gardens of Istamboul, or with sister Peris wing your way far, far above the sun-painted rainbow and crimson-gleaming flame of the

western sky, still my heart follows and is ever with you. Yea, for AGLA, the fairest, is in your band: Agla, whom I have twice seen in dreams.

It may be that some will look upon the old Northland legend of the birth of the Elfin, and of the four elementary tribes, as trifling and obscure. And truly the followers of the gifted Plato, who are said to have learned many notable things relative to the dwellers in the Unseen, have given us another and more satisfactory account, which I — albeit my skill therein be but small — will set forth to the lovers of fairy lore.

This outer world, which is but the object of the invisible, is formed from matter which, in the beginning, was harmonized into shape by the occult virtue of spiritual numbers. In the beginning the Triad was born from the Monad, as it is declared by Proclus in his scholia: '*Toto enim in Mundo lucet Trinitas, cujus Unitas initium est.*' Hence it follows that in the generation of all phenomena, a perfect and peculiar number was allotted to every element and every principle. Fire, Air, and Water, are derived from the scalene triangle. A cube is the figure peculiar to earth, and the icosædron to water. At every intermixture of these elements, and consequently at every new creation therefrom, a new number is generated, representative of a new IDEA, developed in the Monad.

The objective form of the numeral is changeable, and subject to annihilation. But the corresponding IDEA, as partaking of the nature of the primary Monad or Demiourgos, is, in its essence, intelligent and also eternal. But when its duties are performed, it retains no longer a distinct personality, but is reabsorbed into the original element, and thus, though eternal, is to all intents annihilated.

Thus, the four glorious companies of elementary spirits are for ever shut out from a share in those eternal joys allowed to man. And so it often happens that the remembrance of this inspires them with wayward and wilful fits of that which, in mortals, were despair. And a misapprehension of the cause of this hath often caused men to confound them with the dwellers in the dark abyss.

Yet this is wrong, since they do God's will cheerfully. If this remembrance of their final annihilation be awakened, they are not unfrequently hostile to man. Thus it hath ever been accounted dangerous to meet them on a Friday:

THIS is the day when the fairy kind  
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,  
And the wood-maiden sighs to the moaning wind,  
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;  
For this is a day when a deed was done  
In which they had neither part nor share:  
For the children of clay was salvation wrought,  
But not for the forms of Earth and Air.  
And ever the mortal is most forlorn  
Who meeteth their race on Friday morn.

But there is one way remaining by which the Elfin tribes may obtain this boon. If one of these spirits should wed a human being, then, by virtue of that passage in Holy Writ which declares a married pair to be *one*, they may, by becoming mortal, attain to immortality. Thus declares the spirit-read Count Gabalis.

Beautiful elves, who dwell in the golden glories of the far land of light!

must ye then stoop to the level of degraded mortality to attain, with the children of earth, those joys which spread broad and wide beyond the grave? And is it true (as the old Arabian declared) that ye do dwell in this earth disguised as mortals? For he saith that here and there in this world, but few and far between, dwell the houris of Elf-land.

O thou who redest these dream-reveries! if ever among those gentle demoiselles, whose friendship or love has given many a golden hour to the weariness of life, thou hast seen one whose every look, glance, and smile seemed to tell of a higher and brighter land, whose thoughts and wishes, ever aspiring to the spiritual and unseen, seemed to fix more and more indelibly upon her love the character of the unattainable, then know that thou hast seen a true spirit-maiden, even a veritable Elf!

O friend! knowest thou not that there are myriads around thee in this world, in whose mysterious eyes and outward-glancing souls may be traced the gleam of the infinite and the impression of a previous life? Some who live and act in the feeling of the good, beautiful, and true, though darkened by the shadows of life and sense? Of such are the Sylph and Naiad, or Salamander, rising from the downward-borne elements of God! Others, who live and move only in the strange, the grotesque, and ever-changing, who grasp at *no* idea as others grasp it, the serious reality of whose souls rests on the feeling of the incongruous and laughable. And these were merry Goblins, wild Gnomes, fantastic Elves, roving Will-o'-the-Wisps, Red-caps, and Koboldi. Strangely, and wildly, and wonderfully, they circle through the world with their quips and cranks, their gambols and gaudrioles, their fantasie, bizarrerie, and burlesquerie. O friends of my soul—light of my life! doth the air of life press too coldly and thickly upon you? And of such were Richter, and Rabelais, and Hoffman, and Pater Rush, and Tyll Eulenspiegel, and Sterne, and Swift, and Robin Goodfellow, and Abrahama Santa Clara, and Jerome Bosch, and Höllenbreughel, and Callot, and Tabourin, and the Seigneur des Accords, and—of all who arrive at a comprehension of the mysterious life-problem by reading it up the middle, down the sides, and finally reversing it! Ye quaint, fantastic souls! How little does the world, when it splits its sides with roaring at your oddities, comprehend either your nature or that at which it laughs! But it is only the outer form, the last tincture of your cabala, which provokes laughter. Only the scum on the surface; for beneath *that* lies a deep, unfathomable gulf of high-pressure mystery, and fourth-proof wonder and adoration.

There are many, too, who have never written or painted; nay, who have never attracted particular attention from their nearest friends by act or word, yet whose whole life is to themselves a mystery, a whimsy, an incomprehensible serio-comic problem. I know that strange gleam of the eye, that twitch of the lip. Yes, it was brave in Elf-land!

Burning daughter of love, thou wert once a *succubus*, and wafted on the wings of night; and, hot, longing, didst steal from sleep hearts and new lives. Man of dullness, known in society as a bore, *thou* wert an *incubus*; there were but nine of ye then. Miser, whose soul is with thy gold, *thou* wert once a *Leptrauchau*, and didst heap even as now. False



and deceitful heart, dealer in scandal and bitterness, thou wert among the *Paraëdri*, the *mali genii*. Thou, my pretty child, whose life passes among pinks and hyacinths, jessamine flower-seeds and the hot-house, thou wert a *Peucedanum*, a spirit of woods and gardens.

But there is *one*, the Gloriana, the queen of Fantasie and Faërie, whose glances are not for all, whom every one may not safely meet. That one is

THE FOUNTAIN FAY.

Ye gentles all who love your life,  
Beware, beware, the water-wife!

She singeth soft, she singeth low ;  
Her lute is the mountain streamlet's flow :

Her harp, the pine-wood's mournful moan ;  
She sits by the fountain, and sings alone :

And her songs like musical rivers roll ;  
Beware, beware, lest they drown thy soul !

Ride where you may, ride where you will,  
The Fountain Fay can meet you still.

He rode alone in the silent night ;  
She swam like a star to his left and right.

He rode by the linden blooming fair ;  
Dame Nightingale sang, 'O youth, beware !'

He came to the fountain within the wood ;  
The Fay in her beauty before him stood.

In the starlight silver-sparkling glance,  
Her sisters swam in the Elfin dance.

Alight, thou minstrel brave and gay !  
And sing us thy sweetest, choicest lay.

He sang so sweet, he sang so long,  
The flower-buds opened to hear his song.

He sang so gently of maidens and love,  
He ripened the fruit on the boughs above.

I ask no more for lute and lay  
Than a kiss from the lips of the Fountain Fay.

She kissed him once — to the minstrel's sight,  
The world seemed melting in golden light.

Once more — and his soul to the land of the Fay  
In beauty and music seemed floating away.

As she kissed him again, the spirit had fled ;  
He lay in the moon-rays cold and dead.

From above a musical whisper fell :  
Green Earth, with thy valleys and lakes — Farewell !

Ye who shun the regions of poetry,  
Of beauty, romance, and fantastic!

And who think there can be no world like this !  
Beware of the Fairy — beware her kiss !

## L A M E N T   F O R   S A - S A - N A . \*

BY W. H. C. HOMER

WHEN hearts all joy, and cheeks all bloom,  
 The Parcæ mark for early doom,  
 And ties are clipped by their cruel shears  
 That bound us to the young in years,  
 His dirge in vain the Poet sings,  
 Waking the wild and wailing strings;  
 For the tearless silence of despair,  
 Not words, can loss so dread declare.

Though sad to witness, day by day,  
 Some loved one waste with slow decay,  
 While the features kindle with a glow  
 More bright than Painting will ever know;  
 Thrice mournful is the stroke of Fate,  
 Leaving us wholly desolate,  
 That falls, unheralded, to sever  
 An idol from our souls for ever.

Her large black eye was ever bright  
 With flashings of electric light,  
 And her cheek with a glowing sun-set red,  
 Like summer twilight, overspread;  
 The shade of woods was in her hair,  
 The blue-bell's grace in her queenly air;  
 And the heart a willing homage paid  
 To the matchless charms of the Mohawk maid.

Though mine is not a practised ear,  
 Oh! how I loved her voice to hear,  
 Her teachers were the singing rills,  
 And airy voices from the hills;  
 The lay she breathed was Nature's own,  
 Melting the soul with its liquid tone,  
 And caught from water-fall and bird  
 Were notes by the spell-bound listener heard.

Ah! gathered was this rose of ours  
 When life was in its moon of flowers,  
 Ere canker soiled one tender leaf,  
 Or frost had done the work of grief.  
 She perished like some worthless weed  
 In the track of the white man's iron steed;  
 And strangers in the tomb have laid  
 The crushed remains of the Mohawk maid.

\* THE subject of this lament was one of the victims of the frightful rail-road accident that took place in February last upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road at Deposit. The Reservation where her family reside is known as the Mohawk Woods, township of Thayandanegea, on the Salmon river, which empties into the bay of Quinte. The beauty of her character may be inferred from the following extract: 'Child of an unfortunate race, her life had been spent from early youth in an unremitting effort to acquire a knowledge of the English language and its literature, for the purpose of enabling her, in conjunction with her brother and sisters, to diffuse civilization and the principles of our Christian faith among the people of their nation in Canada.'

Poor widowed mother of the dead !  
 Thou wilt hear nò more her bounding tread ;  
 But let one soothing thought control  
 The stormy grief that rends thy soul :  
 When sang of Heaven thy forest child,  
 What transport breathed in each ' wood-note wild !'  
 The path of a blameless life she trod,  
 And the pure in heart shall look on God.

Where the bones of her wild forefathers sleep,  
 Let velvet moss o'er the slumberer creep ;  
 And mark the spot with no other sign  
 Than some old familiar oak or pine :  
 Better a quiet place of rest,  
 With the turf of home upon her breast,  
 Than the proudest tomb that trophied Art  
 Could build to cover her mouldering heart.

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### L I T E R A R Y   Q U A K E R S .

BERNARD BARTON. AND WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES.'

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FROM the times of George Fox and his contemporaries, down to the present day, many of the members of the Society of Friends have been scribblers of books. Some of them have contributed valuable additions to the list of useful and moral publications, such as Benjamin Franklin ; \* and a few, like Bernard Barton and the Howitts, have wandered into the flowery realms of Poetry and Romance. In this chapter I purpose more particularly to give sketches of the last-named authors, whose numerous productions are almost as well known in this country as in their native land.

Before, however, I introduce the Howitts to my readers, let me just advert to BERNARD BARTON, or, as he was familiarly termed in England, the Quaker Poet.

Barton was for many years cashier of a bank in a small country-town in Essex, a place from which he seldom travelled. He was by no means a 'stiff Quaker,' although he observed most of the customs of that sect. Indeed, his sociality and love of good company, such as that of Charles Lamb, for instance, was not quite approved of by the more rigid 'Friends.' He was, however, an amiable man and a pleasing poet, but by no means a powerful writer. I met him once in London, and well remember his person. He was dressed in sober brown ; his face was plump and florid ; and over a steaming tumbler he was far more jocose than a Quaker usually chooses to be.

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\* FRANKLIN wore the plain Quaker garb, for convenience' sake : but he was not a member of the Society of Friends.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

On that particular evening, I well remember his telling an anecdote or two of Charles Lamb, and especially a characteristic one of Coleridge, communicated by the author of 'Elia.' Though somewhat out of place, I will, lest it should at a future opportunity escape me, relate it here.

Coleridge was a great talker, and when he fairly got into one of his speculative discourses, it was no easy matter to stop the wordy tide. With eyes closed, the 'old man eloquent' would preach by the hour, and frequently preach his hearers out of all patience. So it happened in the following instance:

Lamb was clerk at the East-India House, and one morning, as he was hurrying from his cottage at Enfield to the city, he met Coleridge proceeding to pay him a visit. Lamb's time for being at his desk was nearly arrived, but Coleridge cared not a pin about that: he had some wondrous ideas to communicate, and in order to detain Lamb until he had done so, he seized him by a coat-button, drew the good-natured Charles into a narrow passage, and, shutting his eyes, commenced his talk. With one hand holding the button, and with the other waving to and fro in the air, he went on for a full hour, heedless of Lamb's impatience. At length a happy thought struck the victim. Taking out his pen-knife, he adroitly severed the button from the coat, and quietly slipped off. Coleridge did not observe the elopement, but went on with his subject; and Lamb solemnly declared that when, four hours afterward, he passed by the spot, there stood the rapt Coleridge, with the button between his fingers, just as when he left him in the morning, his hand placidly waving, his eyes closed, and — talking!

Bernard Barton died about two years ago, his latter days having been made comfortable — for illness had compelled him to quit the bank — by a pension from Queen VICTORIA. His daughter Lucy has written a pleasing memoir of the Quaker Poet, to which I would refer those who may desire to know more of him.

And now for 'the Howitts.'

A very general opinion is entertained in America that WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are brother and sister. This may be owing to the fact that few married couples pursue together literature as a vocation. Many persons have an idea that such unions are not productive of connubial felicity: indeed, I heard a man of great talent once declare, that a literary man should marry a fool, and *vice versa*. There are some instances, doubtless, of couples who travel well enough together in literary harness; for my own part, I see no reason on earth why they should not.

William and Mary Howitt, then, are husband and wife. The question whether, as such, they follow a certain good example, set by a pair of English sovereigns whose effigies, being stamped in company on their coins, have provoked the simile of.

— 'cooing and billing,  
Like WILLIAM and MARY on a shilling,'

it is not for me to express an opinion upon. I have only to speak of them as author and authoress.

When William Howitt was, a few years ago, compiling his book entitled the 'Homes and Haunts of British Poets,' he had occasion to consult

a biography of Chatterton, which then happened to be out of print. Through a friend, he applied to me, as its author, for some information regarding the poet, and this led to my introduction to William and his wife.

At that time they resided in a pleasant suburb of the great metropolis, and one Sunday afternoon I set out for their dwelling. After a long omnibus-ride, my friend and myself were set down in front of a large house called 'The Elms,' at Lower Clapton. 'Here,' said P——, enthusiastically, for he was a thick-and-thin admirer of the literary pair, 'here live the Howitts!'

Our rap at the door soon brought to it one of the neatest of 'neat-handed Phyllis's,' who, on our inquiring for Mr. Howitt, ushered us up a flight of stairs and into a spacious drawing-room, which, at the moment, was untenanted, so that I had leisure to look about me.

The furniture and decorations of an apartment, and more especially the books in it, are generally tolerably true indications of the tastes and pursuits of its owners: at least, so I have generally found or fancied them to be. In the present instance I was not out in my judgment. Vases of flowers—who has written more lovingly of flowers than Mrs. Howitt?—and pictures of rural scenery, such as her husband has so often described, were to be seen on pedestals, on tables, and on the walls. Busts of celebrated authors were placed on brackets; and at one end of the room was a piano. Books were in plenty, and folios of prints lay here and there. From the windows of the room might be seen a pretty garden; and birds sang cheerfully among the leafy branches which rustled close to the panes.

We sat patiently for a few moments; then the door opened, and a lady entered: it was MARY HOWITT.

How seldom it happens that the personal appearance of authors or authoresses, or indeed those of any noticeable people of whom we have heard, or whose works we may have read, correspond to the fancy portraits which we may have in our minds drawn of them! In only one case, in my experience, did the veritable original surpass the imaginary likeness I had drawn: that was in the case of Mrs. Hemans. The same almost spiritual beauty which I had recognized in her poetry, and which I had transferred to their author, I found was really to be seen in her charming face. One might have fancied Miss Landon lovely in person, but she was by no means a 'beauty.' Hundreds have called and thought Mary Howitt a charming creature; and I had fancied her something out of the common. I was mistaken. She appeared, at the first glance, mild and matronly; nothing more.

The poetess welcomed me very pleasantly, and her mild, unassuming manners at once banished all feeling of constraint. I will endeavor, though, before proceeding farther, to give some definite idea of her personal appearance.

If the lady's face was not decidedly handsome, neither was it the reverse. Her forehead was intellectually shaped; and her brown hair, a little inclined to gray, was simply parted on its summit. A plain cap, but not of a Quaker cut, covered her head. The most striking features were her eyes, which were large and of a pale blue; the nose seemed



rather long. The mouth would have been good had it not been somewhat disfigured by a large, prominent front tooth, which destroyed the symmetry of the upper lip. The complexion was light, and the general expression benevolent, simple, and agreeable.

For the benefit of those of my lady-readers who are curious in such things, I would, if I were able, minutely describe Mary Howitt's dress, but I am unlearned in such matters as boddices and bustles, or crapes and crinolines. All I can say is, that the poetess wore a lavender-colored gown, neatly made, but not formed like those common to her sect. Indeed, the Howitts have for years abandoned Quaker costume altogether.

Mrs. Howitt's conversation was cheerful and pleasant, but not sparkling. The topic on which she appeared to like best to talk was America, which was natural enough, I having just returned from thence. She told me that she had relatives in Ohio, and hinted at an intention of emigrating to that State at some future time. Since then, it will be remembered, she has written a work entitled, 'Our Cousins in Ohio;' but I believe the emigration-project has been long abandoned.

While we were talking, a gentleman entered the room, and Mrs. Howitt introduced me to him: it was her husband.

He was short, stout, and harsh-looking, and struck me as being more like a shrewd city-broker, hard at driving a bargain, than as an author. There was a *hauteur* in his manner which to me was any thing but prepossessing. His head was bullet-shaped, and covered, except just at the summit, with short, gray hair. Small, keen, blue eyes told that he was a minute observer. A nose short and stubby—such as his would not have been taken as a model by a sculptor—and the mouth hard and firm, was not indicative of amiability of character. His manner, like his style, was hard, and at times conceited; and there was a something in his whole bearing and appearance which repelled instead of attracted.

Never mind his dress, reader; it was neat, and suited to a plump personage; that is all that needs to be said about it.

He took me, after a time, into his garden, and I soon found that he did not live on good terms with his brother authors. His remarks on some of them were short, sharp, and snappish. He had plenty of vanity, too, and evidently considered himself 'some pumpkins.' I have reason now to know that he is almost singular in the opinion, for his reputation, to a great degree, rests on that of his wife, without the *prestige* of whose name, and it is said, without the assistance of whose pen, he would be regarded merely as a rather dexterous book-compiler.

If, as I have intimated, William Howitt does not live on the best terms with other literary men, other literary folks do not entertain the highest respect for him, for in his displeasure he has shown himself to be bitter, vindictive, and of as persecuting a spirit as Bishop Bonner himself. The meekness of the Quaker belongs not to him. To be sure, he writes pleasantly of birds and trees; but when he speaks of certain authors, he is so savage as to remind one of Mrs. Mackenzie's remark to her husband, Henry Mackenzie, the well-known author of 'The Man of Feeling.' Mackenzie was, in private life, a bear, and, indeed, addicted to cruelty; but from his sentimental works one might imagine him to

be the mildest and gentlest of his species. One day, after an outburst of domestic violence, his wife exclaimed: 'Ah, Henry, Henry, *you put all your fine feelings on paper!*' In the case of one of the subjects of this sketch, I leave the application of the story to the reader.

About four years ago, there occurred in England a fine specimen of the 'Quarrels of Authors,' which D'Israeli the elder ought to have lived to comment on. William Howitt was one of the parties concerned in it. In connection with a Mr. Sanders, Howitt edited a weekly serial, called the 'People's Journal.' Some differences occurred, and the partnership ceased. Then both parties commenced one of the most bitter quarrels 'which have ever disgraced,' as Douglas Jerrold said of it, 'literature and literary men.' Howitt got by far the worst of it, and became bankrupt. Since then he has quitted Clapton, and resides at the west of London. A recent novel of his has fallen almost still-born from the press; nor has any success (for which I am sorry) attended the beautiful volume of the collected ballads by Mary Howitt. Copies of it may be seen in any old book-shop in London, marked at five shillings; it was published not long ago at one sovereign.

Mrs. Howitt has written very little original matter of late, the fields of Danish and Swedish literature affording her plenty of material for her translating pen. She has rendered into English the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen, and Fredrika Bremer, and these translations have been re-published in America. Mrs. Howitt once remarked to me: 'We are dreadfully hard-working people.' This is true, doubtless, for they have a large family dependent on their labors. Their eldest daughter, Anna Savage Howitt, is a very accomplished artist, and occasionally illustrates the works of her parents.

I met at different times at the Howitts', three literary foreigners, Ferdinand Freiligrath, the author of the celebrated 'Lion's Ride,' who, for political offences, was compelled to leave Prussia; Hans Christian Andersen, of Stockholm, and Fredrika Bremer. Freiligrath was a fine-looking fellow, of an impetuous nature, and one very likely to kick against despotism. He subsequently became clerk in a London counting-house. Andersen was of a milder temperament, and of placid appearance and manners. Miss Bremer was amiable and gentle, but in society far from brilliant. She has recently visited this country, and will doubtless perpetrate a book. I predict that she will give a far more correct view of American manners, institutions, etc., than either the aristocratic Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the speculative Harriet Martineau, or Mrs. Trollope, the sarcastic!

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T O F A N N Y ——— .

FANNY, I do not blush for what my lips have breathed,  
 For I have always loved the pure, the true;  
 And wherefore should I blush to yield to them  
 A two-fold homage in my love for you?

A. S. M.

## THE PEASANT'S SONG OF SPRING.

FAR from the smoke o' the sickly toun,  
Let me blithely spend the hale year roun';  
Where the mind from racking care is free,  
As the April-clouds that ower me flee.

The Spring is come wi' its buds and flowers,  
Wi' its rainbows bright and sunny showers;  
An emerald robe now mantles a'  
That lately was wrapped in Winter's snaw.

The streams, from their strong ice-fetters free,  
Dash on with their waters to the sea;  
The angler, bent on his finny prize,  
Heeds little the tears of weeping skies.

Now the lilacs wear their purple plumes,  
And the hawthorn hedge is white wi' blooms;  
And the willows wave their tassels green,  
Where the burnie steals along unseen.

The gowan, tipped wi' a fringe o' red,  
On the lea shoots up its modest head;  
The bells and the bonnie cups o' gold  
Their sparkling treasure o' dew-drops hold.

On echoing hills the lambies bleat,  
Where the heather-linties sing sae sweet;  
And the woodland glen and shady grove  
Now choral ring wi' their lays o' love.

Oh! the laverocks build their nests and woo  
In the fields o' clover wet wi' dew;  
And far above, on fluttering wing,  
They warble their joyous songs o' Spring.

Mingled sounds o' gladness fill the air,  
And the broidered sward is fresh and fair;  
The bursting bud and the leafy tree  
Have a thousand nameless charms to me.

The fields I plough and the seeds I sow,  
And nursed by the sun the harvests grow;  
My roses o' health, above all price,  
Can never bloom in the haunts o' vice.

Let others boast o' their classic lore,  
My learning is drawn from Nature's store;  
The sky-larks up from the meadows spring,  
And sweetly teach me the way to sing.

For a' the joys that the toun may gie,  
The peasant's life is the life for me,  
Where Mind is led from the flowery sod,  
Through Nature away to Nature's God.

JAMES LEWIS.

## RANDOM LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

THE year 1837 will long be remembered in the annals of the mercantile world, for the many and heavy losses which were sustained by the merchants of the eastern cities, who dealt largely with the West. It was my misfortune to belong to that class of sufferers; and in the hope of retrieving some of my losses by a personal interview with my customers, I travelled on horseback, in stage-coaches, and on steam-boats, throughout the northern part of Missouri and Illinois. The only advantage I derived from this tedious trip was a more thorough conviction of the mistaken policy of the prevailing credit system, together with some insight into backwoods life, and perhaps some lessons which may prove useful hereafter. This trip was full of adventure, and now, whilst looking back upon it, I feel strongly tempted to buttonhole the reader, while memory recounts some of the incidents by the way.

I left St. Louis on the steam-boat 'Howard,' bound for Independence, Missouri, with the intention of taking horse at that point, and visiting the principal towns and settlements on each side of the river on my return. Owing to the character of the banks of the Missouri river, very many of the principal towns are located some distance back from the water, according to the width of the bottom-lands; and in such cases the town-site is chosen on the bluffs, and a landing made with one or more warehouses, representing such towns. We touched at one of those landings, and great was my surprise to see standing out on the muddy bank the pretty face of Mrs. Thrush, the former Miss Linnet, whose soft and sweet voice was familiar to all the concert and opera-goers of the day. I had seen her in Philadelphia, as the 'Elberta' to Mrs. Wood's Norma, and my astonishment may be easily conceived at finding her in the far West, standing on the banks of the Missouri river, surrounded by a few companions, and any quantity of trunks and band-boxes. At first sight, I scarcely recognized her, the change had been so great. When I saw her last, she was Miss Linnet; but as I scanned her rounded and more matured form, I saw that she was now Mrs. somebody, but I knew not who, having myself been buried in the wilds of the West whilst time had been working the change in her. The party was soon hurried on board, and the boat under weigh again, making the hills and valleys reëcho her high-pressure voice, as she struggled against the current. There were but few comforts in those days on board a western steam-boat for a delicate lady; and for one that was 'enceinte,' the deepest sympathies of man's nature would be awakened. The passengers all vied with each other in contributing to the comforts of this interesting lady, and I had the pleasure of giving up my berth to her, which was one of the best on the boat. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, and Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. The gratitude of Mrs. Thrush for what was only a common civility, which every lady will receive in the West, soon led to an acquaintance with the party; and on my recalling the many times I had seen Miss Linnet in 'Norma,' and other operas, I was soon installed a friend, and was often favored with one of those delightful ballads which

no one knew how to sing with more taste and feeling. The time passed pleasantly, and in the course of conversation, the cause of their visit up the Missouri river was explained to me. Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush were giving concerts together. They had visited St. Louis for that purpose, but finding Mrs. Thrush was too near her confinement to make her *début* before a city audience, they had been urged by her money-hunting husband to go into the interior, and give concerts in the small towns until her recovery. In carrying out this plan, they were on their way to Independence, at that time the extreme boundary of demi-civilization.

We were several days on the passage, and during that time I had abundant evidences of the fatal mistake Mrs. Thrush had made, in changing her name from the softer one of Linnet to that of Thrush. Indeed, he should have been called 'Cuckoo,' for, like that selfish bird, which always lays its eggs in some other bird's nest, and trusts to luck for the hatching, he was too lazy to make his own living, and had married her on speculation. We arrived at Independence without accident, and took up our quarters at the same hotel, (if a shanty can be honored with such an appellation.) Handbills were stuck up announcing a grand concert by Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush, from the New-York and Philadelphia theatres, Mrs. Thrush to accompany herself on the piano. The town of Independence had made a rapid stride in the march of progression. Owners of town-lots were dreaming dreams, and luxuriating in floating visions of wealth, at the thoughts of their embryo city having attracted the attention of 'artistes' from the great cities of the East. Curiosity was on tip-toe to see that wonderful thing, a 'piany.' There were a few among the aged inhabitants who could trace back in the deep recesses of by-gone days a time when they had heard a concert; but a concert accompanied by a 'piany' was an era to which, in their fondest aspirations, they had never soared. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the party, (who, in announcing the concert to have a piano accompaniment, were under the impression that any town could furnish half a dozen,) when they discovered that no such article could be obtained within fifty miles. A council was called, at which I had the honor to be invited. Mr. Nightingale suggested the propriety of announcing at once that, as no piano could be procured, the concert would go on without one. But Mr. Thrush, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, (Mrs. Thrush being the centre of attraction,) refused positively to make any such announcement until after the company had assembled, and then giving the privilege to all those who were dissatisfied to go to the door-keeper and get back their money, relying upon the curiosity and modesty of the audience preventing them from retiring. This course was adopted, contrary to my advice and that of some few of my acquaintances, who had formerly lived in St. Louis.

The evening came, and the bar-room, being the only one that was large enough for a concert, was crowded at an early hour. Unfortunately, they forgot that it was dark at seven o'clock, and appointed the fashionable city hour of eight for the commencement. The time hung heavily from seven to eight o'clock, and was filled up by various parties inviting each other up to the bar to take a drink; and this being fre-



quently reciprocated, the steam was generated so high that it only wanted the announcement that the concert would have to go on without a 'piany,' to produce an explosion.

One large, shaggy-haired fellow, a Rocky-Mountain hunter, sung out: 'I've hearn buffalo-bulls bellow, I've hearn grisly bears growl, I've hearn Blackfeet Indians yell, and now I've come here and paid my quarter to hear the 'forty-piany,' and I'm not goin' away till I hear it. So trot it out. Come up, boys, and take a drop of the juice of 'old corn;' and if that 'piany' ain't forthcomin', the way these fellows will have to make tracks won't be slow.'

Poor Mrs. Thrush was ready to faint with alarm, and the look she gave all those who appeared to be civilized was so deploring that I felt she must be protected at all risks. I whispered to my friends, and they promised their assistance. In the mean time, some of those who were equally disappointed with the Rocky-Mountaineer, but who were less violent, proposed that they get back their money, and made a rush for the door. Another fellow, who went by the name of 'Moderating Bill,' proposed that they should hold a meeting, and give them d—d 'impositioners' twelve hours to leave the town. This compromise met the approbation of 'Rocky Mountain,' who saw that the boys had not their dander up high enough to attack a woman; and with one Indian war-whoop the party broke for the town 'groggery,' there to concert measures of redress.

The worst opposition being thus disposed of, and order partially restored, the concert was opened by Mr. Nightingale's singing one of his operatic songs full of grand flourishes, and getting hissed for his pains; one fellow crying out:

'Why, look here, stranger, is that what you call singin'? Why, my black Tom can beat that all holler, if you give him a pint of the essence of corn to wet his whistle.'

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled out a long, greasy buckskin purse, and slamming down a quarter, said:

'If you don't believe it, jist kiver that bet, if you dare.'

At this juncture, to create a diversion, I jumped up on a bench and shouted: 'Silence! the lady is going to sing.' At which Mrs. Thrush took the hint, and, trembling with anxiety, rose to sing. Her voice acted like a charm, and seemed to soothe the irritated demi-savages, and delighted the 'knowing ones.' At the close of the song there was considerable applause, with here and there a remark, 'That's good; but I came here to hear the 'piany.'

Our friend with the quarter, who had been listening in breathless silence, screamed out:

'Now that's what I call singin';' and, turning to Mr. Nightingale, said: 'Now I say, stranger, bein' it's your turn next, just try if you can't leave off your d—d hullabulloo, and give us somethin' nice and feelin' like; somethin' to take out the aggravation of not hearin' that piany.'

Mr. Nightingale, encouraged by the peaceable turn matters were taking, tried it on again, with another grand flourish; but it was no go: he had not gone through one verse, before our quondam friend cried out:

'Damnation! did n't I tell you to stop that hullabulloo? I say, boys, let's

hire this chap to call up the hogs of cold mornin's, when it's so tryin' to crawl out from under our warm buffalo-skins.'

This interruption was quieted by another song from Mrs. Thrush; and here ended programme the first.

During the intermission of ten minutes, I took occasion to suggest to both Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush, that these people were not accustomed to hear scientific music, and that if they would introduce some of our national airs, and plain, old-fashioned ballads, they would doubtless turn the tide of displeasure, and make a favorable sensation on these natives.

My suggestion was thankfully received, and Mr. Nightingale opened the second programme with 'Hail Columbia,' without the fancy-work, and brought down rapturous applause. Mrs. Thrush sang, 'I'm o'er young to marry yet;' 'Oh, I'm in love, but I won't tell with who;' 'If a body meet a body comin' through the rye;' and these songs were sung with so much sweetness and naiveté, that, in the ecstasy of his delight, our gambling friend picked out a half-dollar and offered to bet that 'she could out-sing any woman in them parts;' ending his eulogium with the grand climax, 'that she was too good for any common man's wife, and should have been the helpmate of the great 'Old Hickory.'

The evening's entertainment closed apparently to the satisfaction of all those who had heard the second programme, except, perhaps, the grasping Mr. Thrush, who had not yet recovered from the heart-breaking employment as door-keeper, of having to refund over one half the receipts on account of the absence of the 'piany.'

The next morning, 'Rocky Mountain's' party had posted up an order for the concert-givers to leave the county in six hours, or take the consequences; which order they thought it most prudent to obey: and never shall I forget the melancholy feelings of heart-felt pity I experienced for the once charming Miss Linnet, as she was dragged off in an open ox-wagon, in search of some more congenial and safe place for the display of her musical powers; nor of unmitigated contempt for her husband for his sordid avarice in forcing his accomplished wife through such degrading drudgery.

Thus ended the first concert in the town of Independence, in the year 1837.

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D R E A M S : A S O N N E T .

THE spell is on me, and a dream is mine;  
 The rude world's thought-disturbing atmosphere  
 Is lifted from my spirit, and the clear  
 Pure elements of freer skies combine  
 Above the draining couch where I recline.  
 A sense of deep serene deliciousness  
 Flows through me like a lover's fond caress,  
 Forestalling life we vaguely call divine.  
 Born of this calm and yet delicious feeling,  
 Unnumbered fancies crowd along my brain,  
 Brighter than sun-lit drops of falling rain,  
 And instinct with a wild, intense revealing.  
 Oh! what a mystery is the life of dreams,  
 A life that is and is not what it seems!

CLARENCE ELWIN.

## S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## III.

## DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.

'T WAS DEATH came toward the Christian, who hailed him drawing nigh:  
 'Welcome,' he cried, 'O Angel of Immortality!'  
 'Child of Sin,' said the angel, 'hast thou no fear of me?'  
 'Who of himself is fearless, he hath no fear of thee!'

'But can disease and sickness no terror to thee bring;  
 Nor the last sweat, so icy, that trickles from my wing?'  
 'None,' said the good man calmly; 'and wouldst thou question why?'  
 'T is the last sweat and illness that tell me thou art nigh.'

And then DEATH breathed upon him, and so my dream passed o'er;  
 I saw no dying mortal, nor silent angel more.  
 A grave had oped beneath me, and therein *something* lay;  
 I hid my face in silence, and wept and turned away.

That moment holy voices bade me lift up mine eyes;  
 And lo! I saw the Christian up in the far, pure skies,  
 With the same sweetness smiling as when he DEATH defied:  
 Saints shouted out his welcome, and CHRIST was at his side.

Then to the grave I turned me, to see what therein lay:  
 'T was the *garment* of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.

REMYED FROM KRAUMACHER

## IV.

## THE RICHEST LAND.

SAT there many German princes  
 Once at Worms, at knightly board,  
 Praising each the worth and riches  
 Of the land where he was lord.

Then out-spake the Prince of Saxons:  
 'My domains with riches shine;  
 All the mountains treasure silver,  
 Deep in many a gloomy mine.'

'See my land's luxurious fulness!'  
 Said the Elector of the Rhine:  
 'Golden corn is in the valleys,  
 On the mountains noble wine.'

'Mighty cities, wealthy cloisters,'  
 Spake Bavaria's LOUIS forth,  
 'Are my land's; and so it yieldeth  
 Not to yours in wealth or worth.'

EVERARD, he with the long beard,  
 Würtemberg's beloved lord,  
 Said, 'My land hath little cities,  
 And its hills no silver hoard.'

'Yet one glorious treasure hath it,  
Worth all mines or works of art :  
I can lay my head in safety  
Upon every subject's heart.'

Then out-spake the Lords of Sachsen,  
Of Bavaria, and of Rhine :  
'Bearded Count, thou art the victor,  
And the richest land, 't is thine !'

JUSTINO KERNER.

v.

## THE MOWER-MAIDEN.

'WHAT! so early at work! Good morrow, my good little MARY.  
Thy love, O true heart, is harmless; it makes not thine industry vary.  
Listen: In three days from this, if all of this meadow thou mowest,  
I refuse thee no longer my son, mine only beloved, as thou knowest.'

So the stately and wealthy farmer to MARY hath spoken.  
Wildly throbbed then her heart as if from her breast 't would have broken;  
New life and hope and new energy seemed to come o'er her:  
How lustily swung she the scythe! how fell the tall harvest before her!

Gloweth the noon, and the mowers, a-weary, are gone from the meadow,  
Seeking the fount for refreshment, and seeking for slumber the shadow;  
Only the bees are left, and the scented flowers that woo them,  
And MARY who labors like them, and seems to strive to out-do them.

Day sinks; the curfew is tolling for rest, and the neighbors  
Call as they pass, 'Come, MARY, enough for to-day of these labors!'  
Mowers and herds and herdsmen lazily homeward are going:  
MARY but whets the scythe, and prepares to renew the long mowing.

Soon falleth the dew; the moon mid the star-glory glistens;  
Moist are the fallen swaths; the nightingale sings in the distance.  
Thinketh the maiden of rest? of how the nightingale singeth?  
No! in her love-strengthened arms the scythe she lustily swingeth.

So then from even to morn, so then from morn until even,  
Works she, nerved by Love, and by Hope, the daughter of Heaven.  
When, on the third day, the sun came over the distant hills peeping,  
Stood she there in the new-mown meadow, delightedly weeping.

'Morning, MARIE! what see I? In sooth, thine hands are not idle!  
Mown is the meadow! That work may only be paid by thy bridal.  
Thou hast taken in earnest the jest I uttered alone for thy proving,  
Credulous, credulous maid! but the simple heart is the most loving.'

Gone is the farmer again, so soon as these words he hath spoken.  
Then MARY's heart grows still: her knees beneath are broken;  
Speech, sense, feeling are gone—gone with the enchantment that bound her.  
There mid the new-mown swaths, silently lying, they found her.

So for long years she lived on, but half dead, silent and lonely;  
Honey by drops she took, and such was her nourishment only.  
O come, make her a grave mid the flowers that she may be laid in.  
Ne'er shall he find upon earth so true and so loving a maiden.

Newried, Oct. 31.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

## BULL-FIGHTS IN LISBON.

Alas for the chivalry of Portugal! The bull-fight no longer exists as it doth in Spain. True, cruelty to the beasts hath not ceased, but all danger to the fighters has. Sorely disappointed was I on one occasion, when seated as a spectator to the feats of the arena in Lisbon, to discover that there was not the slightest possibility of witnessing a death, even of a bull. I had nerved myself for some awful catastrophe, as I thought, by endeavoring to subdue all the finer feelings of humanity; but I doubt my success, for I was exceedingly disgusted with what I did see. Perhaps, however, if there had been more courage and less cruelty displayed, I might have felt differently. I know that on similar occasions I had previously become very much excited, and cried 'Viva!' for a victorious bull as loudly as any body. But those were fights in which Spaniards were engaged, who laugh to scorn the cowardly, barbarous bull-fighters of Portugal.

At the southern extremity of the *Campo de Santa Anna*, Lisbon, stands the *Praça dos Touros*, bull-circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is said to be nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and was, when I saw it, in a bad state of preservation. Along the highest rows of benches it is inappropriately ornamented by a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. Every Sunday and fête-day, the proprietors give the public a performance, which is duly announced in some such fustian as follows:

'This day will be given, in the elegantly-built and delightful *Praça do Campo Santa Anna*, a wonderful and highly-amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital is invited. The proprietors, ever anxious to gratify the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal, so generous in its patronage of these spectacles, feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the above-mentioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses among his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation that will be given this afternoon.' Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivalled agility of the bull-fighters; and, after eight lyric stanzas extolling the ferocity of the animals—the bulls, not the fighters—the terrible force of their horns, and a thousand other dangers of the combat, the whole announcement winds up with a description of some marvellous fire-works that will conclude the entertainment.

In spite, however, of grandiloquent announcements, strangers having the spirit of genuine *campinos* are always greatly disappointed. The combat unto death, both of man and beasts, was abolished in the time of Mary I., 1777 or 1778; and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. The functions of the *matador*



*de espada* have ceased, and good bull-fighters are no longer trained up in Portugal, while the most celebrated of Spain refuse to visit the sister country.

These fights open, as in Spain, by a grand display on horseback. When the court is present, an equerry of the royal household acts as *cavalheiro*, and then the best horses from the royal stables are in attendance. Mounted upon one of them, the equerry performs the steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public; all of which is termed *cortezias do cavalheiro*. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the more daring among the flag-bearers immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity; but they are in general awkward and timid, though the danger is not great, seeing that the animals have their horns sheathed in leather and tipped with balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or is greatly fatigued, affording little interest in the combat, *Gallegos* (peasants from the province of Galicia, Spain) or negroes are sent against it, who render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamor for, with the well-known cry of '*Perros!*' whenever the bull seems to be too tame. These *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights. They make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry long, two-pronged forks, whence they are called *homens de forcado*, men of the fork. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in line; and when the bull approaches that vicinity, they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a species of aide-de-camp, mounted, and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities.

When a bull evinces cowardice or exhaustion, the *Gallegos*, at a given signal, cast their forks aside, and rush upon him. The most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal, seizes the moment when, with lowered head and closed eyes, he is running at him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be violently tossed and flung about. The rest then throw themselves upon the brute, securing him by the legs, horns, and tail, and even jumping upon him, until the poor beast, who sometimes draws a dozen of them round the ring three or four times, is compelled to stop. This is termed, not 'taking the bull by the horns,' but *seizing the bull by the hoof*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence, at this moment, the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of bullocks and cows with bells round their necks now enter, which the subdued bull peacefully follows out of the circle at a trot. His wounds are then dressed, and he is either sent home or reserved for another occasion.

The negroes, it seems, appear but seldom, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded; for they are called upon to perform feats which none of the *gentlemen* fighters dare attempt. These poor wretches hire themselves out, for the value of a few shillings, to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose, they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chiefs

of Africa, and conceal themselves either in figures of horses made of paste-board, called *cavallinhos de pasta*, or in large hampers. The bull is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. I saw one poor old fellow gored through a hamper, to the infinite delight and amusement of the audience; no body appearing to relish the joke more than the ladies, by whom the front seats of nearly all the boxes were filled. Sometimes these miserable blacks are forced, by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors, to reappear in the arena, even while suffering from severe contusions; and loss of limbs is the probable result of this base and dastardly inhumanity.

Before the close of this most refined and delectable exhibition with fire-works, we have another display of horsemanship and horse-dancing, when *vivas* resound from all sides, and flowers, money, and sometimes jewels, are showered down upon the heroes of the ring who have that day most distinguished themselves in encounters with blunt-horned bulls.

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### W H Y ?

Why is it we delude ourselves with seemings,  
When better far are plain realities?  
And why do we deceive ourselves with dreamings,  
When the clear truth so far excelleth these?

Why, when the full bright sun is beaming o'er us,  
In dimmest darkness do we grope our ways?  
Why, when the living substance stands before us,  
On empty shadows do we vainly gaze?

Why 'gainst the stones of error do we stumble,  
While journeying to the spirit's fair abode?  
Why into holes and pit-falls blindly tumble,  
When naught is plainer than the proper road?

To Wrong why are we ever basely slaving,  
When Right would rule us with a gentler sway?  
Why for a fancied pleasure are we craving,  
When we have truer happiness to-day?

Why are we ever crooked paths pursuing,  
When easier are the open and the straight?  
Why do we drive ourselves to our undoing,  
And swear that we were forced to it by Fate?

What fools we are, and fools of our own making,  
Who thus refuse the good and choose the ill!  
Who, when at Truth's clear fount we might be slaking  
Our thirst, stir up the muddy waters still!

## THE SEA-NYMPHS TO THE DRYADS.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A COLLECTION OF EXQUISITE SPECIMENS OF ALGÆ

Pontumque per omnem  
Ridebunt virides gemmis nascentibus algæ.

CLAUDIAN.

YE Nymphs that haunt the sylvan stream,  
Or gambol on the flowery lea,  
A dreary world, perchance, ye deem  
Is ours within the lonely sea.

But, sisters, leave your fair sojourn  
Of rustling groves and mossy caves,  
And with your own charmed vision learn  
What beauty dwells beneath the waves.

Come lay your trustful hands in ours,  
And let us lead you, soft and slow,  
To gardens graced with fairer flowers  
Than earth's most genial climes can show.

There shall ye see the purple palms  
That wave o'er grottoes paved with pearls,  
And vocal with melodious psalms  
From the sweet lips of mermaid girls.

We've heard what floral beauty lies  
O'er all *your* world in vernal days;  
Nor are your rose's scents and dyes  
Unhonored in our Nereïd lays:

But fate has marred its queenly grace  
With many a disenchanting thorn,  
And storms its tinted charms deface,  
And leave it faded and forlorn.

But come with us, dear Oread band!  
To FLORA's ocean lawns and bowers,  
Where thorns ne'er wound the fondling hand,  
Nor winter blights their happier flowers.

Come where the callithamnian beds  
In vermeil beauty softly sleep;  
Come where the purple dasya sheds  
A Tyrian splendor round the deep:

Where, like a boundless prairie-scene,  
Broad fields of living cladaphore,  
Out-stretched Hesperian isles between,  
Make green the deep's untrodden floor.

Oh, wisely have your poets sung  
That VENUS' birth-place here must be;  
For whence could Beauty's queen have sprung  
But from our Eden of the sea?

W. P. F.

## M O R E T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF OF NEW-YORK.

SLAUFER, THE ONE-EYED DUTCHMAN, AND JEMES.

THERE are many instances in the practice of a sheriff where he is called upon to exercise his own judgment, independently of the demands of the plaintiff in a writ he is charged with serving. Oftentimes it would require the prescience of Mesmer himself to determine whether he should 'arrest, or not arrest.' If he arrest, he is in danger of a suit for 'false imprisonment;' and if he do not arrest, he is in like jeopardy of a suit for 'an escape' or 'false return.'

A case in point occurs to me now. The parties to the writ were, a German by the name of Zimmer, and an emigrant or passenger-agent by the name of Slauffer. The circumstances of the difficulty between them, as related to me by Zimmer, occurred somewhat in this way: Zimmer was turning the corner of a street, when he was met by Slauffer, (both were fat and unwieldy,) and they came in collision plumply, like two meeting locomotives. Probably both were drunk. Words were bandied between them, and Slauffer, being inclined not to let the matter end in words, fell to and gave Zimmer a taste of his pugnacious attainments, finally knocking him down a neighboring cellar-way, amid a lot of old mouldy pieces of lumber, bottles, and other unsavory rubbish. Zimmer was picked up by some of the by-standers, and the poor fellow was sobered in a moment by the discovery that he had lost an eye in the encounter. A nail had pierced it almost to the brain! He was carried to the hospital; and when, after a 'course of treatment,' he was discharged, poor fellow! he had but one eye and but one *eyede*, and that was, to obtain satisfaction for the injury and suffering he had endured.

'Mein Gott!' said he, as he came into the sheriff's office, 'ish dere any shentlemans here dat will go mit me and took up a mans what did mein eye knock out? Oh, shentleman, you will go mit me,' said he, addressing me; 'you will go take Slauffer. Oh, mein Gott, mein Gott! dere ish no one here will go took up Slauffer!'

'My friend,' said I, 'if you have any business here, you can have it attended to; but you must not make such a noise. Let me know your business, and perhaps I may serve you.'

'Here ish a paper for go and took Slauffer. He did knock mein eye out, and I will haf him for a tousand dollar pail.'

'Come,' said I to him, 'I will go with you and take the man; but you must show Slauffer to me.'

'Yes, yes, I goes mit you; I will show him to you. You must a tousand dollar pail haf. I goes mit you and shows you Slauffer.'

I proceeded with him to the lower part of the city, without any thing material passing between us until we arrived at a house in — street, where I was requested by my companion to 'Shtop; dere ish de house,

Sheriff, where Slauffer lif?' Going to the door, I demanded of the girl who opened it if Mr. Slauffer was in.

'No one by that name stops here, Sir,' said she.

'Does n't Mr. Slauffer reside here?' said I to her, fearing she had misunderstood me.

'Neither Mr. Slauffer nor any one by that name stops here,' said she, rather pertly.

'Slauffer *do* lif here,' said Zimmer, interrupting her; 'I know he lif here. *Peside, he knock mein eye out,*' slapping his hand, to assure her of his certainty; '*and peside,*' slapping his hand again, 'I will half him took up; *and peside,*' slapping his hand again, this time arriving at the highest point of satisfaction with himself, 'and for a tousand dollar pail.'

'Well, he do n't live here, and I do n't care where he lives,' said the girl tartly, closing the door in my face.

Zimmer and I thereupon held a council of war. He suggested that I should wait around the corner until Slauffer came home. He knew that he resided in the house, and the girl had deceived us. While talking together, he suddenly started, exclaiming: 'Dere ish Slauffer! dere he ish!' pointing to a man who was quietly coming up the street toward us. 'Ha ha! Ha ha! Come along, Sheriff, come along; here ish Slauffer; here ish de man wot mine eye knock out;' at the same time taking hold of the man to prevent his escape.

I accosted the man, and told him I had a writ against him for assault and battery, committed upon Mr. Adolph Zimmer, the man then with me, and required him to give me bail in the sum of one thousand dollars.

The man thus accosted stared at me and Zimmer, looking from one to the other of us, and seemed horror-stricken at the proceeding. I told him in a few words the charges made by Zimmer against him, a little in detail. Looking wildly and strangely as if bewildered, he at length stuttered out in broken sentences his denial of any knowledge or participation in the affair, and ignored acquaintance of Zimmer utterly.

'I-I t-tell y-yo-you, mim-mim-mis-mister,' stammered he, 'I d-d-do n't nin-nin-know that' ere g-g-gen-gentleman,' (referring to Zimmer;)  
'I n-n-nev-nev-never seed him a-a-afore; and, Sir, I-h-ha-ha-hav-haven't the p-p-pip-pip-pleasure of *y-yo-your* ac-acqu-acquaintance, and my n-n-na-na-name ain't Sl-Slow-Slower, nin-nin-nor Slofer, nin-nin-nor Loafer, either.'

'My friend, said I, interrupting him, 'I see you are very nervous, and considerably frightened. Keep cool, and do n't be alarmed, if you *are* arrested. I do n't want to frighten you to death. I have no warrant to do *that*.'

'Wall,' said he to me, evidently softened down by my words, and partially restored to speech once more, 'I'm obleeged to you, bib-bib-but you hain't taken me, have you? My nim-nim-name ain't Sloufer; I-I d-d-do n't know him. I nin-nev assaulted nor battered no body; and as for this Mr. What's-his-name? —'

'Zimmer,' said I.

'Ah, Zimmer: I do n't know him; I never seed him afore, nor I never seed you afore.'



'Sheriff,' said Zimmer, (fearful that I would let the man go,) 'Sheriff, das man ish Slauffer. He ish humbucking; and das ish de man was mein eye knock out. Ich will haf a tausend dollar pail. Do n't let him go; he ish *einen spitzbube, einen verdammten spitzbube!* Mein Gott! don't los him go; he ish Slauffer.'

'Silence!' said I to him; 'be still.'

'*Nein, ich will nicht 'silence'; ich will nicht meinen maul halten.* Das is Slauffer; tausend dollar pail; *mein auge is aus g-knockt.*'

'You see,' said I, addressing the man arrested, 'this Dutchman is unrelenting; he says that your name is Slauffer, and you knocked his eye out, and he insists that you shall be *'held,'* and must give the bail required.'

'My name,' said he, 'is Baldwin, and I never committed assault and battery on any one. This is the first time, Mr. Sheriff, I ever was in New-York. I only arrived here about ten minutes ago. I don't know no body in this here place, and how can I give bail? And how, in case no body knows me, can I satisfy you that I'm Jeems Baldwin, and ain't Slauffer, or Slofer? But I suppose you go on the Scriptur' text, and because *I'm a stranger you take me in.*'

'And,' added I, 'in prison I will visit you.'

The matter at this time was peculiarly interesting to all three of us. To Zimmer, satisfaction for an injury so deep and terrible as the loss of an eye was well nigh attained. To Baldwin, the probable loss of his liberty for some weeks, perhaps months. To me, no probabilities, but certainties: either Zimmer or the supposed Slauffer was trying to deceive me. If I permitted the prisoner to be at liberty, Zimmer would sue for an 'escape' or 'false return;' and if I held him and put him in prison in default of bail, he would, if he was any one else than Slauffer the defendant, be most likely to sue me for 'false imprisonment.' There was I in a pretty dilemma, not knowing what to do, and in either extremity likely to suffer. In the event of damages being had against me by the one or the other, I must be the loser, for both were irresponsible, no doubt, and I could not compel the injuring party to indemnify me for the loss; and whether successful or not, I must inevitably pay counsel and attorney if an action was commenced.

My determination, however, was soon fixed. Like every other sheriff, I acted upon the principle of letting nothing slip from my hands, and at the same time of avoiding the most grim-faced danger. As Zimmer was of that cast, I kept on his side of the question, and made poor 'Jeems,' as he called himself, 'suffer some.' He was the more amiable of the two, and so less to be feared. I thereupon told him 'that he might be 'Jeems Baldwin,' if he chose, but he was pointed out to me as Slauffer; and as he had no friends to identify him to me otherwise, and as the writ required bail in one thousand dollars, which he was unable to give, I was compelled to lodge him in 'Eldridge-street prison.' I was sorry for it, but could n't help it,' etc., etc.

I escorted him to jail, and handed him over to the polite keeper. As he was being locked up, he muttered, in broken sentences, '*Clever folks in this here 'York; hospitable, too; entertaining, too; kind to strangers, very; feed me for nothing, I guess; give me fresh, I hope, but guess not.*' The lock was turned on him, his voice was lost to me, and the walls of the prison separated us.

Zimmer, meanwhile, though he lingered about me, probably with the expected satisfaction of seeing his victim quietly disposed of, said nothing until we were about leaving the jail, when he exclaimed, with great glee: '*Der Slauffer ish ein spitzbube, ein grossen spitzbube; he ish rascal; he mein eye knock out; and now he ish in de prison; das is wos I shall haf de satisfaction. Sheriff, du bist ein gude mensch; ich tank you sair viel. Adieu, adieu!*' and he left me.

'I am 'a good man,' and you 'thank me very much;' very kind in you, Mr. Zimmer,' thought I. 'Perhaps I need your commiseration more than your thanks.'

Three days elapsed from the incident related above, when I was waited upon by a person who desired to know 'if I had not a writ against Isaac Slauffer, at the suit of Adolph Zimmer, for assault and battery.'

I answered him that I had such a writ, and had arrested Slauffer, and he was now in jail in default of bail. 'Why do you ask?' continued I, anxious to relieve myself from the supposed false imprisonment by the great resemblance which there appeared to me to exist between the 'Jeems' I locked up and the inquirer. 'Are you his brother, or relative?' (I hoped for an affirmative answer.)

'He ain't any brother of mine, nor relative either,' replied he; 'and you haven't arrested Slauffer; you have taken the wrong man this time, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he. 'I'm Isaac Slauffer, and no body else; and you'd better send up right away, and let the man you have put in prison go. I only heard this morning you had taken some body for me, and I have now come with my bail to satisfy you, and do an act of justice by relieving an innocent man.'

Being satisfied that he spoke truly, as quick as could be I sent an order to the jailor to bring 'Jeems' down to the sheriff's office, and he was brought as quickly as the order was given. 'Jeems' and the veritable Slauffer were, for the first time, made acquainted with each other.

'Give us your hand, old fellow,' said Slauffer to 'Jeems.' 'You have 'suffered some' for me; I am sorry for it; sorry I didn't hear of it before this morning; and I'm come now to release you, and surrender myself. What do you think of me? Nothing bad, I hope, do you?'

'Well, no,' said 'Jeems,' 'I don't think any bad of you; glad to see you, and, under the circumstances, very glad, and very happy of your acquaintance. But say, Mr. what's-your-name—Loafer—is it true you come to let me out? Have you convinced the sheriff that you're Mr. Loafer? He is hard to convince, very.'

I looked at Slauffer and then at 'Jeems,' and it would have puzzled any one, I fancy, having two eyes, (Zimmer with his one eye was, after all, not so much to blame,) to tell who was who: they were perfect Dromios, in height, person, dress, and all, except the voice.

'Convince the sheriff! well, I guess I can,' said Slauffer, 'when I put my fist to a bail-bond, with two good sureties, and pay him his fee. Convince the sheriff! How is it, Sheriff, can I convince you?'

'My friend,' said I to him, 'I am convinced. Such an act of nobleness as the relief of Mr. Baldwin from his unpleasant confinement is honorable, and I am pleased to witness it.'

The bail was given, the sureties were ample; and I had an earnest

hope that I might not be troubled by 'Jeems' in the way of an action for damages for the injury done him. I congratulated him on what I was pleased to call 'the final disposition' of the affair as far as he was concerned, and *timidly hoped* he was not offended with *my* treatment of him. 'What an opening for a starving attorney!' thought I.

'Oh, as for that,' interrupted Slauffer, 'I'll fix it, Baldwin,' said he, addressing 'Jeems.' 'The sheriff isn't to blame in arresting you for me; come, we look alike, so all of these folks say; but the Dutchman Zimmer, he is the chap who is to blame for all the injury done to you, and not the sheriff. You have suffered for me, old fellow,' continued he, 'and I will do the compensating part of attending to wounds, etc. What do you say, Baldwin, is an X all right for three days' entertainment in the 'old watch-house?' Here, take it, and put it in your pocket. Forget every thing, old fellow, as I do, but Zimmer.'

'Forget every thing!' said 'Jeems'; 'I can't do it. I forgive every thing. Mr. Loafer, still persisting in his pronunciation, 'I'll pocket your X, and make my exit from out the house of entertainment you speak of. But I hain't fared so badly. I came to this here 'York to see the sights; never was here afore, and never knowed your people had such a *taking way* with 'em; spent three days *and nights* with a jolly good set of fellows, but did n't git a bit of *fresh*. I hev seen the elephant; and more'n that, I fed with him out of the same trough, on b'iled beans, mush and molasses. I'm off right strut now; and if you don't want any more of me, being *unbound* by the sheriff, I'm bound for Jarsey.'

The parties then left, and I have never heard any thing from either of them since, except that Zimmer, having his wrath cooled by the magnanimity of his foe, compromised his difficulty with Slauffer for fifty dollars: rather a low demand, thought I, for the loss of an eye, but then every man is the best judge for himself of what is most precious in his own eyes.

FLAUTAL.

## DELL' OCCASIONE.

'SAY, who art thou, of more than woman born,  
And whom the choicest gifts of heaven adorn;  
Why stayest thou not, and why thy winged feet?'  
'I am OCCASION, known to few I meet;  
Nor wait for any, for I stand with heel  
Upon TIME's swift, but seeming laggard wheel.  
Man cannot vie with me in swift career,  
Nor on my flying foot-steps hope to near:  
Yet unconcerned my coming he will trace;  
And veiling with dishevelled hair my face,  
Till form and feature are alike concealed.  
I pass unrecognized, though full revealed.  
Once seen my back, no more disguise can blind,  
But vain the panting chase of those behind,  
If e'er I pass them, or my back they see.'  
'But tell me, who is this that comes with thee?'  
'It is REPENTANCE, known with dread by all;  
To those who win not me, 'tis hers to fall.  
Beware! While speaking, TIME is speeding on,  
His progress all unnoticed and unknown;  
And, vainly busied with Life's glittering sand,  
Like me unheeded, it eludes thy hand.'

## T H E F I D D L E R A T G E M Ü N D .

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNER.

ONCE a chapel of rare beauty,  
Resting on foundations strong,  
Built Gemünd to Saint CECILIA,  
Holy patroness of song.

Silver lilies, bright as moon-beams,  
Glimmered o'er her radiant form ;  
Golden roses crowned her altar,  
Mellow as the light of morn.

Glorious the Saint's apparel ;  
Shoes she wore of beaten gold ;  
From her shoulders robes of silver  
Fell in many a gleaming fold.

For Gemünd, to art devoted,  
Once a fair renown might claim,  
And in moulding rare devices  
World-wide was her craftsmen's fame.

And from far came troops of pilgrims  
At this wondrous shrine to kneel,  
Whence angelic voices sounded,  
Mingled with the organ's peal.

Once a fiddler, thither wandering,  
Halted at the open door :  
Scarce his feeble limbs upheld him,  
Faint with hunger, weary, poor.

Kneeling at the shrine, the minstrel  
Plays his sweetest, holiest notes ;  
Moves the gentle Saint to pity :  
Hark ! sweet music round her floats.

Smilingly she bendeth downward  
From her motionless repose,  
And a golden shoe, the right one,  
To the needy minstrel throws.

Full of gratitude, he hastens  
To a goldsmith's stall hard by ;  
Dreams of food, and rest, and raiment,  
Which the golden shoe shall buy.

But the goldsmith, when he sees it,  
Uttering curses fierce and strong,  
Roughly seizes, and to prison  
Drags the hapless son of song.

Soon, before the court arraigned,  
To grave charges he must plead ;  
And all deem his tale invented :  
He hath done the impious deed.

Woe to thee, thou luckless minstrel !  
Sweet thy parting strains should be ;  
Thou must struggle on the gallows  
In thy dying agony.

Hark ! the passing bell is tolling ;  
Justice brooks of no delay ;  
Take thy last fond look of nature,  
And the cheerful light of day !

Now the gloomy, monkish choir  
Hath the *Miserère* sung ;  
But more loud the strains ecstatic  
From the minstrel's viol rung.

For to bring his viol with him  
Was the fiddler's last request :  
' Let me mingle in the music  
That shall sing me to my rest ' .

Now to Saint CECILIA's chapel  
The procession draweth near,  
And toward the shrine he moveth,  
Full of sorrow and despair.

And all they who had reviled him  
Pity now his fate forlorn.  
' One more boon I ask,' he murmured :  
' Lead me to the saintly form.'

Kneeling there again, the minstrel  
Plays his sweetest, holiest notes ;  
Moves the gentle Saint to pity :  
Hark ! sweet music round her floats.

Smilingly she bendeth downward  
From her motionless repose,  
And a golden shoe, the left one,  
To the needy minstrel throws.

But the crowd with awe and wonder  
See the might of Heaven displayed,  
For this luckless, starving fiddler  
Well hath pleased the holy maid.

Hence they lead him crowned with garlands,  
Strengthened, cheered with generous wine ;  
And with songs and festive dances  
Celebrate the power divine.

All injustice is forgotten ;  
Soon they spread a sumptuous feast,  
And above them all exalted  
Sits the bard, an honored guest.

But when all are sunk in slumber,  
With his treasures in his hands,  
Through the peaceful night he wanders  
Joyously to other lands.



Since then, at Gemünd, each fiddler  
Hath been held an honored guest;  
And though weary, sick, or needy,  
He must share with them the feast.

So you'll hear them fiddling, dancing,  
Singing, too, in sweet accord;  
And he who all his strings has broken  
Thumps with empty glass the board.

And as from fiddling, dancing, singing,  
Many a festive note resounds,  
So Gemünd, amid its ruins,  
Still will echo joyous sounds.

L. C.

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A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LONDON AUTHOR.

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BY F. OBIER.

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THE POOR AUTHOR is not yet an extinct animal. He starves, writes, and struggles still, as he did in the days of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Savage. Those who hear of Dickens' making fifteen thousand pounds a year by his pen, and Bulwer filling up blank cheques *à discrétion* before he writes a play, and draw their conception of the London author therefrom, are sadly mistaken. From the back slums about Red-Lion Square and Soho we can draw annals of the miseries of literary men which equal the saddest details of Grub-street history. It is true that, from the multitude of scribblers at present swarming in the English capital, their needs and trials are of such frequent occurrence that they attract less public attention than in those days when to be an author was either a brand of infamy or a title of distinction. But if it no longer becomes a matter of history when a man writes his poems like Savage in grocers' shops on tea-papers, the current of misery still flows on, and genius battles with it, and drowns in it, as of old.

Suppose we separate one man from the ranks of this horde of struggling thinkers; suppose we go home with him to his garret; live with him for one entire day; sit upon his hard deal-chair, and share his scanty and ill-served meals; let us watch the way in which poverty, in some palpable shape, tramples on and wounds his sensitive nature, and scares away for awhile all the great thoughts which were quickening in his laboring brain. Let us note down his sorrows and enjoyments, and draw a balance between the two. Suppose we take such a man, and call him Roger Dale.

It is a fine frosty morning in February, as the first sun-beams struggle faintly through a narrow back window, and light up, with an uncertain flicker, the interior of a small and cheerless room. The walls are bare and white-washed, and, save during a few of the morning hours, are cold indeed to look at; but now the sunshine, that drapery of nature,

has clothed its nakedness in hues of amber, and the poor chamber seems to smile with the consciousness of being dressed in a livery of unusual splendor. The furniture of the room is meagre, and what there is of it is in rather a mutilated condition. In one end of the room is what is technically termed a 'turn-up;' that is, a bed which, when folded up, presents the exterior of a book-case, or some other article of furniture equally imposing. Near the window stands an unsteady deal-table, lacquered over with coarse brown paint, which has blistered in the sun, and peeled off in small round patches, until it looks like a brown-and-white bandana handkerchief.

A few books, scattered manuscripts, and pens and ink, are lying on the table; and an old, cracked meerschaum, rudely mended with pack-thread, is the only ornament which graces the tottering wooden mantel-piece. There is no fire, but a few coals contained in an old band-box are placed on one side of the fire-place. There is a little cupboard in one corner of the room, which, being slightly open, lets us see, dimly, a shirt, a few pairs of socks, a crust of bread, and a half-empty gin-bottle arranged upon the shelves. Two chairs, a worn-out hearth-brush, and a wooden box, with its lid half broken away, complete the arrangements. While we are noting down these things, a hasty step is heard on the stairs, the door opens, and Roger Dale, the owner of the apartment, enters.

He is about five-and-twenty, and his face, although full of character, is not handsome. He has a broad, bold brow, deep-set eyes, a thick, but well-formed nose, and a mouth fraught with an expression of almost feminine sweetness. He is poorly clad for such a season, and looks cold, but cheerful. In his hand he carries a small brown-paper parcel, and he swings into the room with the air of a man who has accomplished something, and is determined to enjoy himself with energy accordingly. How busy he is! See, he is about to light his fire. The coals in the band-box are inspected and arranged skilfully in the small grate. Ah! now we can see where the other half of the lid of that box has gone to. It has evidently lit many a fire before now, and all that remains of it is being quickly transformed into large splinters, which, thrust between the coals, soon blaze merrily. This accomplished, Roger fills a small kettle from a pitcher standing near the door, and places it where the blaze is hottest. He then unfolds the brown-paper parcel, and discloses a warm two-penny roll, and a little tea and sugar made up in little gray-paper cones. These, with a little milk which he brings forth from the cupboard, complete his arrangements; and the water having boiled, and the tea being made, Roger Dale takes off his threadbare dress-coat, folds it carefully, puts it by, and invests himself with an alpaca jacket, glossy from long wear, and worn in several places into large holes.

I will venture to assert that there was not a merchant-prince that day in London who enjoyed his luxurious morning meal more than Roger Dale did that frugal and insufficient breakfast. The two-penny roll, though butterless, was nice and warm; and the tea, which probably grew on some sunny English hill-side, had, nevertheless, a good rough fragrance about it that fully satisfied the uncultivated palate of the poor author. Having finished his roll, and drained the last drops from his

little tin tea-pot, Roger cleared away the *débris* of his meal, and, lighting the old cracked meerschaum, sat down to write. He was just then engaged on a volume of fairy tales, which an extensive publisher in Fleet-street had ordered. He was to have twenty pounds for the manuscript, ten of which he had been obliged to draw in advance; the remaining half was to be given only when the work was finished. At this moment, Roger had just eighteen pence in his pocket, and it would be a week at least before he could write 'Finis' at the end of his volume. He was in debt to his landlady, and where he was to get his dinner during the interval was a problem yet unsolved. Nevertheless, in this frame of mind he had to sit down and conjure up glowing pictures of oriental splendor, golden halls, glittering fountains, and luxurious banquets, while he was burning his last coal, and wondering how far eighteen pence would go toward a week's dinners. Still he wrote on cheerfully, and as his pen flew over the paper, his color came and went, his eye brightened, and for a while he forgot all his sorrows in the excitement of his labor. After writing rapidly for some time, he paused, and, resting his head on his hand, seemed to be wrapped in thought. It was a fair panorama that flitted then before the poet's fancy. There was a long, low-roofed cottage, with deep eaves where the swallows nested in the summer-time, and walls from which the trailing clematis hung down in wreaths, as if it felt weary of being crucified against that lonely place, and wished to descend and play with the tulips and narcissi that glowed like stars in the deep-green grass beneath. There was a calm matron with whitening hair, who, while she wandered among her flowers, and tended them with gentle hand, thought wistfully of her first-born, who was toiling and struggling far away in the heart of the great city, and wondered what he was then doing. And at a little distance, beneath the shadow of an old apple-tree whose fading blossoms fell softly upon her head, sat a brown-eyed girl, thinking also of the brother that she loved, and with whom, when they were both children, she had so often wandered into the great, silent woods close by, until they lost themselves amid the thousand paths, and cried with terror lest they should never again see the old cottage and the mild, gentle face of their dear mother. As this quiet picture, half reminiscence, half fancy, flitted before Roger's vision, the lines that care had graven in his face were smoothed away, and a happy smile rested upon it, as a passing gleam of sunshine robs the stern features of some old stone-effigy of their accustomed harshness.

While he was indulging in this quiet reverie, the stairs without creaked audibly, and the sound of a heavy foot-step indicated some person's approach. Roger started. In an instant the happy smile was replaced by an expression of pain and humiliation. He knew that foot-step. It came nearer and nearer, and as it stopped at the door at last, Roger's form seemed to shrink into half its size. Then the door opened, and a bold-faced woman flung into the room, and seated herself unceremoniously on the vacant chair. She had a cold, pitiless eye, and the word 'landlady' was written legibly upon her hard, coarse features.

'Well, Mr. Dale,' she began, in a loud, turbulent tone, 'I just came up to see about the rent. I've got a bill to pay to-day, and I can't take any more promises; beside, some people's promises ain't worth much.'

'I'm very sorry indeed,' said Roger, scarcely daring to meet the bold glance of the woman; 'I'm very sorry, but just now I am quite unable to pay you. I expect, however, in a few days——'

'That's always the way with you *littery* gents,' interrupted the woman, with a glance of vulgar contempt; 'you are always expectin' of somethin' that never comes: but I can't pay *my* rent with expectings; no, *my* landlord won't take nothing of the sort from me, and I can't take them from other people. It was only last Saturday that you told me you expected to have the rent to-day, and now you haven't. It won't do, Mr. Dale; it won't suit me by no means. I could have let the room over and over again to them as would have paid me regular. But I didn't do it, because you promised so fair. But now since it has come to it——'

'Really, Mrs. Biggs, I cannot help it. I was disappointed in some money which I was to have received to-day, but which I shall certainly have in a day or two at the farthest. Beside, you have some security for your rent: there are my clothes.'

'Oh! as for the matter of that, they isn't worth much,' retorted Mrs. Biggs, surveying with infinite scorn the various articles of Roger's slender wardrobe which were visible. '*Littery* gents' clothes ain't generally wery valu'ble. You owes me three pun' fourteen for rent, and half a crown I paid the man for soling yer boots, and it isn't a few old coats and trowsers that can pay me that.'

Roger Dale's cheek crimsoned at this insulting speech, and words of indignation were trembling on his tongue, but he suddenly checked their utterance. He was in the woman's power, and he must submit to every thing.

'Well, Mrs. Biggs,' he said, in a tone that was meant to be determined, but which was sadly tremulous and broken, 'I cannot do any more. If I could pay you, HEAVEN knows I would. Just now it is impossible; and I trust when I appeal to your charity for a little forbearance, that you will not deny it to me. You will not lose by it, depend on it.'

'All I have got to say about the matter, Mr. Dale, is, that people as takes rooms of poor women ought to know whether they was able to pay for them before they took them. Now once for all I tell you, I want my three pun' fourteen, and the half crown I paid the man for soling yer boots, this very night; and if you can't give it to me, why the best thing you can do is to quit. I can't let you have my rooms for nothin', Mr. Dale, and I expect either the money this evening, or you walk to-morrow for sartain. That's all I've got to say about it.'

With these words Mrs. Biggs flounced out of the room, slamming the door violently as she went, and Roger Dale was once more alone.

For a long time he sat with his head bowed upon his hands, and his fingers twisted convulsively in his long dark hair. All the sensitive nature of the poet was wounded, and his spirit chafed indignantly at the humiliation which his necessities had compelled him to endure. Wild thoughts flitted through his mind; ay, even thoughts of suicide, dark, horrible, despairing suicide, rushed through his brain, and fired it with deadly purpose. But just then, when his temples were burning and throbbing with heavy pulses, the quiet cottage, with his gentle mother

and fair sister, unrolled itself like a vapory picture before him; and in an instant all his evil fancies fled, and from between his hands which hid his face the warm tears trickled slowly down and fell upon the blotted manuscripts.

A knock came to the door. Roger preserved a dogged silence. It was repeated; he still did not reply. He fancied, perhaps, it was some envoy from Mrs. Biggs. At last he heard a childish voice say:

'Please, Sir, Mr. Hurry sent to know if the next chapter of the *Fairy Tales* is finished, as the compositors are idle?'

'Tell him it is not!' answered Roger savagely, without looking up. A little step pattered toward the door, and just as it had reached it something prompted him to raise his eyes. A sunny-faced child, with ragged trowsers and inky face, had his small hand on the door, and was gazing at him with wondering eyes. Roger's heart insensibly softened. Face to face with that incarnation of happy, heedless childhood, he could no longer be a misanthrope.

'Tell Mr. Hurry,' said he, in a gentle tone, 'that I'm very sorry that an accident has prevented my finishing the chapter, but he shall have it this evening.'

The child made a comic attempt at a respectful bow, and turned to go. A thought seemed suddenly to strike Roger.

'Stay!' he cried, 'stay a moment, my boy; I wish to speak with you.'

The boy stopped at this summons, and advanced toward him, evidently overwhelmed with astonishment at an author, a man who wrote real books, having any thing to say to him.

'Tell me,' said Roger, looking earnestly at the child, 'tell me what you would do if you were without any money and wanted to get some.'

'I would work,' replied the child, stoutly.

'But if you wanted it immediately, and had no time to do any thing which would fetch it, what then?'

'I would go to mother.'

'He has a mother!' murmured Roger; 'one who loves him.'

'Oh! I have, and such a jolly one, too,' said the boy quickly, overhearing Roger's ejaculation. 'She gives me curran'-puddin' when I goes home on Sundays, and mends my clothes for me. Mother's a good 'un, if ever there was.'

'But suppose that you had no mother, or that she had no money to give you,' pursued Roger; 'what would you do then?'

'If mother hadn't it, I'd go to sister; and if sister hadn't it, I'd go to uncle; and if he hadn't it, I'd go to cousin Harry; and if cousin Harry hadn't it, I'd go to every body; and if every body hadn't it, I'd go to the work'us.' And the child stopped, fairly out of breath with his rapid enumeration of resources.

'Poor child!' muttered Roger, 'you have taught my pride a lesson without knowing it. Here!' he continued, taking from his pocket his last eighteen pence and handing the boy sixpence; 'here! take this, and go your way. You are a good boy, and will yet come to something good, for God never gives such energy in vain.'

The child doffed his tattered cap, pocketed the sixpence, and was soon bounding down the stairs rejoicing.



'Yes,' said Roger to himself, 'the child has taught me a lesson, and I will profit by it. It is time that I had cast aside this foolish sensitiveness, this haughty independence: such feelings are a luxury, and are suited only to the rich. The poor have no business to be independent. I will make my sacrifice this instant. I will go to Gerard and ask him to lend me some money. He is rich; we are closely united by ties of blood. He cannot refuse me: even if he does, I will not be repulsed; I will trample on my pride; I will implore, I will supplicate him.'

He buttoned his coat tightly, and sallied out into the street. It was advanced in the day, and the pavement which had been frozen hard in the morning was now ankle-deep with filthy, greasy mud. Omnibuses were rushing to and from the city at a furious pace, or were wedged almost inextricably into a mass of carts and vehicles of all descriptions about the Poultry or Temple Bar. News-boys clustered in noisy groups around the offices of the Sunday papers, (it was Saturday,) waiting until they should be ready for distribution. The man who had sat all day on Ludgate Hill with a board round his neck on which was written, 'I am starving,' was thinking of going home to his dinner. Business men were taking off their office-coats and preparing themselves for the West End; the Malay crossing-sweeper in St. Paul's church-yard was earning a rich harvest of coppers; occasional gentlemen were having their boots cleaned at corners by the charity-boys, greatly to the admiration of the *gamins* of the streets, who generally formed a circle round the blacker and black-ee, and made exceedingly pertinent and disagreeable remarks upon both. Through all this mud and bustle, omnibuses, coster-monger's carts, apple-women, thieves, itinerant book-venders, rich merchants, homeward-bound school-boys and gaping country-folks, through all this throng of busy life with which the thoroughfares teemed, Roger Dale wended his way toward the city, revolving earnestly how he should best ask his rich relative for money. Various were the forms in which he mentally couched his request, as he went along the street. None of them satisfied him, and a new one was planned and rehearsed only to be the next instant rejected. While he was thus occupied, he suddenly found himself at the entrance of one of those dark, narrow courts leading off Cornhill, and occupied chiefly by the offices of men of business, brokers, attorneys, and Jews. Here he turned with a heavy heart and entered a narrow door-way, on which was painted in large letters, 'Gerard Dale, Solicitor and Notary Public.' Pushing in a dusty glass-door, Roger proceeded into a dark, dismal office inhabited by two spectral clerks, who were perched on high stools writing. He inquired for Mr. Dale. One of the spectres pointed to the door of an inner office, and then resumed his work. Roger opened the door thus indicated, and the next instant stood face to face with his cousin.

Gerard Dale was a perfect specimen of the money-maker. Hard-featured, keen-eyed, stony-hearted, he looked on mankind as a great mine from which the hardest worker and the sharpest tool would draw most wealth; and in the pursuit of his object he blasted hearts and trampled upon poverty as relentlessly as if they had been only common stones and clay.

While acknowledging Roger's greeting, which, in spite of himself,

and, his quick glance detected in an instant the nature

Roger abruptly, 'I have come to you to borrow five pounds is nothing to you. I want

been addressed in this fashion before, and he bewildered at this peremptory demand, where supplication and entreaty.

er,' he began, 'I am quite unprepared — so peremp-

as a loud voice, cousin,' said Roger, interrupting him; 'I could have a bad heart if you were to wish that I should see your feet and supplicate your charity like a beggar. I have just now of five pounds. I do not wish you to give it to me as a loan, but I must have it.'

There was something so despairing, so determined in the young man's tone, that the miser quailed before it; and almost involuntarily he opened a drawer, and taking out five sovereigns held them toward his cousin.

Roger made a wry face as he took the money, as if it burned his fingers. 'You shall have them,' he said, 'in ten days from hence.' And before Gerard Dale could get the first words of the lecture with which he intended to accompany them out of his lips, Roger had bolted from the office and was hurrying homeward.

He had scarcely gone before Gerard Dale had repented of his absurd weakness in allowing himself to be bullied out of so large a sum.

'The scapegrace, no doubt,' said he, 'will spend it in some disgusting piece of extravagance, which will be of no benefit whatever, and I will never get my money. What a curse it is to have poor relations! It is not yet too late, however. Here, Thomas!' calling to one of the clerks in the office outside, 'get me a Hansom cab directly.'

In a few minutes Gerard Dale was driving rapidly to the poor author's lodgings.

Meanwhile Roger hurried along the street, jostling quiet pedestrians in his eager haste, and getting nearly run over at every crossing.

'Three pound fourteen, and half a crown, that is three pound sixteen and sixpence, which, when paid, will leave me exactly one pound three and sixpence to spend. Come, that is not so bad; I can live well on that for ten days, allowing two shillings a day for meals. I think I must employ the balance of three-and-six in celebrating my success by a banquet.'

So Roger stepped into an eating-house close to his lodgings, and ordered them to send round a little dinner to his rooms, not forgetting a foaming jug of half-and-half. Then, with a light heart, he prepared himself to encounter Mrs. Biggs. That lady met him on the stairs, and as there was something in his look which told her experienced eye that he had a full pocket, she curtsied civilly.

'Mrs. Biggs,' said he, in a voice in which exultation was but ill sup-

pressed, 'I think I may as well pay you your bill. Here are four sovereigns; you can give me the change at your leisure.'

'Laws, Mr. Dale, I'm much obliged to you; and if I said any thing as was hurtful to your feelings, I sure I'm very sorry, and ——'

'Oh! never mind, never mind,' said Roger, bounding up stairs, for the woman's fulsome thanks were quite as repugnant to him as her previous insolence. 'Now,' cried he, as he reached his little room and flung himself into a chair, 'now I can breathe freely; so here goes to deliver Prince Azim from the Garden of Fiery Dragons.'

But he had scarcely settled his manuscript before him, or concentrated his thoughts upon the unhappy Prince Azim, when he heard the roll of a cab, voices inquiring for him on the stairs, and then the door opened, and Gerard Dale came hurriedly in. Roger's heart sank when he saw him.

'My dear Roger,' said the miser, speaking very quickly, 'I hope you have those sovereigns which I gave you still about you?'

'No,' said Roger, 'I paid them away all but one.'

'Who to?'

'My landlady.'

'That is very fortunate: we must get them back; they are counterfeited coins, and it is most important that I should have them in order to convict the fellow who passed them. Where is the landlady?'

'I will call her,' said Roger, faintly. 'Mrs. Biggs,' he inquired, as soon as she made her appearance, 'have you still got those four sovereigns I gave you about you?'

'Oh! yes, Sir,' said Mrs. Biggs, producing them from her pocket, with a bland smile; 'here they are.'

'Very fortunate indeed,' cried Gerard Dale, pouncing on them with the avidity of a tiger. 'You have the other, Roger? Ah! that will just do. I shall now be able to convict the scoundrel fully. I am sorry to be obliged to take them from you, cousin, but I will call in to-morrow and make it all right. Good day, Roger. Good day, Mrs. Biggs. I'll bring the scoundrel to justice. Good day!'

And the door closed on the miser, who chuckled as he went at the success of his stratagem. And Roger Dale found himself again penniless, with Mrs. Biggs frowning darkly opposite to him.

How did Roger Dale satisfy the disappointed harpy? How did he pay for the little dinner ordered from the eating-house close by, and coming in shortly wrapped in a nice white napkin? How did he subsist during that dreary ensuing week? Did Prince Azim ever get out of the Garden of the Fiery Dragons? Alas! we know not. Perhaps the poor author might have been seen in the dusk of evening stealing timidly into the pawnbroker's at the corner, with a small bundle tied up in paper, and shrinking into the remotest part of the box, while the brutal Jew holds up the proffered coat to the light, and sneers at its weak points. Or that shivering man walking to and fro on Waterloo Bridge, and stopping now and then to gaze at the turbid river that ripples far below, until he is told to 'move on' by the policemen, may be he. Or, more unlikely still, perhaps Gerard Dale fulfilled his promise, and 'made it all right' on the morrow.

## B L O N D I N E .

A POET'S DEATH-RONG.

STRANGER, hast thou ever seen  
Portrait of the fair BLONDINE?

No; the marvel is unpainted,  
Though I oftentimes have fainted  
In the trial,  
When of old avenging furies,  
For a reason, which obscure is  
In the governance eternal,  
O'er my head with wrath infernal  
Broke the vial!

Once, like DANTE, on the high-way  
Of this life, I found a by-way,  
Leading to a world of gloom;  
World of wild and dreadful fancies,  
Sights of wonder which a man sees  
By a doom;  
Grand, mysterious, and awful,  
That to speak of is but lawful  
When the tomb  
Veils his earthly tabernacle,  
Or the lurid pine-trees crackle,  
The dim forms that spirit shackle  
To consume.

Ramparts high I dared to shatter;  
Ancient thoughts I strove to scatter,  
Bursting through the bonds of matter,  
And to seize  
Upon visions which the fashions  
Of all earthly dreams and passions  
Seemed to freeze;  
And to open vast abysses,  
Where a fire primeval hisses  
In the deep  
And unquenchable commotion  
Of a life-engendered ocean  
Without sleep.

And of rest the hope was banished,  
And all providence had vanished;  
And I stood,  
My own God and my own devil,  
Free to struggle out of evil  
Into good;  
And each living, vital centre  
Was its own dark fate's inventor;  
And the skies  
Were an ocean never sounded,  
Everlasting and unbounded  
To my eyes,  
Sleeping, waking, living, dying,  
Still the shore was ever flying  
As time flies.

All was life and aspiration  
Of a stretched imagination,  
That but sought  
To compose a giant fiction,  
And to perfect by conviction  
What it wrought;  
And imagining and willing  
Were creating and fulfilling;  
And the soul  
Was the lord of its own fancies,  
And its infinite romances  
Were the whole.

All the fabulous pretences  
Of the masquerading senses  
Were dispelled;  
And behind the cunning scenery  
Laid bare the vast machinery  
That held  
All the souls of men deluded  
Till, the comedy concluded,  
They should know  
How, the strange performance over,  
To fresh dramas must the rover  
Spirit go.

Thus I wandered, blindly shooting  
Like a comet, lost all footing  
On the earth,  
When, amid the thoughts encumbered,  
Rose a dream that yet had slumbered  
Into birth;  
And as reeling on the margin  
Of the pit I would enlarge, in  
My despair,  
I grew giddy, bade the glories  
Vanish like a poet's stories  
Into air.

Since that hour of hopeless capture,  
Mortal woe and mortal rapture  
Rule by turns  
O'er this spirit fallen, sunken,  
Love-devoured, and beauty-drunken;  
And there burns  
Earthly fire upon the altar,  
And the priest no more may falter  
On the brink  
Of the infinite abysses:  
Mid the thrill of earthly kisses,  
Who can think f

Like a Grecian statue moulded  
Was the shape my arms enfolded:  
Every limb

Had that delicate completeness,  
That incomparable neatness,  
Round, yet slim.  
At a glance our eyes detected  
What each dreamily expected;  
And our lips  
Met like blossoms which the breeze  
Blows together on the trees,  
As it sweeps.

O BLONDINE, BLONDINE, BLONDINE!  
Idle joy's delicious queen,  
Not as angel thee I call on,  
I, the spirit-conquered, fallen.  
Thou art fair!  
Empires I have lost delaying  
At thy feet in childish playing  
With thy hair;  
Hair that falls in silken splendor,  
Like pale gold! What brave defender  
Of the right  
On thy bosom's dazzling whiteness  
Rests a head 'round which the brightness  
Fades in night!  
Fame and honor do ye mean,  
Days and nights with fair BLONDINE!

O BLONDINE, thy fair sweet face is  
Fatal! fatal thy embraces,  
When thy gaze  
Meeting mine appears to die,  
And my soul in ecstasy  
Drinks the parting rays!  
Veil that snowy arm, or, bolder,  
Let me too unveil the shoulder,  
Which defies  
Smoothest ivory to match it.  
Why that robe? O let me snatch it!  
Close thine eyes.  
As thou blestest could I bless thee,  
To my heart yet closer press thee,  
Yet more perfectly possess thee,  
My BLONDINE!

Could we float entranced together  
Through an everlasting ether,  
From the scene  
Of all earthly cares, aye, dearest!  
Clasp my hand, thus seem we nearest,  
My BLONDINE;  
For the fluid sympathetic  
Has a telegraph magnetic  
In the hand;  
And the marvel is the same  
Which conveys the viewless flame  
O'er a thousand leagues we name  
Sea and land,  
Though no greater is the distance,  
And no stronger the resistance  
Than between  
This my soul that rages wildly  
And the spirit breathing mildly  
In BLONDINE.

Little hand, why fondly lingers  
My fond gaze upon those fingers  
That caress  
Some stout, lusty giant's, surely?  
No! my own; 'tis contrast purely!  
How express  
By mere words that spangle paper  
All my pleasure in those taper  
Hands so white!  
Rosy fingers that at will  
By their touch impart a thrill  
Of delight!  
By the rounded arms above them!  
For their beauty's sake I love them.  
They alone  
Should to any mortal maiden  
In Love's palace-crowded Aden  
Give a throne.

And now tell me, my BLONDINE,  
Is our heaven quite serene?  
Is the doubt  
That before my vision trembles,  
As a thunder-storm assembles  
Round about  
All the clouds that eap the mountains  
For the flame-reflecting fountains—  
Is it true?  
Are my wild, delirious ravings  
Madman's fancies, selfish cravings?  
Art thou, too,  
Filled with the celestial gladness,  
Radiant with the glorious madness?

Were the few brief hours of fusion,  
Soul and body, no delusion?  
Do I view  
In thy love a passion fearless,  
Like thy wondrous beauty peerless?  
Are there new  
Days of happiness before us  
Ere the shades of death close o'er us?  
Dost thou feel  
Aught of love as I have known it,  
Though thy blushes would not own it?  
I appeal  
To thy noblest self, BLONDINE.  
Speak what is, and what has been!

Then BLONDINE, with languid grace,  
Fixed her eyes upon my face,  
Calmly, certain of her power,  
As within a garden straying,  
Some capricious child in playing  
Plucks a flower;  
And, in accents soft and pleasing,  
Spoke each sentence gently freezing:  
'In an hour  
I must leave thee, my poor BLONDEL.  
Shalt thou miss me, shalt thou fondle  
Other maidens like BLONDINE?



Nay, I see thy tears are starting;  
 Yet regret not this our parting:  
     For indeed  
 I to love am quite a stranger,  
 And I fear me there is danger  
     Should we lead  
 This sad life too long. Now, dearest,  
 A true madman thou appearest.  
     Is thy mind  
 Quite o'erthrown, that to thy ruin,  
 Which each loving glance I view in,  
     Thou art blind?  
 What import these wild embraces,  
 And these vague, disjointed phrases?  
     Dost thou see  
 In the girl before thee trembling  
 Aught thy passion fierce resembling?  
     Gaze on me!  
 Know that I esteem, respect thee;  
 From thy madness would protect thee.  
     But I fear,  
 Oh, I fear thee! yes, I fear thee!  
 I can live no longer near thee!  
     I am here  
 For the last time — nay, 't is vain.  
 Grieved am I to cause thee pain;  
     But no more  
 We must meet. One kiss — the last!  
 And, all cold and fair, she passed  
     Through the door.

She was gone: I asked no reason  
 For the act. Some hideous treason  
     I presaged.  
 But she loved me not. No longer  
 Love than wisdom proved the stronger;  
     And I waged  
 Not an instant fruitless battle  
 With the sentence final, fatal.

It was done:  
 For her step no more I hearkened;  
 Life eternally was darkened;  
     And the sun  
 Brought no morning to my soul.  
 Neither sought I to control  
 Thoughts that phantom-like came crowd-

ing,  
 All my youthful visions shrouding,  
     For the time.

Like a moving corpse I wandered,  
 And on empty trifles pondered,  
     Making rhyme

In monotonous despair  
 To some melancholy air,  
     Which of old

I had caught as in a vision  
 From some sorrow-struck musician,  
     Lying cold.

Bent no longer fleeting joys on,  
 Then I quaffed the torpid poison,

But in vain;  
 And, restored to life and sorrow,  
 Calmly, reckless, faced the morrow;  
     And my pain  
 Grew a habit like another.  
 I had neither sire nor brother;  
     I was poor,  
 And my life was desolation.  
 Yet I lived; yet lived my passion,  
     Without cure.

Time rolled on. I bravely struggled  
 With a world that lied and juggled;  
     And I grew  
 To take fortune as it came,  
 Heedless of neglect or fame;  
     For I knew  
 That my sorrow would outlive me,  
 And that all the world could give me  
     Was as naught  
 To the man supremely fated  
 To be ever dominated  
     By a thought.

And again I met BLONDINE,  
 Still incarnate beauty's queen,  
     And was fain

In my madness at her feet  
 For her pity to entreat.

And again  
 There was sunshine on the earth,  
 And my spirit had new birth.  
     And she gave  
 Looks of love and kisses sweet;  
 And my heart began to beat  
     Free and brave!  
 And again she fondly smiled;  
 And again my hopes grew wild.  
 Seventeen is but a child!

Twenty knows  
 That devotion is not found  
 Like the dust upon the ground.  
     Surely woes  
 Such as mine deserved reward.  
 Oh! to lose the prize was hard,  
     When the beam  
 Of a purified delight  
 Clove the horrors of my night;  
     Yet the dream  
 Passed away, and she had fled:  
 — Like a leaf I floated dead  
     On life's stream.

Yet I knew that she had been  
 All the glorious BLONDINE  
     Which of old  
 In my visions I had seen,  
 With the hair of silken sheen,  
     Like pale gold!  
 O BLONDINE, BLONDINE, BLONDINE!  
 Hadst thou, fairest! ever been

As in days  
When thy childish fancy laughed  
At the nectar which I quaffed,  
In the rays  
Of thy gay and careless pride!  
Ere I knew thee, hadst thou died!  
But our fate,  
In its dark and turbid flow,  
Gave us better things to know  
When too late.

Now before I close my verse,  
Let my everlasting curse,  
Far and wide,  
Everlastingly vibrate,  
As, in accents stern as fate,  
Self-devoted I narrate  
How she died;  
How my student lot she shared;  
How the past was all repaired  
By her love;  
How for all my wants she cared;  
How she smiled when I despaired,  
Till I strove  
To face poverty and wrong  
With a fearless heart and strong.  
But not mine

*March, 1852.*

Was the art to eringe and fawn,  
With the children of the dawn,  
At the shrine  
Of the gods men rich and wise  
In a choral hymn of lies  
Make divine!

Slowly from my sight she faded,  
As we toiled uncheered, unaided.  
Want and care  
Bore her noble spirit down;  
Yet reproach, lament, or frown,  
Felt I ne'er.  
At my side she sat and smiled,  
And my weary thoughts beguiled  
With her voice,  
Silver-toned, for ever feigning,  
With a sweetness soul-sustaining,  
To rejoice  
In the laurels and the splendor  
Which a coming day should render  
To my fame:  
Laurelled splendor which, in dying,  
I—a martyred poet—flying,  
Man-despising, world-defying  
Scorn to claim!

W. NORTH.

## A N O L D M A N ' S R E V E R I E .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

I AM just now a little melancholy. I do not know why it is, but I know it. Yes, 'there is a change come o'er the spirit of my dream.' Well, why should n't it? I am in the 'sere and yellow leaf.' True, my health is perfect, my appetite good, my sleep sweet and undisturbed. No starts, no night-mare, no aches, no pains. The world looks bright. The glorious sun is as refulgent, the moon is the same beautiful orb, and the stars are as brilliant, as ever. The ripples on the water quiver with as much loveliness, and the roll of the surf upon the shore is no less soothing. The earth spreads out before me with its wonted and varied interest; and I long, in this wintry weather, for the coming of flowers and the singing of birds. Visions of the past come to me with a freshness such as young Spring flings over the meadows. I revel in the thoughts of the past; cling to hearts that once lived and loved me; and hear the laugh and the language that have long since ceased to be the exponent of joy or the wail of sorrow. Smiles, too, break in upon me, and eyes send into my own all the sweets of their silent but expressive language. Hands strike mine with a warmth as genial as though they were not mouldered into dust; and voices often startle me with their silver tones, as though they had not been hushed in silence for half a century. And yet I am melancholy!

At this moment there comes to me a voice in song. I hear the words.

I am now just in the mood I was when, at twelve years of age, this voice and these words first broke upon my ear. I had been out fishing, with a relative who yet lives—an honor to his species. The moon was high up in the heavens. The light made silver of the waters of the bay before me. In the piazza sat that long-lost one. I soon found myself seated by her side, and soon after, my head upon her shoulder. How still was that hour! So still were the night and the water, and so bright the moon! 'Nature's sweet restorer' began to steal over my spirit. A dreamy feeling pervaded my heart and senses, when

'I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute:  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute,' etc.,

was borne to my ear in sounds of sweetest melody. I hear it, and see it, and feel it all, now!

And yet I am sad. What is it that comes over my spirit thus? Ah me! Is it the leaden influence of TIME? What power is in Time! How it levels every thing! At its word, all things crumble to dust. Who ever has lived to count sixty winters, but has cause of mourning? Three generations, upon an average, gone! This could be borne with; but when to this saddening retrospect is added the evidence of severed ties. Some live yet, who lived so long ago; but how changed! Time not only kills and buries human bodies, but scatters, I find, a hoar-frost over the once fresh, and invigorating, and soul-happifying sympathies of the heart. Once, to perceive that pain, or bereavement, or want had overtaken a companion, was to create in the heart a corresponding feeling; and the sympathetic chord would not cease to vibrate till the suffering friend was led forth into the sunshine of life and happiness. 'Sink with, but never desert your friend,' was and is my motto. Friendship! Oh, how I once in my very soul condemned Goldsmith for having written:

'And what is Friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep;  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?'

I did not believe a word of it. Oh, no; my young heart revolted at such an imputation upon its holy impulses. But TIME has demonstrated its truth almost to the letter! I have seen much of this, and been made to feel it, too. I would not speak of it complainingly. It is, I suppose, the common lot of our common humanity; and I am in, of course, for my share of it. And yet I cannot deny to my heart its love of the past, crowded as it is with graves and sepulchres; nor refuse to it the aliment it derives from thoughts of the living. How its memories keep me among the dead! How I love to realize them as known when living! Nor is it painful to see them in their lonely and last resting-places. There, the heart feels not; no tears of sorrow trickle down their cheeks; no pang strikes the bosom, making it heave with anguish. It is when the living, the survivors, known to my boyhood's years, and my youth and manhood, seem not to think of me as they once did, when my sun was bright, and 'fortune smiled' over me, and when what I had was *theirs*. To witness such forgetfulness, and to see a frost congeal all those

currents of the soul, and to feel that every limpid stream of the heart is frozen; this it is that makes me sad! Ah! 'who would live always?'

I love, with as deep feeling as ever, the laughing, joyful pranks and play-ways of innocent children. Oh, yes; I am touched in every chord of my heart, and often, when I can do so, join in their sports. I love to see the more ripened pastimes of youth. Would they were all of them innocent! The beautiful, too, just bursting, like the bud, into womanhood—what, this side of heaven, is there to compare to it? All these, I know, are within the limits of that enlarged and colder circle in which I revolve. But the sight of their happiness charms me. This never makes me sad. It is the death of friendship, the freezing up of the hearts of *contemporaries*—and how few are they!—it is *this* that saddens me so!

I have been led into this train of thought by a recent attempt to revive associations with one long an intimate and very dear friend of mine, a sharer of my home, a partaker of its fulness, and who was always near my heart, and is so yet. I had, too, been his benefactor; and how I loved to be so! (I sometimes ask myself whether it is not *selfishness*, after all, that prompts us to make others happy?) All he is, grew, as the oak grows from the acorn, from seed of my planting. The sun of prosperity has never ceased, since, to shine upon him, while one shade after another of adversity has passed over me. He is in the midst of plenty, but I have never, of late years, and since shadows have been about me, seen his eye turned toward me. There were times when it looked hardly any where else. Icebergs in the frozen ocean would be genial and spring-like in their influences upon my heart, compared to this! I cry out, in view of such a sight: Is this the end of the heart's sympathies, and of its memories? Is our humanity made the reservoir of such frigid elements as these? And does 'absence blight the smile, and love thus grow cold'? Ah, it is best to be so. Ligament after ligament that binds us to the earth is cut by such exhibitions of human nature, and life is resigned with more contentment when the final summons comes. Then I will not be sad. No; I will conform myself to these chilling reverses; be thankful for the friends I have; and, oh! I have some who are very dear to me, and who, although of later generations think of me, and love me too. Then, I will not be melancholy!

LOBBAIN.

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STANZAS: SABBATH EVE.

By the home fire-side, oh, would we were  
This Sabbath eve, my sister!—talking there  
Of hopes, of sorrows, of the seasons past,  
Of scenes which we have known since parted last;  
Of the old friends who think upon us yet,  
Of the new faces which we each have met.  
Parents and children, joining in the strain,  
The hymns we used to sing would sing again,  
And gain new courage for our onward strife,  
Our lonely journeyings through the present life.

J. H. BIRBY

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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ISA: A PILGRIMAGE. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. In one volume: pp. 315. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

THIS book interests the reader by its complete sincerity. It aims to portray character, and character of a perverted type. But it does not succeed in arousing the reader's alarm. On the contrary, his sympathy remains with the *pervert* to the close of the volume. No graces of rhetoric, no dexterous sophistries, are employed to secure this result; it flows exclusively from the upright and earnest nature of the heroine. In this point of view, the book is a failure, though, as a picture of experience more or less faithful, it will prove uncommonly interesting and suggestive to the thoughtful reader.

ISA is a young girl, who, after much suffering, and by dint of earnest reflection upon the problems of existence, has come to the conclusion that divinity lies in WILL; that the will of man is simply omnipotent: and the logical scope of the story is to urge the practical fallacy of this conclusion. WEARE DUGGANNE, her first lover, puts some questions to her on this point, which discover a far saner state of intelligence in him; but the only effect of his words is to nip her personal tenderness toward him in the bud, and separate them even from intellectual intercourse ever after. ISA now becomes a thoughtful, fervent actor in the world's arena, and soon encounters a person whose marked intellectual resemblance to herself profoundly captivates her, and leaves her *without any will at all on her part*, his abject, passive creature. She still, indeed, theoretically maintains the supremacy of will, but in practice she has become the mere reflection of STUART. She lives with him *par amours*, becomes a mother without being a wife, and finally dies renouncing his instruction; for with her last breath she confesses God, whose theoretic denial all STUART's influence had gone to confirm. Miss CHESEBRO' therefore saves her heroine; but, as we have said before, at the expense of her moral. By bringing her into connection with STUART, she lifts her out of the life of speculation upon which she had entered, and merges her in that of affection or passion, where will is simply superfluous. People whose affections are greatly satisfied are happy, and are so far discharged from any practical exhibition of the supremacy of the will. The life of the affections is an instinctual one. The voluntary life is called for only when storms arise, when a conflict takes place between affection and intellect, and we are summoned accordingly to choose or decide between them. Here alone is the province of will. Where our prospects are clear and undisturbed, we have no occasion for it. Instinct is then sufficient for us, and we are not called upon to maintain the critical power of the will, save as an intellectual thesis. We accordingly still desiderate the



proper *finale* of Miss CHESEBRO's story. We wish to see how surely and sadly this premature little theologian and philosopher will mismanage life. We wish to see her cast upon the resources of her will only, cut off from the serene consolations of the affections, and bidden to carve her life's joy and peace out of the chaotic world around her, by the simple might of resolution.

But Miss CHESEBRO' deserves well of the reading public, not merely as a vigorous writer, and one, moreover, with a noble purpose, but because she quickens thought even when she does not guide it. Her own intellect is already attuned to the sublimest truths, and it only needs a more exact habit of logic or thought, in other words, it only needs a scientific psychology, to put forth permanent fruit. Above all things, she must learn the distinction between the *spontaneity* and the *will* in man, which is exactly the distinction between infinite and finite. She will find no trouble after this in reconciling the divine grandeur with human littleness; nor will the shallow squabbles of atheist and theist have power to vex her righteous soul any more for ever.

As a specimen of the directness and vigor of Miss CHESEBRO's pen, we give the following from the opening pages of the volume, and take our leave, cordially commending the whole work to our readers' attention:

'I CANNOT date the time when love for WEARE DUGGANNE became the passion of my soul. The love has been of gradual growth, and, therefore, is as strong as life. It may have begun in some state of preexistence; but it was first roused, a consciousness, I think, though far from an entire consciousness, on the day when he found me in the den of filth and confusion where my early years were spent. No angel appearing visibly before me, I believe not GABRIEL himself, could so affect, so astonish me, as did his coming into that place, with his look of purity, and comfort, and confidence. I was startled at the very sight of him out of a miserable existence; set free from an incubus, let loose from it into a clear, bright, and before that, to me, unimagined world. Wherefore, then, should I not consider that very first day of my beholding him as the dawning-time of my love?

'Properly speaking, I had not thus far lived: for what is the life of childhood, if it be not joy and gladness; and where had I known any thing of the light heart, the gay thoughts, the fancies and dreamings peculiar to the young? I had existed, dwelt among miserable specimens of humanity; among people whom my soul loathed, if it did not hate them; among the idiots, the crazed, the poor besotted wretches the world had 'cast out of love and reverence,' justified in so doing. I, too, had in some way found myself thrown into that last decent resort of the miserable, a bit of weed, of nothingness, conscious only of misery, and a child's fear, undefined and foolish, (for what more than I knew was there to fear? was not absolute horror around me? was I not in constant solitude, though among so many?) and there I lived, neglected, abused, fearing all things, hoping nothing, enjoying nothing, not even the thought that there was any thing to be enjoyed; disgusted with all around me, yet ignorant of aught beyond; consciously degraded, wholly forlorn. And still, with all this overflowing of the child-life (and not so much child-life as spirit-life) within me, with all this capacity for suffering, this wondering and dread, this wakeful soul, this thoughtfulness, this desire, THIS LIFE, a mere non-entity in the world!

'He came there with his mother. She brought him to satisfy his curiosity; he had never been in a poor-house, and, desire once pointing that way, he would not rest till she went with him, that he might see the strange human beings living there, of whom he had heard so much. I remember I sat away from the children who were playing in the ill-kept, disorderly yard. I was so miserable; every thing had gone wrong with me that day; I was tired and sick, for I had been at work, and they had scolded me for my laziness; and now, when my task was done, I felt too weary, too full of bitterness, to join in the sports of more careless, and, for the time certainly, happier children. I watched the boys and girls while they played and quarrelled, but it was with indifference. I felt no interest in their games, and could not for the life of me laugh with them; but had they wept, any of them, I could have joined heartily in the 'exercise.' I do not exaggerate; I know how utterly wretched I was. My misery was not of the understanding, but of the heart.

'While I sat there, a beautiful Newfoundland dog dashed into the yard. For a moment, he joined the boisterous young ones in their sport, and then came up to me, and stood beside me, and afterward he stretched himself at my feet. There was nothing extraordinary in all this; but I had never seen any thing in dog-shape before, except those dirty, yelping, half-starved curs belonging to the house, and this splendid creature was like a new evangel to me. I could have told what Love meant then, or, if I could not have told, I should have known. Had any one asked me, I might not have answered in words; but would not a reply meet and sufficient have been given by the way I patted the animal's head, when his great plying eyes fixed on me, and by the strange confidence with which (being not repulsed) I slipped from my bench into the unshaded sunshine to fling my arms around the noble creature? I could have wept, but did not; yet how my desolate heart grew with a sudden affectionate interest and impulse toward the animal which could only, yet how fully thus, return my confiding affection in his glances.

'A few minutes, then the owner of the dog came whistling to the door of the house. The creature started up, (he knew his master coming, but did not move toward him,) and showed his recognition merely by the quick wagging of his tail, and a majestic movement of the head. So the

boy came from the door, and crossed the dusty, sun-cracked, unsodded yard, to the place where I stood. He came up close to me, and I could not resist saying:

"Is this your dog?"

"Yes," he replied, and so kindly! I had never heard a voice like that. "Do you like dogs?"

"I love this dog."

"Do n't you keep them here?" he asked, looking around.

"I might have said properly 'not of this sort.' But I did not know then that there were any other kind than brute dogs, and so I answered, 'No.'"

"Then, I distinctly remember, he asked me what we children did there; about our living in the poor-house, and a multitude of questions such as children only can think of. At last, he said quite solemnly, and looking fixedly at me, 'Are you a happy little girl?'"

"I do not remember that I had ever heard the word before, but I knew what it meant. There are many expressions which need no translation, even to the most ignorant, they are so thoroughly imbued with their idea; and, if that idea chance to have been the haunting one of our life, we need not ask, 'What mean you?' when another gives it shape. I could not answer him, could only look upon him, wondering why he should have asked me. Then I felt the tears gathering in my eyes; the human, thinking, questioning child affected me more deeply than the glorious beast could. I turned away, for I did not like that well-dressed, handsome boy to see me weep: was that a manifestation of mere foolish pride, my soul?"

"I did not speak to him again, nor he to me, only once to say, 'Good-bye, little girl; I wish you could go home with me.' He said this as he went to meet his mother, who stood on the door-step calling him. I heard his sweet, kind voice pleading with her a moment, then the hall-door was shut; the silence following that sound encouraged me to look up again, and the strangers were gone. A little while after, I heard carriage-wheels rattling out of the yard, and I knew then more thoroughly than ever before what desertion and desolateness mean."

INFORMATION RESPECTING THE HISTORY, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES. Collected and Prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Illustrated by Captain J. EASTMAN, U. S. Navy. Published by Authority of Congress. Part II. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

THIS magnificent quarto, of upward of six hundred pages, is another of those valuable contributions to the literature and history of his country, by which Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT has built up so honorable a reputation. In noticing 'Part First,' we presented our readers with the general aim and scope of this great work. It remains for us at present, therefore, only to indicate the character of the contents of the 'Part' now lying before us; delighting us not less by its internal than its external excellence. Under the head of 'General History' we have the track of migration of the Indian tribes, with their distribution, together with their physical traits, of which no one could be better qualified to speak than the author. Of the 'Manners and Customs' of the several tribes, we have a general view, with a description of the constitution of the Indian family, their forest-teachings, art of hunting, sugar-making, war and its incidents, the wigwam and its inmates, birth and death, and their incidents, games of chance, hunting-grounds, etc. Then, too, we have minute accounts of their antiquities, physical geography, tribal organization, history and government, intellectual capacity and character, topical history, language, state of Indian art, future prospects, and statistics and population. Now it is quite easy to see how these themes, in the hands of so capable and experienced an observer and graphic describer as Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, may form a work of rare interest and value; and to the work itself we invite the attention of our readers, assuring them that the promise which this synopsis of its contents affords is more than fulfilled by their variety and mode of treatment. There are no less than *eighty-four* plates, illustrative of Indian life, character, etc., a great majority of which are large and splendid quarto engravings, and all of them executed in the first style of art. Indeed, in this regard, we know of no national work that can compare with this beautiful volume; in which author, illustrator, printer, and publisher, seem to have vied with each other in the production of the work. *After* the author, each and all may claim equal honor.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, No. 145 Nassau-street.

Thys lyttel Boke done into Old Englyshe, or maybe it be a Reprint of an auncient volume now first come to Light. Whichever be y<sup>e</sup> case Itt hard to tell, as sayynge y<sup>e</sup> new Print and faire white Paper, so white as y<sup>e</sup> driven Snowe, you verilie suppose itt to be written in Sir THOMAS MORE His Daies. And for sweet Innocent Simplicitee and robust, heartie strength, of a truth we think y<sup>e</sup> Old Englyshe far better than y<sup>e</sup> Newe. For narrative of this kind, Biographie and straightforward Relation, we are sure it Be superioure, if not for Philosophie and Transcendental Conceit. Y<sup>e</sup> present is a most faithfull, charmynge and naturall Picture of y<sup>e</sup> Life of one of y<sup>e</sup> greatest of England's great men; a sweet, Familie fire-side picture, showing how Child-Like simplicitie and magnanimitie be combined, and bringing y<sup>e</sup> tears to your eyes at y<sup>e</sup> too sad Catastrophe of y<sup>e</sup> Tale. For a man of MORE's unflinchynge honestie, sinceritie, heroic courage and maintainaunce of y<sup>e</sup> Right is most trulie Sublime in any Age or Countrie. To find such now-a-days almost out of y<sup>e</sup> question, when every one ready to follow Policy and truckle to hys petty interest: how much more when to putt forth a true opinioun cost a Man his Head. Thys lyttel Boke embraces the true life and Historie of Sir THOMAS till y<sup>e</sup> time of hys death from y<sup>e</sup> Mandate of that detestable and wicked Wife-Killer, y<sup>e</sup> Eighth HENRY, a chapter which we have never seen so well set forth; and we can most sincerelie Bespeak of it to all lovers of Biographie as a precious gem, sparkling in y<sup>e</sup> Light of Truth.

PYNNSHURST: HIS WANDERINGS AND WAYS OF THINKING. By DONALD MACLEOD. In one volume: pp. 431. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is no ordinary book. It is written by one who has the eye and the heart of a true poet; and the transatlantic scenes which pass in review before the writer are touched with corresponding lights and shadows, making each one of them a picture, and every picture a gem. The style is extremely free, forcible, and original; without affectation, and not to be referred to any copy, but characterized on every page by great refinement of thought and delicacy of description. If HUON PYNNSHURST has his 'ways of thinking,' and the tinge of these is imparted to the whole work, they are so kindly and unobtrusively set forth as not to hurt the feeling and prejudice of any. This is no mere book of travels: we should rather call it a prose poem, for such is the impression which it leaves on the reader's mind, whether you stand with the author by the lake, climb the mountain, kneel at the altar, travel in the diligence, or delight yourself with those charming episodes with which the work abounds. Where he actually writes poetry he excels in vigor, beauty, and extreme happiness of versification; in proof of which we refer to 'Mr. PYNNSHURST's Poem,' commencing on the three hundred and eighty-ninth page, which would alone be enough to stamp the reputation of Mr. MACLEOD in that department. Having already given our readers a taste of the work in question, we shall content ourselves for this present by transcribing a passage in the Sixth Book, called '*The Man in the Omnibus*:'

'Orr, the embarking-place, where one gets into the omnibuses to go to the cars! What fighting for places; what appeals to the conductors; what thumping and confusion of box, coffer, and

band-box. How eccentric valises hide themselves under huge trunks, and ridiculous carpet-bags vanish from the hands of old ladies as if by magic.

'One gentleman had very much pleased *HERN* by his awful anxiety about a certain trunk. Let us watch him with *PRYNNHURST*. After much fussing, he thinks that he recognizes his trunk stowed away in the baggage-wagon, and gets into the vehicle destined for the live freight.

'But lo! when the baggage-wagon has got out of sight, the gentleman sees, as he fancies, his trunk disappearing in the distance, borne on the shoulders of a strong man; the gentleman leaps from the omnibus, pursues the strong man and commands him to 'put down that trunk.'

'Strong man refuses.

'Gentleman insists.

'Strong man asks 'Why?' Gentleman says, 'It is my trunk.' Strong man says, 'It is not.' Gentleman flies in a passion and says, 'But by thunder it is!' Strong man then puts down the trunk; gentleman looks at it and says, 'Oh, it is not mine.'

'Confounded Camel!' grumbles the German porter, as the gentleman rushes distractedly back to the omnibus, where the conductor is purple in the face with bellowing for him to come.

'Get in, Sir!' says the conductor, taking him by the wrist. Gentleman gets in, and turning, sees his real trunk left behind on the ground; makes a dart to go out; conductor slams the door to, crushes the gentleman's hat over his eyes, and knocks him staggering back upon a cross burgher's corns.

'Cross burgher says 'Camel,' and pushes the gentleman into the lap of a fat lady opposite, where he crushes a basket of confectionery.

'Gentleman starts up, pushes his hat from before his eyes, and begs fat lady's pardon; fat lady only looks at him savagely, and at her confectionery pitiously, and murmurs 'Cam-ri!'

'Omnibus being full, the gentleman leans in a curved position against the doors, every jolt of the omnibus knocking his hat against the roof and by consequence over his eyes: he takes off his hat, and begins a smile, when a tremendous jolt bumps his head fiercely against the top; he puts it on again, and a second jolt buries him in his beaver to the chin. Then he curls himself still more and more, and leans back against the door, just as the driver pulls up his horses with a jerk; the conductor throws the door open, bellowing 'Dépôt,' and the gentleman disappears backward head over heels.

'What became of him is not known; *HERN* never saw him 'no more.'

'But Mr. *PRYNNHURST* leaves, for our instruction, this note: 'When a German, at least a Schwelzer, wishes to fulminate his fullest wrath against his neighbor, he calls him a '*verfluchtige Kameel*,' a cursed camel. When the Frenchman is vexed to a certain degree, he says, syllable by syllable, '*aw-i-mal!*'

'He generalizes, but the *Deutscher* is more accurate; he specifies what kind of animal; it is a camel.'

THE WORKS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. In six volumes: pp. 3366. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

No more valuable contribution to the national literature of America than these volumes has been made in fifty years. Take up these works, read them thoroughly and attentively, and you will have before you, in language such as only WEBSTER can use, a perfect picture of all the prominent events that have given dignity and renown to our country's history. The publishers seem to have been aware of what they were doing for posterity, and have accordingly performed their duty to the public in the most liberal manner. The type upon which the volumes are printed is large and clear, the paper is good, and the binding elegant and tasteful. We have read and re-read many of the noble speeches contained in the works before us; and more than ever are we impressed, not only with the wonderful *amount*, but with the great *variety* of Mr. WEBSTER's public performances. Mr. WEBSTER's written eloquence will remain for ever. He has no prettinesses. His similes are of the very grandest character. He illustrates his views by images from the noblest objects in nature; and no orator has ever exceeded him in the felicitous *construction* of his sentences. But we enter upon no present review of these immortal volumes; for they *will* be as immortal as the land and nation they honor and illustrate. We shall take an early occasion to present an adequate idea of the extent and character of the contents of these six volumes: in the mean time, we warmly commend them to the perusal of every American reader, without distinction of party or sect, as worthy examples of a style such as no statesman, of any country beside ours on earth, can at this moment boast.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE CONDEMNED SHIP.'—If you have ever observed, reader, in passing along the wharves of the metropolis, a noble old ship, condemned to a life of inaction and final decay, you will appreciate, with us, the subjoined picture, for which we are indebted to an obliging correspondent. The writer speaks of his theme like a true sailor. He invests it with human feeling and sentient vitality; and one can almost fancy that he has looked upon her 'in her better days,' with all sail set, in a moonlight night, as gazed the seaman mentioned in '*Two Years Before the Mast*,' who, sitting far out on the bowsprit, and looking up at his noble clipper-ship, every sail 'swelled to its utmost tension, to the utmost peak, as if sculptured from marble,' exclaimed: 'How quietly she does her work!' We commend the sketch to the admiration of our readers. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THEY have stripped her of her adornments, which so well became her, and there she reposes, after her toils and exposures, like a spent war-horse. Her masts and her spars, her sails and her rigging, are all gone, and her flags and her streamers no longer float upon the breeze. No more will she break the storms of the ocean, or bear the heavy burden. And yet how proud her bearing! They have chained her to the wharf, as if to break her spirit; but how vain the attempt! Every breeze arouses her, and she struggles to break away from her humiliating imprisonment, and dare again the dangers of the deep.

'And why these indignities? Has she become weary with age and infirmity? Not so; her step is as light and buoyant now, as when first she entered upon her eventful career. Alas! her generous devotedness has outlived her ability to perform. Look at her as she lies at the wharf, solitary and alone, and then learn the reason of her constrained repose. Mark her bruised and battered sides, once so smooth and beautiful. Her decks, too, once so purely white that you might eat from off them as from a table, are now defaced and marred. NEPTUNE with his trident has gone from her prow, whence he looked out upon the deep, and watched for danger. The cabin has lost its beauty; and dampness and mildew are found where comfort and elegance have presided. The galley is gone, and he who ministered from it to the necessities of all on board. The windlass no longer revolves with its noisy clamor, obedient to the sinewy impulses of noble tars; and the 'Yo, heave ho!' no more is heard upon the breeze, as she gathers herself together for the race. Her fore-castle is deserted, and there is no one on board to tell her name.

'But who shall relate the story of her eventful life? For twenty years she has ploughed the deep. Many have found within her wooden walls a safe and happy, though temporary home. Citizens of many countries have been her guests, shared in her ample accommodations, and profited by her speed. For years from her first coming out, she had the enviable reputation of being a '*crack ship*' among the '*LINERS*.' The merchant and the mechanic, the rich man and the poor man, the prince and the beggar, each in their turn, have known and acknowledged her as a friend.

'Those were the days of her youth and of her triumphs, in which she acted her part nobly; and as a reward for her faithfulness, she was made over to other hands, and pressed into another service. She is now to encounter the toils and hardships of a new and dangerous life; to chase the leviathan of the deep around the world, and engage him in deadly strife. The ocean is now emphatically her home; continents and islands her stopping-places. Tempests have raged around her; huge waves have dashed against her; the sun has burned, rains have drenched, and lightnings scathed her; and there she lies, glorious and beautiful still, even in her ruins.



'How many have been the miles she has sailed, the burthens she has borne, and complained not! What dangers has she passed through, and never felt fear! How many noble tars have trod her decks, stood at the helm, and reefed her sails! How many 'long yarns' have been heard in that fore-castle, where, 'Saturday nights, sweet-hearts and wives' have been remembered, and 'home, sweet home,' has fallen upon the ear and heart with subduing power, telling of the sailor's truthfulness and love! What attachments have been formed among the hardy men that have sailed in her, amid want, and hardship, and suffering! What pains have been borne, hunger and thirst endured, ill-treatment and abuse experienced! Sickness and death, too, have been there, and the winding-sheet and burial-service have lent their aid to render that deserted ship an object of intense and melancholy interest.

'But thou hast run thy race; thou hast finished thy course, brave bark!—and as I look upon thee, I feel emotions of mingled sorrow and reverence. Unconsciously thou hast fulfilled thy high destiny, and advanced the happiness of man, to whom thou hast been a faithful servant. And now what shall be thy fate? Alas! thine will prove a cruel and a violent death, limb from limb to be torn asunder; and on the winter's hearth thy scattered and broken members will minister, for the last time, to man's necessities.

'Brave bark! as I have thought on thy eventful history and martyr's death, I have been instructed. Farewell.'

LAMATIER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.—We give below the eloquent '*Speech of Babylon Baldeagle, Esquire, on the American Sea-Serpent.*' It has been communicated to these pages by Mr. G. SPHINX, Professor of Languages, Fabulist, Director of a Plank-Road Company, etc., etc. He introduces the great speech to us with the subjoined comments: 'I have thought it a great pity that the speech pronounced by my eminent friend BABYLON BALDEAGLE, Esquire, of and concerning the American Sea-Serpent, should be wholly lost. I therefore communicate to the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine such fragments of the discourse as I am able to remember after the lapse of eight months, grieving, as I in truth should grieve, that many wrathful rolls of oratory which roused the hoarse 'democratic,' as well as many passages of mellifluous rhetoric which soothed the agitated passions of the assembly, have entirely escaped from my memory. On applying to my friend to supply the missing paragraphs, his answer was: 'Sir, can the sierra restore to the Californian the golden scales which have leaked from his sack? No. The miner must wait till the sun once more heats the snow of the summits, and when the torrents which fill the gulches have subsided, he can gather other scales.'

'This great forensic effort was called forth by the visit of the travelling agent of the American Sea-Serpent to our village on a pleasant evening of September last. It appeared from the statements of that benevolent man, made at a public meeting of our citizens, that our great national monstium had become reduced to very unpleasant extremities. It seemed that the public basilisk, while roaming the seas, had in playfulness dashed into an immense raft of ice-bergs. The scene was highly animating, and reminded the spectators of the well-known visit of the bull in the crockery-shop. The ice-bergs looked very ridiculous after the national serpent had concluded his morning amusements; but, by some lamentable heedlessness on the part of the latter, he dislocated his fin in the course of his sports, and contused his head so seriously that he had been obliged to confine himself to his cave. He was suffering for the necessities of life, having lost nearly all his provisions in a freshet. The agent read a medical certificate from a naval surgeon, who reported that, on a professional visit to the august guardian of the American waters, he found the illustrious patient suffering from his contusions, being also slightly delirious, and apparently very hungry. The agent now called for subscriptions to relieve the great basilisk.

'My eminent friend, fired by the occasion, mounted a barrel, and delivered himself of a truly CICERONIAN discourse, of which the following is a portion :

### Speech.

'MY FELLOW-CITIZENS: When Columbia, like the Roman mother, is asked to display her jewels, she proudly points to her Eagle and her Sea-Serpent, and says: These are my jewels! Gentlemen, when we contemplate the various wild beasts of the wilderness, and the amphibious denizens of the deep that breathe the common air of this great republic, whether it be the shaggy buffalo standing at bay beneath the cliffs of Cordillera, and bellowing with disdain as he shakes his gory locks; whether it be the grisly bear, that growling autocrat of the mountains, as he sits upon the western cliffs and beholds on the one hand the banners of civilization floating in the rising sun, and on the other, the solitary Oregon flowing to the Pacific through continuous woods; or whether it be the alligator, slumbering in the everglades, and shaking from his side the arrow of the lurking Seminole, the Great American Sea-Serpent raises his blazing crest high above all, majestic, unapproachable, and sublime!

'Gentlemen, as a patriot I glory in the American Sea-Serpent. The whole republic glories in the possession of the incomparable basilisk. It will guard him in all dangers, will sustain him in all disasters, and, he the grateful serpent, will coil his glittering folds around the pillar of state, and be our bulwark when the guns of despotism are levelled at our continent from the old world's gloomy battlements.

'Contemplate the ubiquity of the public dragon. On every ocean where the broad-winged albatross dips his pinions in the foaming surge; in every polar gulf where the walrus punches with his tusks the white northern bear; in every bay where the frowning admiral anchors his battle-ships, and salutes with roaring guns the morn's first blush, there will you find the American Sea-Serpent. Now he gambols with the whirling water-spouts; now he lashes with his tail the heaving billows; anon he erects his crest in the air and catches in his mouth the cannon-balls that are fired at him by the passing frigate. It has been with emotions of pride, my fellow-citizens, that I have read the paragraphs in the newspapers of both continents in which the movements of our national reptile are recorded, and not with less of pride than of wonder have I learned from those brief and often malevolent records his marvellous celerity and admirable ubiquity. Admiral SCOTT-SKOFF, of the Russian Navy, reports that he encountered the snake in the interior of the Black Sea, unfolding his scaly convolutions by moon-light. Two weeks after, Captain SHIVER-TIMBERS, commander of a British cruiser, in the midst of a terrible typhoon in the Indian ocean, while the ship was lying on her beam-ends, beheld the same sublime serpent battling with the elements. The forked lightnings glanced from his scales, like the arrows of the Peruvians from the armor of PIZARRO, and fell hissing into the water. In one week afterward, Captain GRUNDY, of Boston, beheld from the deck of his schooner the same universal snake off the Bahamas. He was in a sportive mood, and tossed the sea-weed into the air with his horns, as the bullock of your own barn-yards, gentlemen, tosses aloft the straw which may be scattered in his pathway.

'Every mariner testifies to his ubiquity; and yet, notwithstanding his propensity to roam over the vasty deep, he is eminently and exclusively the *American* Sea-Serpent, and we require strangers and third persons to *let that snake alone*. Yes, *let that snake alone*, for he is *our* snake, and if you touch our snake you touch us. The Rocky Mountains are not more peculiarly our national property than the Sea-Serpent. Niagara Falls are not; the Mississippi river is not; Mammoth Cave is not. Fellow-citizens, would you permit a European despot to comb our grisly bears out of our Rocky Mountains? would you permit Niagara Falls to be plucked from our national diadem, or the Mississippi river to be wrung out and hung up on a pole to dry? Of course you would not. Then do not suffer the covetous despots of the old world to meddle with our Sea-Serpent. He must be free, free as that bird which

'REARS aloft its regal form,  
'When strive the warriors of the storm,'  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven.'

Whether he plough the blue and moonlit deep in maiden meditation fancy-free, or in a sterner mood threshes with his tail the affrighted leviathans as they scatter like pigeons assailed by a hawk; whether he flutters the close-ranked penguins as they sit upon the reefs of Terra del Fuego, or girds his voluminous folds around an ice-berg and crushes it as if it were an egg-shell; whether in a sportive mood he rushes through the gulf-stream with sea-weed on his horns, and with his mouth full of flood-wood; or whether he does any other thing in any other place and in any other manner, let the voice of this Republic be to other nations of the world, *I, let that snake alone*.

'And, my fellow-citizens, if the nations of the earth disregard this warning, treat them as we would if they should snub our ambassadors or bluff the Secretary of State. If the envious despots of the old world stand, as it were, on the cliffs of the ocean and throw stones at the public dragon

as he sails along on the surface of the water, then, I say, and every patriot will say, let slip the dogs of war! Not that the Serpent is not able to defend himself, for, gentlemen, he could plunge into Plymouth harbor and make as ridiculous work of the British navy as a puppy sometimes does of a flock of goslings; but when our national basilisk is assailed, it is, and ought to be, a national matter to resent the indignity. Do n't wait about it till a couple of diplomatic old fogies can pass protocols and ultimatus forward and back three or four times while the young Giant of the West stands with his bowle-knife unsheathed, and his revolver cocked; but let the people rise up in a mass and chastise the dastards, till it can be said of them, as the Latin poet said of the insane savage:

'Cras ingens it erabimus equor.'

which means, '*The crazy Ingen reiterated, Quarter!*'

'If this nation ever becomes so debased that it will permit indignities to be offered to its Sea-Serpent, then, fellow-citizens, will I expect to see Columbia pawing the Fourth of July to the Rothschilds, plucking the American Eagle, while alive, for the market-value of its feathers, (a pretty bird that will make of the public fowl,) selling the star-spangled banner to a rag-pedlar. I will expect to see a foreign constable levying on the Bunker Hill Monument; an English Master in Chancery advertising the Rocky Mountains; the Russian Czar foreclosing a mortgage on the Great Lakes; and finally, I will expect to see the great Sea-Serpent himself struck off to the highest bidder at the Palace of St. James, by the High Sheriff of London, at ten o'clock, A. M.; and in a short time afterward, you will see the administrators of this once living nation wandering around the premises with woe-begone faces to take an inventory of the effects of the deceased, and finding nothing to report to the surrogate but four or five creeks and a cranberry marsh; every thing else, rivers, lakes, caves, and cataracts, having been seized by the bailiffs.'

(Mr. BALDREAGLE here paused, gazed for a moment on the crowd with a grim and martial countenance, then relaxed his features, took a new attitude, and, in soft and pathetic tones, continued:)

'My fellow-citizens, far over the placid waters of the dark blue sea, the occidental orb of day, sinking to the caverns of the night, is folded in crimson mists, and, like the dying Roman, gathers around him his drapery of clouds before his fires are buried in the gulf of darkness. There, encircled by the murmuring waters of the deep, the builders of the ocean have framed a tranquil cave. The zephyrs love to linger under its coral arches. The Naiads there love to moor their shelly skiffs, while the dolphin swims in its cool recesses, and the swan glides adown its watery floor. There the gentle maidens of the sea touch their tremulous lyres, and warble those entrancing songs that float at twilight hour to the ear of the mariner as he paces his lonely deck. There still-weeping dreams fold their viewless wings, and the spirits of the evening breeze recline on shelving emeralds.

'My fellow-citizens, in that coral cave lies the great Sea-Serpent. There was he wont to retire after his arduous peregrinations over the deep, to listen to the daughters of the sea weaving their soft harmonies; to muse on the mutability of greatness; and to gaze with philosophic eye into the vista of the future as its phantom forms flitted to and fro and vanished in the waving mists. There he now lies. But not for him do the daughters of the sea touch their tremulous lyres; not for him do the still-weeping dreams unveil their tearful faces; not for him do the zephyrs ripple the blue waters, or the dolphin display his chameleon tints. No! oh no! He lies there in anguish. His fin is dislocated! 'Delirium glimmers in that philosophic eye;' hunger rages in his breast; and the invidious sharks prowl around his cavern like jackals around the den of the dying lion!

'And will you, fellow-citizens, permit that snake to lie in his lonely cave famished and delirious? Will you permit the ubiquitous, the incomparable, the stupendous, the omnivorous American Sea-Serpent to become decrepit and a cripple for life, as he undoubtedly will become unless his case is promptly attended to? What will your ancestors think of you if you permit the twin-brother of the American Eagle to become a public charge? What will posterity think of you when they come into possession of the Republic and find a sick snake on their hands; a sick snake and a debt of forty millions? Lastly, what will you think of yourselves when you reflect on your ungrateful neglect; on the loss of national respectability which must ensue when you appear in public without a Sea-Serpent; on the depression of public credit, and on all the disasters which I foresee to be attendant on the loss of the great basilisk?

'No, we can't get along without our Sea-Serpent. If we lose him, we might as well sell our continent at once and move 'out west.' If the public dragon gives out, you might just as well make the national will, appoint JOHN BULL sole executor and guardian of your infant States, and then expire in the full assurance that your executor will grab all your property, and choke your infants outright, and give their legacies to his own brats.

'But the light of hope kindles my breast. I know that the calamities of the Sea-Serpent will arouse the warmest sympathies of this nation. It will never permit its great snake to die in that

far-off cavern from hunger and want of surgical attendance. I feel happy, I feel proud in the assurance that the Republic will, on this occasion, testify its gratitude and respect in a manner worthy of itself. Then the mighty basilisk, once more restored to health and strength, will again launch forth its glittering convolutions on the billows of the ocean, to rove from gulf to gulf, from pole to pole, reflecting the blaze of the sun from his many-colored scales; and despots, standing on the grisly battlements of the old world, will look down upon the deep as the great republican ploughs his foaming pathway through the waters, and their knees will tremble and their cheeks blanch as they whisper, 'Lo! the dreadful Serpent of the Sea!'

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NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT HEN-ROOST ROBBERY ON LONG-ISLAND. — Listen, reader, to one of the 'most exciting narratives of the day.' The author unites the dignity of HERODOTUS with the simplicity and minuteness of MAUNDEVILLE. His is the true style for an historian; and we trust that hereafter he may be prevailed upon to write the annals of Long-Island; which is an 'eyland' full of romance, even from Brokelyn to Montauk-Point. But to the present narrative:

'WITHIN the past month an excitement has prevailed among the quiet inhabitants of some parts of Long-Island unparalleled since the great oyster-war. Every one has heard of the inroads once made by the buccaneering fishermen of Amboy on the rich oyster-beds of Huntington Harbor and Oyster Bay, when the adverse fleets had like to have come to a great nautical encounter. But although some guns were pointed, no triggers were pulled, and no shells were thrown of the kind used in naval warfare. That chapter in the history of Long-Island has never been written out fairly; but let by-gones be by-gones. I am going to nab some circumstances while they are yet fresh, and the materials attainable, that hereafter they may not come up in dim memory like the records of the oyster-war. The most flagrant depredations ever known in the history of man have lately been made on the hen-roosts of Hempstead and Jamaica South. Twelve hundred dollars' worth of chickens stolen in one winter, and the greatest panic among all holders of the stock! The deed was done

'Deeply and darkly at dead of night,'

and the evil was waxing worse and worse, so that out of the multitude of populous hen-roosts in the above towns there was not one which had not suffered extremely. Eggs were scarce in sufficient abundance for cakes and pies: one farmer was reduced to his last little chick, while the cheerful cackle of farm-yards was scarce heard. The cock-crowing which used to be answered at dead of night from hill to hill and hamlet to hamlet, until it circled the whole neighborhood, as the British drum-beat circles the world, was succeeded by a dead silence, and no clarion was heard in the morning except the baker's horn. Little as the farmers were acquainted with natural history, they knew that the chicken is not a bird of passage, and always comes home to roost. Their hens had not been picking and stealing, but they had been stolen and picked. Who had done the *fowl* deed? That was what the irritated owners were burning to know; for if they could catch the scoundrel as he was taking wing, they threatened that they would tar and feather him, without waiting for the slow process of the law to coop him up. He should not crow over his bargain, nor cackle over his gains. There is something inconceivably mean and sneaking in the stealing of chickens; and none but the most hardened rogue, if caught with one under

his jacket, could exclaim with the abandoned TWITCHER, 'Vel, vot of it?' Vot of it! A great deal of it! To take a horse or a young colt is a bold and magnanimous piece of rascality, and if the equestrian spark can be overtaken by the telegraph in the midst of his horse-back exercise, his neck may be put in requisition. That's paying a high price for a horse, as any jockey will tell you. But to go and bag a fowl when he is asleep with his head under his wing, is the part of a chicken-hearted fellow.

'Although no clue had been obtained to these depredations, the finger of suspicion had been for some time pointed at one JOSEPH ANTHONY. Mr. ANTHONY, a resident of the city of New-York, who had the appearance of a sporting character, was in the habit of visiting Hempstead about twice a week in a small wagon, to see his friends and indulge his social qualities. On his way out, he stopped at all the taverns to take some beverage, although in returning he was abstemious in his habits, being perhaps in haste to return to an anxious wife. But it was noticed as a remarkable coincidence that when he came and went, the chickens were always gone. Numbers of the more prying, to confirm their suspicions, had sometimes peeped into his wagon, where they discovered creatures of the feathered creation. Once or twice he had his horse taken by the halter, but on promptly presenting a revolver, (we think of COLT's patent,) he obtained liberty to pass. The knowledge of the fact that he carried arms about his person had the effect of making many diffident who had otherwise not been slow in their advances. They did not wish to take the St. ANTHONY's fire, or risk their bodies and souls for the sake of a few spring-chickens, no matter how many shillings they were worth a pair. Mr. ANTHONY therefore had the plank-road to himself. On another occasion, when he was returning, well provided as it was thought with live stock for the market, some young men got up a plan to waylay him by throwing a rope over the road. This endeavor proved abortive: for when they heard the sound of his wheels approaching; when they caught a glance of his little colt who knew the ground; and when they thought of the little Colt which he carried in his pocket, their courage caved in, and they fled to the neighboring woods inhabited by owls.

'Thus did villany triumph, and the henneries continued to be impoverished by a consumption unknown to Thanksgiving or the pip. The final despair of the farmers led to a mutual compact, which we will call the *Hens-eatic League*. At a full and unanimous meeting of the chicken-owners of Hempstead and Jamaica South, it was resolved to keep a very strict watch over the motions of Mr. ANTHONY on his next visit. Something must be done, and that immediately, otherwise there would not be a cock to crow, nor a hen to lay an egg in all Queens county. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday (unlucky day!) Mr. ANTHONY was observed to pass through the gate at which he stopped, for the tollman observed that he 'always acted very gentlemanly, and always was particular to pay his toll, and was a good-looking man, only his eyes was too big.' The following intricate plan was then hatched: Three courageous men, armed with muskets, were to keep the gate that night and receive the toll of Mr. ANTHONY when he came back, and, if possible, prevail on him to stop. They took their stand at sun-down. The remaining chicken-owners watched all night. Mr. RUSSELL SMITH sat up in his wagon-house; but what is very queer, Mr. ANTHONY pulled his chickens off the perch almost under his nose, without his knowing it. Six expected eggs were missing at his breakfast-table next morning. But Mr. SUYD—M, who lives on the Rockaway meadows, arranged his plan



better. To the door of his hennery he attached a string, which he conducted to his sleeping-chamber; and to the string he fastened a little bell. Then he lay down to keep awake. He heard nothing for some hours, until what *ought* to have been the cock-crowing, he was startled suddenly

‘By the tinnabulation  
Of the bell, bell, bell,  
Which did musically well.’

Springing from his couch, he placed his face against the window, and the night not being very dark, the following tableau was presented: A little wagon and a little horse, held at the head by a little boy, and in the wagon a woman with a hood. He rushed to the hen-house just in time to find the perches vacant and his man retreating, who forthwith seized the reins and drove like JEHU toward the Rockaway bridge. It is thought that a part of the distance was accomplished at the rate of a mile in three minutes. But Mr. SUD—M was not to be so baffled. He harnessed his mare, and, taking Mr. LAURENCE with him, followed in pursuit at full speed. They overtook Mr. ANTHONY at the bridge, where he was engaged in killing chickens and throwing their heads over the balustrades into Mud-creek. Finding some one at his heels, he ceased killing chickens, applied the lash, and was again out of sight. But although out of sight he was not out of mind. On approaching the toll-gate, he began to fumble for change to pay honorably, when, to his astonishment, he found the gates shut, and before he could place his hand on his revolver the muzzles of three muskets were within an inch of his head!

‘As a rat who has left his hole by night to get a drink of water, or to suck a few eggs, on returning finds it stopped up with a brick, and himself assailed, pauses on his hind legs and squeals, so did the astonished ANTHONY cry out. On examining the contents of his wagon, it was found well replenished with fowls; and Mr. ANTHONY frankly confessed that he regretted the circumstance of his capture, as he had already served out several terms at the State’s-prison, and was loth to go there again, where Thanksgiving fare was so scarcee.

‘When this remarkable capture became known on the next morning, and the prisoner and his plunder were brought to the Justice’s Court in Hempstead town, great interest was excited in the country round. They came pouring into the village by hundreds, from Rockaway, from Hungry Harbor, from Jug-Town, and all directions, to get a sight of the greatest chicken-stealer ever known since the creation of fowls. Nothing like it was remembered since St. George’s church, in the same place, was broken open, and the justices, and the wardens, and the vestrymen, and the tavern-keeper, were convened in the bar-room of the village-inn, to see a pile of Bibles and prayer-books on the sanded floor, where the head warden remarked to the repentant thief that he was sorry that he had not used the Bible and prayer-book better. On the examination of Mr. ANTHONY, it was apprehended that there might be some difficulty about the identification of the fowl. You can tell your horse, your ass, your cow, your pig; they are speckled, they are streaked, they have a patch on the eye, or something of the kind. But as to your chickens, though you feed them out of your own hand, the task is more difficult. You contemplate them not by units, but in broods, and single them out one by one only when the time comes to wring their necks, and you think that a roast chicken for dinner would not be amiss. On this occasion no such difficulty occurred. The roosts had become so thinned that the farmers were enabled to recognize and swear to their fowl, one to his Bantam, another

to his Shanghai, a third to his Top-knot, and a fourth to his Poland hen. Although their heads were twisted off, that mattered not so much, since feathered creatures are not recognized by their countenances like men. They are all beak, little head, and have no particular diversity of expression to be identified except by themselves. Mr. ANTHONY has engaged counsel to rebut the prosecution by the State, and it will depend upon the ability with which this great Hen-Roost case shall be managed whether he shall be finally knocked from his perch in society, whether the plank-road dividends shall be diminished by the amount of his toll, and whether chickens, like peach-trees, shall take a new start on Long-Island. When we consider the expensiveness of feeding them, and the many casualties they are exposed to from the time they are fledged—snatched into the air by hawks, fed on by cats, afflicted by the pip and by the gapes—it is to be ardently hoped that something may be done to protect them on their roosts. Otherwise we know of many who will give up raising fowls: and then, we ask, what is to become of our markets if ‘hen-sauce’ is abolished; and what will housewives do if eggs are a penny a-piece? The most delightful puddings known to the present state of cookery would have no richness without the yolks of eggs. Where would be the yellowness of ‘spring’ (usually denominated ‘grass’) butter? Would not pound-cake be erased from the catalogue of Miss LESLIE’s famous book? And what would become of the icing and incrustation of ornamental confectionery? On these questions the result of Mr. ANTHONY’s trial will have a bearing. In the mean time he throws himself entirely upon his counsel. When asked by the Justice of the Peace at the preliminary examination what had been his occupation and means of living, he replied—‘*Speculating!*’

‘He was forthwith committed.’

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EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Incessant avocations have prevented our visiting the *National Academy of Design*, since its opening evening: so that our readers must rely, as we do, upon the criticism of a friend, who has a warm feeling for, and has written much upon, art. If they do not all agree with him, let them remember that easily-written ‘copy’ in the old writing-books: ‘Many men of many minds:’

THE feeling of disappointment experienced by the friends of the Academy on the opening of the present exhibition is not at all justified by a thorough examination of the collection. It is true that there are not so many agreeable pictures as there were in the last; but there are several better than any in that, as DURAND’s grand landscape, ‘The Destruction of the Host of Gog;’ CAPELEN’s ‘Norwegian Forest;’ GRAY’s group of children and several single heads; BAKER’s ‘Summer Hours;’ and several landscapes by the younger artists. The portrait branch, on the whole, is the most interesting, as being that in which our artistic talent has made the greatest advance; and it is remarkable no less for the general excellence than for the variety of feeling through which it becomes manifest. Comparison of the relative merit is thus rendered impossible, because there are no two of the leading portrait-painters who work in the same direction. We can compare similar objects or different degrees of the same quality, but not dissimilar objects or qualities. Thus, when one says that Mr. A’s portraits are better than Mr. B’s, he means merely that he sympathizes more fully with Mr. A’s feel-

ing, or appreciates his results more entirely; but if, on the other hand, Mr. C is an imitator of Mr. A or B, or aims at the same qualities, a comparison is at once suggested. This should be always borne in mind in criticising works of art, because only thus can we free our minds from the influence of our own partialities, and placet hem on their own merits. It is true that we may say that the art of one is nobler than another, and perhaps be able to prove it; but we cannot make others feel it, so long as their own instinct and faculties of perception prefer the other. The excellence of each artist is, and ought to be, measured by the approach to perfection in that line to which his peculiarity of feeling leads him. This rule frees the critic from the necessity of making any comparisons, which must be always invidious, and enables him to give due credit to each and every line of subject and variety of treatment. HEALY's full-length of two ladies is an excellent example of common-sense portaiture; good in character, and in admirable keeping as to its accessories and subordinate parts. The vigor of its execution is no small excellence, when it is so unobtrusive as here, and so well confined to those parts which admit it without injury to the more essential qualities. Execution, when it is so attractive as to interfere in the slightest degree with the primary object of the picture, is a vice of the most dangerous kind to weak men; but HEALY's is, though exceedingly effective and vigorous, entirely secondary to the sentiment of the picture, and gives the double delight of the perception of excellence and of easy and graceful attainment of it.

ELLIOTT has quite sustained himself in several heads, of which the 'Portrait of a Lady,' No. 53, and No. 449, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' show his peculiarities to the best advantage. We do not recollect to have seen any thing at any time better, in its way, than the latter, so excellent is it in drawing and modelling, and truthful in the character of the subject. It has the air of a man at ease with the world, and independent in his relations to it—self-possessed, and determined to give you no opportunity of reading him. It is in the rendering of this phase of character that ELLIOTT's great excellence lies: he gives you the man of the world just as he is known by every body, and as he is seen under all ordinary circumstances. You cannot doubt that he has an inner and hidden being, but you may look in vain for any indication of what it is. A contemporary has said: 'Of ELLIOTT it is almost useless to speak: the world knows and appreciates him. In all that pertains to the actual, in precision of likeness, drawing and modelling, and in truth and richness of color, as well as in refinement of character, he has been long too well known for the critic to blame or praise. In the treatment of all that pertains to the external, to the man as all see him, ELLIOTT has no equal living.'

GRAY has won golden opinions by his contributions this year. His pictures bear marks of most careful study and systematic thought, and present a completeness which makes each one more than a mere portrait. The head is a part of a system, and must bear a certain relation to the rest of the picture. Considering that the force of his material bears a feeble proportion to that of nature, he reduces the scale, and thus, by giving each part its relative gradation, he preserves the unity of nature to a far greater degree than if he were to give to the head alone that vigor of light and shade, which, considered by itself, it would be entitled to claim; so that, although at first sight the head may give an impression of weakness, the reverse is the case when we have studied it long enough to include the whole in one perception. His treatment of the accessories is also exceedingly thoughtful: each and all have a certain significance, and take their

proper position with regard to the head, which thus becomes the centre of a system, and gives a certain importance to its satellites. There is an exceeding refinement of character in his female portraits, which seems like a revelation of a better phase of life, as though he had caught the moment when the rarer feelings of the individual had been brought out unguardedly. He never loses sight of the lady; and in No. 422 you would recognize her in the hands, if the head were not visible. In No. 344, the completeness above alluded to is more noticeable, on account of the size of the picture, which presents the whole more readily to the eye, and perhaps from the greater facility of treating it as a whole. GRAY's sense of color is of rare excellence, and his tone delicious.

MOUNT exhibits portraits only this year, which, as might be expected from his well-known feeling in figure, are excellent in character, and evince a conscientiousness and unaffectedness worthy of the highest praise. Never have we seen a better autographic portrait than No. 420, nor a head more faithful to the most delicate degrees of truth than No. 379. There is no effort to obtain any attractiveness of quality or minor excellences at the expense of higher, nor is there any attempt to evade the consequences of the most minute following of nature. He is not afraid to give a sharp line where he sees it in nature; and we could wish that his heads might have some effect of counteracting the tendency to weakness and indecision so common to our younger, and even to certain of the older painters.

Artists are accustomed to say that there are no lines in nature; a doctrine which is not only false, but fraught with the utmost evil to our portraiture. It is impossible to make lines with oil color as sharp as nature shows them in an ordinary light, and MOUNT is almost the only one who has had the courage to follow this general truth out to the full extent, though many approximate sufficiently for all purposes of portraiture. In spite of their quality of color, these heads are among the best, in portraiture of the actual, that have ever been exhibited here.

HUNTINGTON, HICKS, and ROSSITER, form a group who seem to act on the doctrine above alluded to, vague and indecisive in outline, to a degree that most effectually destroys all high degree of truth of likeness. It is very easy to draw a head so that you may suppose the lines to be any where in a space of half an inch wide, but it is very hard to get the credit of being a good draughtsman by it. Mr. HUNTINGTON does himself little credit by this year's contributions, and we are much afraid he is going down hill. His composition, No. 409, is as bad a picture as we ever saw painted by an artist of real talent; insipid or exaggerated in character, weak and false in color, and ill-drawn. What can he mean by such a maudlin concoction of art and water! There is some good painting of accessories in some of the portraits, particularly in No. 149; but in the 'Tribute-Money' there is nothing well painted.

HICKS has reversed the true relation of the parts in his 'Portrait of EVE FISH,' by making the central object the poorest, and giving greater excellence to the accessories as they go from it. The figure is poor, especially the head; and the execution is too palpable and intrusive throughout. There is certainly much vigor and originality in the treatment; but really it seems to us that the portrait ought to be of the first importance, and more earnestly studied than the accessories; but it seems 'they do those things better in France.' No. 127 is very bad in color.

ROSSITER's 'full-length of a lady' is a puzzle to us. We cannot imagine what

the lady sits on, or, if it be on the sofa, how she stays on the edge of it with such apparent ease, or how it is that her hands make no impression on the dress where they lie. Altogether, it has very much of the lay-figure look; but the silk is well painted, and the upholstery is faultless; but really it does seem too much like painting for mantua-makers and furniture-dealers. If the artist had bestowed a quarter of the time the dress must have occupied him on the head, he would have increased the value of the picture tenfold as a portrait. So of No. 438: the painting of the piano is very much the best thing in the picture.

BAKER has some capital portraits, and two charming figure-pictures. No. 191, 'Summer Hours,' is really one of the most beautiful pieces of color we have ever seen. It is a picture which speaks for itself, and therefore can do with little of our commendation; but we find it very hard to keep all the commandments with regard to it. BAKER is a young artist yet; and, if our public will give him free swing, he must become one of our first painters. There is a great deal of nonsense said about the danger of color and the necessity of subordinating it; but BAKER has laid a good foundation, and can now well bear the fascination of color. It is only weak men who are ever overcome by it, and we have little fear that one who reverences nature as much as he seems to, will ever become a mere colorist.

DARLEY has an admirable pencil-drawing of a farm-yard, with sheep, etc.; and there are some other figure-pictures which we would like to speak of, if space permitted.

The portraits by CARPENTER are remarkable, as the productions of one so young in the profession and in years. They give full promise of future excellence. The portrait of DAVID LEAVITT, Esq., for example, is characterized by all the principal elements that constitute successful portraiture. The portrait of MOUNT, too, is a good, honest picture; a likeness, 'and a truthful.' '*Macte virtute!*' Mr. CARPENTER: in other words, 'Go ahead!'

The landscape part of the exhibition is not so full nor so generally interesting; but the pictures already alluded to—DURAND's large picture, and the one by CAPPELEN—are the principal attractions in this line. DURAND's is, by a large difference, the best he has exhibited, and is a most thoroughly studied composition, showing a right and just conception of the grand. It is a subject which few of DURAND's friends would have selected as favorable for the display of his peculiar excellences; yet it has made a most successful picture. It is pure and clear in color, and vigorous and massive in light and shade, and its sentiment is that of nature. It does not depend on its lions and warriors for its impressiveness, but would, without any figures whatever, have made a solemn picture. It is really and entirely an ideal landscape; a term which, though much abused by its application to the hybrid compositions which ambitious artists frame, has yet a meaning, and is, when rightly applied, expressive of very great qualities. It is remarkable as the only large landscape in the exhibition which would not have been better if painted on a smaller scale; it really would look better if it covered twice as large an area. DURAND's feeling for the purer and higher motives of landscape, light, space, and composition, is correct and unequalled. The landscape No. 374 is in a different vein, one quite as unusual with DURAND, and might have been more impressive if it had been handled with more breadth and simplicity; but is excellent as it is. There is no one of all our artists who leaves undone so little of that which is in his power, or who is so faithful and earnest in all that he does. No. 406 is in his accustomed feeling, except that the early changes of



autumn have given more richness of color than is his wont. It has some of his characteristically good tree-painting, and the atmosphere which he, and he alone as yet, has painted.

CROSEY does not appear so well this year as he did last, except in his smaller pictures. The larger ones are too large for the amount of thought in them, and have all his faults, with few of his characteristic excellences: they lack tone and expression of distance, and harmony of color: there is excellent painting and poetic thought, but they show too ambitious aspirations. He is a young man yet, and must not imagine he has finished the study of nature, or occupy himself in studio-work, which teaches nothing new. There is no one of our young artists who has so good a knowledge of the requisites of art; but it must be supported by as profound a command of the minutiae of nature. He is too fond of the lower qualities of execution, mere facility of handling, and shows it to an excessive degree; and if he does not take care, it will certainly be a stumbling-block to him, if it is not already.

CHURCH is much the same as ever. He lacks breadth and impressiveness: his pictures are frittered up into detail, which, though true by itself, yet lacks the unity and repose of nature. The sky of No. 456 is excellent; beautiful and refined in form, and true in color. No. 145 is much inferior: the sky is heavy and clumsy in arrangement; the sea weakly felt and deficient in force, though good in color; but the vessels are so sadly out of perspective as to destroy the keeping of the whole. The effect is bold and correct, but not worth painting a picture for.

KENSETT's pictures of this year seem singularly unequal in their parts. No. 140 is excellent in its distance and careful in detail, but the fore-ground is weak and unnatural. There is no decision or distinction of parts: grass, and earth, and stones are melted and blended together with little regard to particular character; and the foliage-painting is poor, surprisingly so for one who studies nature as closely as KENSETT seems to. So in No. 471: the passage of distance is good, while all the nearer parts are careless and heavy; the foliage is hard and wooden. There is some good granite-painting, but that also is unequal, and not so good as the studies. No. 213 is an excellent study from nature, and really fine in color and rock character, and the execution is spirited without being meretricious: but Mr. KENSETT must not forget that there is something beside rocks in nature worthy of his study.

GIFFORD has several good pictures in the collection, displaying his feeling for space and arrangement to good advantage. We could wish that his rendering of color was more accurate and refined, as it would add materially to the value of really meritorious works. No. 348 has a charming distance, and is very true in character to the country from which it was taken.

The 'Norwegian Forest,' by CAPPELEN, is certainly one of the best German landscapes we have seen in this country, if not the very best. There is nothing in the Dusseldorf collection equal to it: but it is still positively Teutonic, and one need not for a moment be suspicious of its patria; and several other pictures proclaim a brotherly affinity to it, though painted from American subjects.

There are two busts by PALMER, which are certainly among the best we have ever seen, exhibiting wonderful beauty and delicacy of finish. Our older sculptors must work hard or stand aside for the new-comer.

There are many pictures we should like to talk about but for want of room; some for praise and some for blame; and Messrs. TERRY, MAY, SHEGOQUE, and

some others, may thank themselves therefor; that is, if our blame is worth any thing to them; but what we should say would probably edify others less than it would relieve us. Take the exhibition all in all, there is ground for encouragement, for there is visible progress in the right direction; and, if the hanging committee had exercised a little more discretion in rejecting pictures, even if they had made the number smaller, the *tout ensemble* would have been better. These poor pictures strike the eye offensively, and give an unpleasant first impression, which is often not removed.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — At a recent opening of the new rooms of a metropolitan club, of the first character, the following, among other imaginary letters from eminent persons invited to be present on the occasion, were given forth from a manuscript journal, 'issuooed' monthly to members who may be present to hear it read :

‘Number One, Devonshire Terrace,  
York Gate, Regent’s Park, London.’ }

‘GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to attend the opening of the new rooms of the ———, came in my hands directly I had finished the eleventh chapter of my new book. May I take the liberty of sending you a short extract from that chapter, which may be interesting, being in advance of the press, and, by an odd coincidence, applicable to my case :

“PODGERS had been upon the Atlantic before. ‘He knew the sea,’ as he said himself, ‘intimately.’ That was enough. No person could speak of any ocean that he, JOHN PODGERS, had crossed, except in a respectful manner. It was a peculiarity in his temperament that when an idea got rooted in him it was apt to run all over his mind, like a bean. It grew, in fact, to be a part of himself, and he claimed for it a corresponding degree of respect. Consequently, he would take an ocean or a continent which interested him under his protection with as much ease as he would take a lady under his umbrella. There was one thing for which he had the highest regard. It was a pronoun; first person, singular number. When he said ‘my baker’ or ‘my tailor,’ you somehow got an idea of a baker or tailor as much the exclusive property of JOHN PODGERS as his own pocket-book. As for his father — senior partner of PODGERS AND SON, drysalters, No. 3, Fetterlock-lane — he looked upon him as a sort of heirloom; and in regard to his mother, I believe he would have given a chattel-mortgage upon her without the slightest compunction. ‘Mrs. JELLYBY,’ said he, ‘when I was acquainted with Niagara, there was a feeling between me and that cataract that would have surprised any one unacquainted with the parties.’ Viewing every thing as he did upon extensive principles — that is, upon a scale commensurate with himself — it is no wonder he took TUNKLES to task when that individual ventured to remark, ‘he considered a passage across the channel as being, he should say, rather unpleasant.’ ‘TUNKLES,’ said he, untying his choker and re-tying it into a double bow-knot of offended dignity: ‘TUNKLES, a man does not know what it is to feel unpleasant until he gets upon the ocean. When I stepped on board of my packet, Sir, and saw my native land fading from my sight, and the waves rolling under my feet, I felt a sensation, Sir, which it is impossible to describe. Retiring to my berth, Sir, to avoid any unfavorable impressions of an element I had been taught to respect from my infancy, I endeavored to keep down my feelings, but I found I could not contain myself. There was a smell of fresh paint, Sir, in my state-room, mingled with an odor which I should call decidedly fishy; and I was assailed in this manner, Sir, for fourteen days, until I almost imagined I was on a sea of turpentine full of salt mackerel. Then I had a storm, Sir; a storm that lasted fourteen days more. My wind, Sir, should come from the north-east; but this wind came from the north-west, Sir. Consequently, I could make no head-way, Sir; my canvas was torn from my bolt ropes, my top-masts went by the board; and although my helm was lashed down, I expected to be on my beam-ends every moment. Fortunately the wind abated just as it was discovered I had sprung a leak, Sir. Fortunately also, it was in my side, and soon stopped. When I got an observation, Sir, I was off the coast of Africa. I had been praying for a calm, and there ’s where I got it. Off the coast of Africa, Sir, with an African sky over my head, an African ocean under my feet; and my sun, Sir, was such a sun as a man knows nothing about who has never been in the tropics. Think of that, Sir; think of a calm that lasted fourteen days,’ continued Mr. PODGERS, thrusting his wrinkled neck out of his white choker, and suddenly drawing it back like a terrapin; ‘think of that, Sir! Recained fourteen days off the coast of Africa!’ Mr. PODGERS came down upon the coast of Africa with such astonishing emphasis that it aroused Mrs. JELLYBY.

"In the vicinity of Borioboola Gha?" said that lady, with her fine eyes on the tin candle-sticks.

"Latitude 18.6, longitude 35.39," said Mr. PODGERS sententially.

"Ah!" replied Mrs. JELLYBY.

"Mr. PODGERS resumed: 'When I left my native land, I was a stout man, Sir; when I left my African climate, I could have crept through the arm-hole of my own waistcoat. I had rain, Sir, from the time I left Africa until I arrived off Fire-Island light, and then I had snow. I made Sandy-Hook, Sir, and then I had a wind that blew me three hundred miles out to sea again. When I did get ashore, it was in a life-boat, at a place called Barnegat. - A man dressed in my clothes, Sir, with my watch in his pocket, very kindly gave me a light half-guinea out of my own purse, Sir, to keep me from starving on my way to New-York. Mr. TUNKLES,' continued Mr. PODGERS, insinuating his right fore-finger into the fifth left-hand button-hole of that person's coat, 'do n't do that again! Do n't speak of the channel as being, certainly by any sane person, considered as — unpleasant. The ocean, Sir, which I have crossed, is the only institution that merits that distinctive epithet. And if I ever cross it again!' — here Mr. PODGERS buttoned his lower lip over his upper, took a long breath, looked at Mrs. JELLYBY out of the corner of his left eye, and then said very softly but emphatically — 'Damme!'"

"An experience similar to that of Mr. PODGERS is my only reason for not accepting your kind invitation. I have a natural horror of salt water, even when the breeze is fresh. I beg leave to present my respects to many distinguished gentlemen of the —, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting at home and abroad; and, with my thanks for the honour you have done me, I am, gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

*Chelsea, April 29, 1852.*

"GENTLEMEN: Invitations from public bodies, associations, clubs, or gatherings of men under whatsoever pretence, social or otherwise, are by me coveted not. Two men sitting at roast or boiled, four men, eight men, and so on, increasing to monster banquets in the Champs Elysées or elsewhere, eating at one another, drinking at one another! truly the most despicable of shams. Here a select, substantial person, for that end appointed, presiding. There, one restless until desired to speechify; another until he be asked to sing; the guest meanwhile, as for such destiny born into the world, and none other, sitting hide-bound amid the dry stubble of social fictions, like a very patient animal with distinct auricular organs. Truly a station to merit the sympathy of no man! The presiding person doing the honors! The presided person doing and having done to him much that requires the exercise of all virtues, passive and active. PETER robbing his brains to pay PAUL, and PAUL not a whit better off. Meanwhile the world rolls on its accustomed axis toward day-time; men are born into it, men die out of it; social shams in no manner improving it, fertilizing, fructifying it. New roads are to be opened, finger-posts erected, guide-books printed. Socialism, brandy-and-water-ism, tobacco-smoke-ism rests inert in secluded nooks till overgrown by brambles. Social intercourse to men is as paregoric to children, an anodyne quieting for a time, but ruinous to the constitution.

"I regret that I am prevented," and so forth, is a usual return to intended compliments like this. 'I am happy to say that I cannot possibly accept your invitation,' is less fiction and more fact.

'THOMAS CARLYLE.'

The following characteristic communication was also received by the editors of the unpublished journal aforesaid. They introduced it with the subjoined comments: 'A few remarks upon the Scottish dialect by our valued correspondent, JOHN BELLENDEN, Esq., came too late for insertion in our last number. We cheerfully give them a place now:'

"MESSRS. EDITORS: Looking, the other day, over ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S magnificent edition of BURNS'S poems, I was impelled to make a few remarks concerning the want of harmony in English verse. I think it is now universally conceded that ROBERT BURNS was the greatest poet the world ever saw, and this I am safe in asserting, without intending to disparage either SHAKESPEARE or HOMER. This, in a great measure, arises from the sweetness of his dialect, which has naething rough or rude in its composition; on the contrary, it abounds in melodious consonants and open vowels, so that if a person will but notice its 'A's' and 'O's,' he will be perfectly satisfied there is nae language to compare with it, ancient or modern. It being, then, agreed that our vernacular is superior to any other, I have a suggestion to make, which, in duty to myself, I must claim as a purely original production of my own brain. It is this: Instead of the usual manner of printing English poetry, let it be rendered by a skilful linguist into the Scottish dialect, the manifest advantages of which will be evident by perusing the few familiar specimens subjoined:

'I NEVER ken'd a dear gazelle.  
To glad me wi' its soft black e'e.  
But when it kem to ken me well,  
And luve me, it was sure to dee.'

'That SHAKESPEARE is capable of great improvement in this way is a question that must be answered in the affirmative. In fact, Nature herself cries out against the impropriety of putting MACBETH in an English dress, and it is really pitiful to see a man in kilts speaking plain Saxon and pretending to give an idea of a Scotch king. The really clever poem called Thanatopsis, which nae doubt is familiar to you, I think would be much improved by my suggestions:

'To him wha in the luvve of Nature holds  
Communion wi' her, visible forms, she speaks  
A various language.'

'True, Mr. BRYANT; but in my opinion, the *original* language of nature was pure Scotch, and if ye'll only put that beautiful composition of yours into our tongue, I think it will send ye doon to posterity.

'I hav' nae wish to mak' this article valuable to myself, in a pecuniary way, but if ye can get a gude price for it, I wad na stand about that. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and far be it from me to run contra to an auld proverb.'

JOHN BELLINDEN.'

There is a touch of dry satire hereabout! - - - 'I OFFER you fresh evidence,' writes a correspondent from Scarborough, (Maine,) 'that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' in the enclosed copy of a '*Maine Liquor-Law*' two hundred and sixteen years old. A word of explanation, and then the morsel shall be at your service. The first proprietary government of Maine was established in 1635, by Sir FERDINANDO GORGES, who then sent to his 'Province of New Somersetshire,' as he styled it, his nephew as Governor, with commissions to seven of the leading men of the province appointing them 'Counsellors.' They, together with the Governor, constituted a legislative court, from which there was no appeal but to the King. This court held its first session at Saco, March 26th, 1636, and among other 'orders' for the better regulation of province affairs, passed the following Liquor-Law, which is here copied from the court-records *verbatim et literatim*:

'It is ordered that any man that doth sell strong liquor or wyne, shall suffer his neighbor, laborer or servant to continue drinking in the house, except men invited, or laborers upon the working-days for *one hower at diner*, or stranger, or *lodger* there, the said offence being scene by one justis of the peace within his limits, or constable, or pruver by tew witnesses before a justis of the peace, such seller of strong liquor or wyne shall forfeit for every such offence tenne shillings.'

'There's the *first* Liquor-Bill ever passed in Maine; the *last* is sufficiently familiar. Notice, if you please, that very convenient 'loop-hole,' 'one hower at diner' on six days of the seven. I cannot find it upon the records that the 'laborers' complained of the oppressiveness of this law. As they were barred of their privilege only on Sundays, there is very little doubt but that they became 'lodgers' at least every seventh day.' - - - HAPPENING to get a peep at a half-written book by our friend PINNSHURST, whose 'Wanderings and Ways of Thinking' are becoming so popular, we 'conveyed' the following: 'I remember to have been sent by my mother on a mission of consolation to Mrs. BEDDLES, who had just lost her husband, our farmer. What I best remember about her before this occasion is, that she had quantities of ducks, of which she was very proud. She evidently believed that no other birds knew what moulting meant; she thought that her ducks, and they alone, committed that action. 'Yes, Master HUGH,' she used to say, 'yes, Sir,' with a strong emphasis on the 'Sir,' 'them ducks as ye see there, which the one that his tail curls up is the drake; well, them ducks changes their *foilage* regular every spring.' Well, being sent, when nine or ten years old, to condole with Mrs. BEDDLES, I did not know exactly what to do. 'Mrs. BEDDLES,' I said, 'Mamma sent me down to say how sorry she is that Mr. BEDDLES is dead.' 'Oh, ho! yes, my dear Master HUGH: your mar is so good: she too have lost a husban,' but no body don't know what I lost, he was *sitch* a

*good purvider.* I felt like laughing and crying at the same time, as I said: 'Yes, I know he was a good provider, but that makes you glad to think of now, don't it?' 'Yes, my dear; but when one is all lonely so, and no particular business for to foller, one can't help a-cryin' for them as is went to their long 'omes, and as was sitch good *purviders*. And now he lays there into the back kitchen, in his clean shirt and drawers, and they ain't no body to *purvide* no more.' When I had gone a little way, I felt as if I had not done enough, and began to think that if any body I loved was dead, I should be sorry to have them buried very soon: and that suggesting another topic of consolation, I went back, half opened the door, and said: 'Mrs. BEDDLES, don't you bury Mr. BEDDLES so soon. I know that Mamma would like you to keep him with you as long as possible.' 'Yes, Master HUGH,' she answered, 'I would keep him, but it is sitch warm weather that I'm afeard he'll *spile!*' - - - ENCOURAGED, we venture to hope, by the favor with which certain kindred offerings have lately been received in these pages, a correspondent sends us '*The Pisoned Brother and Sister,*' written by Miss MERCY C. BENSON. Of the *locale* of the affecting scene described we are 'mainly ignorant.' The 'talented' writer has 'ta'en too little care of this:'

'HARK listen to my mourfull tale  
Hear the truth and then bewail  
I think your sympathy will rouse  
At such a deed without a cause.

'We went to visit our friends one day  
We called at BEECHES on the way  
I asked the landlady for a comb  
Of which she denied me verry soon.

'But we partook of some refreshment  
In our coffee was a garlic sent  
While others at the same table ate  
Our coffee it was sepearate.

'We ate such diate as the rest  
Oh the pain that reacht our brest  
While the rest enjoyed good helth  
Persued their labors after welth.

'It being so early in the day  
That we did soon hasten away  
Little thinking it was our fate  
Ere this sad story to relate.

'We had scarcely left the Vill  
Ere we began to grow quite ill  
Boath were blind and could not see  
And we did vomit most cruely.

'In our chest was a burning heat  
And cramping from our heads to feet  
Brother said as we passed along  
Sister I think there's something rong.

'At GEORGE BURKHERTS in BROOKS grove  
There we received kindness and love  
Mrs. BURKHERT was very kind  
So was her daughter CAROLINE.

'Mr. BURKHERT as we do say  
Went for Physicions without delay  
The skillfullest he could obtain  
For to relieve our tortured brain.

'Twas doctor HUFF and doctor PHERIS  
Doctor HUFF was from Mount Moris  
Many enquirys they did make  
Till our history we did relate.

'The Doctors then decided like this  
That we were pisoned in Mt Moris  
At Mr BEECHES tavern stand  
Pisoned by an unknown hand.

'Mr. BRACH bears an excellent name  
On the servants we lay the blame  
Man or woman whoere they be  
Their conduct seals their own destiny.'

Is n't that a 'touching picture?' - - - A FRIEND gives us an amusing idea of '*a Dutch Judge*' in the following sketch: 'He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him, found him playing chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broad-cast person, he thus addressed the jury: 'Miesder voreman and t'oder jurymans: Der brisoner, HANS VLECKTER, is vinished his game mit der sheriff, und has peat him, but I shall dake gare he don't peat *me*. HANS has peen dried for murder before you, and you must pring in der vardieck, but it must pe 'cordin' to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as it was broved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep-sdealing. Put dat ish no madder. Der law says ven dere ish a tou't you give 'em to der brisoner: put here dere *ish* no tou't: so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides, he ish a great loafer. I haf know'd him vifty year, und he hashn't tone a s'ditch of work in all dat dimes; und dere is no one debending ubon him for deir livin', and he ish



no use to no pody. I dink it would pe goot blans to hang him for de examble. I dink, Mr. voremans, dat he petter pe hung next Fourt' o' July, as der militia ish goin' to drain in anoder gounty, und dere would pe no yun goin' on here!' It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this 'learned and impartial charge,' they acquitted the 'brisoner,' finding him 'Not guilty, if he would leave the State.' - - - CROSSING the other day to Hoboken—thanks to the STEVENSES of 'that ilk,' for there being at least *one* grand 'lung' of New-York—we remarked that the shad-poles had almost entirely disappeared from the Hudson. On inquiry, we learned that there had been an insurrection, a revolution among that portion of the piscatory tribe. The 'solidarity of the peoples' belonging to that 'old school' of fish, had been brought to bear, in undivided phalanx, upon the *cordon* of poles, and with all their 'traps' they 'fell in a night;' all save two, which sustained a net that yielded a 'net purport and upshot' of eighty-seven 'shads.' And this illustrates a poetical remark once quoted, if we remember rightly, by an Irish gentleman, just before the last tremendous revolution in that 'ked'ntry:'

— 'Who would be free,  
Themselves must strike the blow!'

THE greatest injustice, we have had occasion to remark, is frequently done to that most magnificent work, the *New-York and Erie Rail-Road*, by exaggerated reports of the accidents, and the number of accidents, which happen upon it. It should be remembered that it is not, like other lines, cut up into sections and called by different names in different parts of its vast length, but is emphatically '*The Erie*' from New-York to Dunkirk. It is as safe and as luxurious a road to travel on as there is in the United States, and passes through a region second to none in alternate picturesque beauty and towering sublimity in all our vast domain. No company in the Union is better officered, from the indefatigable president and energetic directors, to the numerous travelling agents of the wishes and the interests of the company, who emulate their superiors in efficiency and courtesy. - - - THERE is sometimes very much expressed in a single word; but we remember no instance in which a single word was more pregnant with meaning than in a case just mentioned in the sanetum. Two men, plumbers by occupation, were engaged on board a vessel, putting down lead-sheathing upon cabin-stairs, etc. There was plenty of the matériel, but honesty was not so abundant; for, before leaving the vessel at dusk, one of the plumbers (the other not being ignorant of the fact) went into a state-room, wound round his body and legs sheets of the lead, which his high and loose 'overalls' covered completely, and 'addressed himself to depart;' but going over the plank, not being well ballasted, he lurched, swayed, fell into the water, and went down instantan. Ropes were thrown out, a light plank was lowered from a pile of pine lumber near by, and a small boat was rowed instantly to intercept him in the current, before he should reach the end of the wharf. 'My heavens!' said his companion, 'he has gone!' 'Oh no,' said several by-standers, encouragingly, 'he'll come up again presently.' 'NEVER!' exclaimed the victim's associate-friend, with a solemn shake of the head, 'NEVER!' 'Prophetic soul!'—he never *did*! 'Marry, *come up*!' - - - Not many years ago, says a New-Haven friend, there lived in that pleasant town a rough, honest sea-captain, who, after accumulating a handsome fortune on the water, retired to dry land to enjoy his money, and the reputation of an eccentric, care-for-nothing:

old fellow. He was a strong churchman; and it one day fell to his lot to drive the clergyman of his parish to the grave-yard, in a funeral procession. As the cortège was wending its way in solemn slowness to the place of sepulture, the captain and parson in the van, the captain espied a clam-peddler, and stopping his horse, he sung out in his gruff voice: 'JIM, what do you ask for clams?' 'Twenty-five cents a peck,' says JIM. 'Well,' said the captain, 'take a peck down to my house.' 'But, cap'n, I rather think it will be worth three shillings to carry them so far.' 'Go to h—ll!' exclaimed the captain: 'what do you mean by stopping a funeral! Get up, Bill!' and the procession moved on. The occurrence and the parties are veritable. - - - MR. JOSEPH A. SCOVILLE (our old correspondent 'HENRY') has started a weekly illustrated paper called '*The Pick*,' which we learn has already reached a circulation of some forty thousand copies a week. The number before us has very many clever hits and pleasant witticisms. Take, for example, the following quaint touch: 'The *Herald* has a bold advertisement in yesterday's impression: 'Wanted, a Young Woman to Cook!' 'A young woman to cook!' exclaims 'PICK:' 'what a refinement in cannibalism! 'A young woman to cook!' Why, it is worse than the Cannibal Islands!' 'PICK' also comes gallantly forward to the defence of LOLA MONTES, the beautiful danseuse, who seems more 'sinned against than sinning.' Hear him:

'Sue has been in this country six months, quietly pursuing her legitimate vocation, and making friends of those who were brought in contact with her. She is a gifted, kind-hearted, and generous lady, who has quietly pursued her career, injuring no one, but bearing up, as well as she could, against the ungenerous and unmanly attacks that have been made upon her, and lived down, in our own midst, the vile and atrocious slanders that have been raised against her. She is eccentric; but the most simple occurrences have been tortured into the most outrageous violations of decency and propriety: for instance, 'the battle at Howard's Hotel,' as narrated in some of the papers. Who would suppose that the simple facts were, that Mr. PICK inflicted a chastisement upon a person who had insulted an unprotected woman, and that she knew no more about it, until long after it was over, being in a distant part of the house, than any person who reads this article! Such is a fair sample of the truthfulness of the stories trumped up about a very clever and unassuming lady, whose great fault lies in the fact that she is forced to appear upon the stage as a danseuse.'

This is gallantly and well said. - - - SOMEBODY has sent us from 'Piketon,' Ohio, some '*Musings*,' by 'J. W. F.' The first stanza is all for which we have present space. Thus it runs:

'As I paced the river-shore,  
Mid scenes I'd never seen before,  
I gazed upon the wild Scioto,  
And wondered where its waters go to!

Original western rhyming, this. - - - THERE are lessons worthy of heed in the following healthful lines, which proceed from the pen of an old and genial friend and school-fellow, who in himself illustrates (he will pardon us for saying) the very moral of his verse:

'Know you a man so distrustful and cold,  
That he'll live out his life without gaining a friend;  
Constantly toiling for silver and gold,  
That he pledges himself he never will spend?  
Pity him!

'Know you a heart, confiding and warm,  
Where the flame of affection steadily burns;  
For whom neither silver nor gold has a charm,  
But who spends every year far more than he earns?  
Pity him!

'Know you a man who is striving for power,  
Who is ceaselessly toiling for wealth or for fame,  
And gauding himself each day and each hour,  
That a few of his fellows may hear of his name?  
Pity him!

'Know you another quite careless of fame,  
Neither longing for wealth, nor yearning for power;  
Thoughtless alike of his fate and his name,  
And wantonly squandering each day and each hour?  
Pity him!

'Know you another, both prudent and kind,  
Who has lived to do good, and made many a friend;  
Who has all his life long kept peace in his mind,  
And for whom is reserved greater peace at his end?  
Copy him!

Syracuse, May, 1852.

J. B. D.

THE circumstance of which a correspondent in Augusta, Georgia, speaks, in a recent letter to the EDITOR, was told us by our friend MR. LUCIUS HART, Number six, Burling-slip, and may be relied upon as entirely authentic. Sitting in his cool store, and admiring the crowded shelves of Britannia-ware, (elegant in form, abundant in variety, and cheap in price,) we have heard many a 'good thing,' which subsequently was remembered for the 'Gossip.' We say 'remembered;' for memory is your true critic. Never make a scrap-book of yourself, by collecting multitudinous memoranda. What is *worth* remembering *will* be remembered, in nine cases out of ten, unless the memory is very defective. The records of the *mind* are the best kind of 'tablets.' - - - 'SAM was in Philadelphia, on his first visit. Consequently he had rather a verdant look, and strolled down Chestnut-street, wild as one just caught. On his devious route he was accosted by an exquisite of the first water, who, holding out a regalia, requested SAM to 'be kind enough to afford him a light.' SAM drew himself up to his full height, looked superciliously down upon his interrogator, and finally replied: 'Certainly, Sir; *tobacco levels all distinctions*; light your cigar, Sir!' and took a hasty leave.' So writes a friend, from whom 'more anon.' - - - IN the number of the KNICKERBOCKER for December, 1851, on page 646, there was quoted by a correspondent an extract from an article which, we are informed, had appeared in the columns of a country journal, and which did great injustice, as we are most reliably assured, to a medical gentleman of eminence in his profession, and of high character as a citizen. It was sent us, as we inferred, for the 'play upon words' which it contained; and was inserted for that, and for no other reason. Our correspondents will oblige us by always remembering that personalities, of any objectionable description, should always be omitted from any thing intended for the pages of this Magazine. Offensive wit we do not court. - - - WE beg to say to 'Meeting-men,' that we are very sorry to be considered open to the charge which the note thus signed alleges against us. This Magazine would do no injury to *any* religious sect or creed. If it has sometimes exposed instances of clerical ignorance, (by which religious services come to be 'evil spoken of,') it has done so with no intent to reflect upon any one religious denomination. And as to the particular 'division' which we are supposed especially to favor, we will mention (without endorsing it, however) a remark made within an hour in our hearing: 'I like them best of all,' said the speaker, 'because they stand aloof; they keep themselves to themselves; they mind their own business, and never meddle with politics or religion!' Will our 'outside barbarian' correspondent accept the '*amende honorable*?' Will he withdraw the charge of 'partiality?' - - - WE have from Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS, '*The Howadji in Syria*,' upon which we need only remark, that it is even better than his first volume, which has established his reputation. We like it for *one* thing over and above all others; and that is, that the author has the rare faculty of making his readers *see with his eyes*. His descriptions are not 'lumber-

ing; his 'compositions,' to use the artist's phrase, are not 'crowded:' nor is this the case only with his descriptions of nature, but he records his emotions with a kindred directness and brevity. Read, for example, his 'pictured words' that bring Jerusalem and its associations before you, and you will understand the characteristics which we have endeavored to indicate. The work, we are not surprised to learn, is selling very fast. - - - In speaking, in our last number, of the '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' we should have said that the work was in *preparation* for the press, instead of being *in* the press, of the Messrs. APPLETONS. It has been found to be no trifling labor to go back for so long a period as sixteen years; to select, separate, rearrange, amend, emend, and revise; so as to make a work that shall justify the praises and orders which are being extended to it, in advance of its appearance. The liberal publishers have decided to make it a work beautiful in its externals, and to illustrate portions of its contents by original designs from an eminent American artist. It will presently be in the hands of the printers. - - - ARROROS of the 'Maine Law,' are some clever lines that we have received from a friend at Newport, describing a meeting of choice 'spirits' at a well-known establishment of that ancient town. 'What came from the throbbles of each of the bottles' that had to 'speak or burst' on the occasion, it would take too much of our space to give; but we cannot avoid presenting a 'specimen' verse or two:

- 'WITH vol<sup>u</sup> air, CHAMPAGNE took the chair,  
And proceeded to organization;  
Then said he: 'Pon my cork, this is rascally work,  
And we won't stand such fools' legislation.  
What, not let *me* pop! say that I must shut shop,  
Nor parties make glad by my presence!  
Here the chairman afflicted his anguish depicted  
By a burst, and a brisk effervescence.
- 'Then up rose OLD PORT, attention to court;  
His outside was cobwebbed and dusty,  
(So long he'd lain by :) he began with a sigh,  
And his voice appeared *roughish* and *crusty*:  
'Bless my bees-wing!' he said, 'must I lie till I'm dead;  
Lose my color, my body, my flavor;  
'Stead of tinting with rose some old senator's nose?  
By BACCHUS! 't is scurvy behavior!'
- 'With phiz aught but merry, Miss PALE GOLDEN SHERRY,  
And her sister, Miss AMONTILLADO,  
A sprightly young lass, who looked well in a glass,  
Commenced in a style of bravado:  
'*They* be kept from men's lips — *they* afford no sweet sips!  
Each damsel declared the thought shocked her;  
Worse than all things to classed be with medicines nasty,  
And be sold by a TEMPERANCE DOCTOR!'

Our enterprising townsmen, Messrs. LONG AND BROTHER, who publish many attractive works, have sent us our old friend and contemporary, GODEY, his '*Lady's Book*' for June. It is a double number, and contains one hundred and twelve pages of letter-press, with several very enticing embellishments. A 'regular army' of contributors add to its attractions, among whom we notice the name of FREDERIKA BREMER. GODEY is an 'old soldier' in the magazine ranks, and he has labored well and assiduously for the favors which he receives at the hands of an appreciative public. - - - '*The Nineteenth Century*' is a work from the press of Mr. JOHN ALLEN, No. 139, Nassau-street, setting forth the doctrines of SWEDENBORG, and presenting, in plain and simple terms, the arguments by which his claims to have made known the true interpretation of the Scriptures are supported. The author has taken a great deal of pains to make the views of its founder thoroughly understood; concerning which there is manifested a greatly-increasing interest in the public mind, at the present moment.

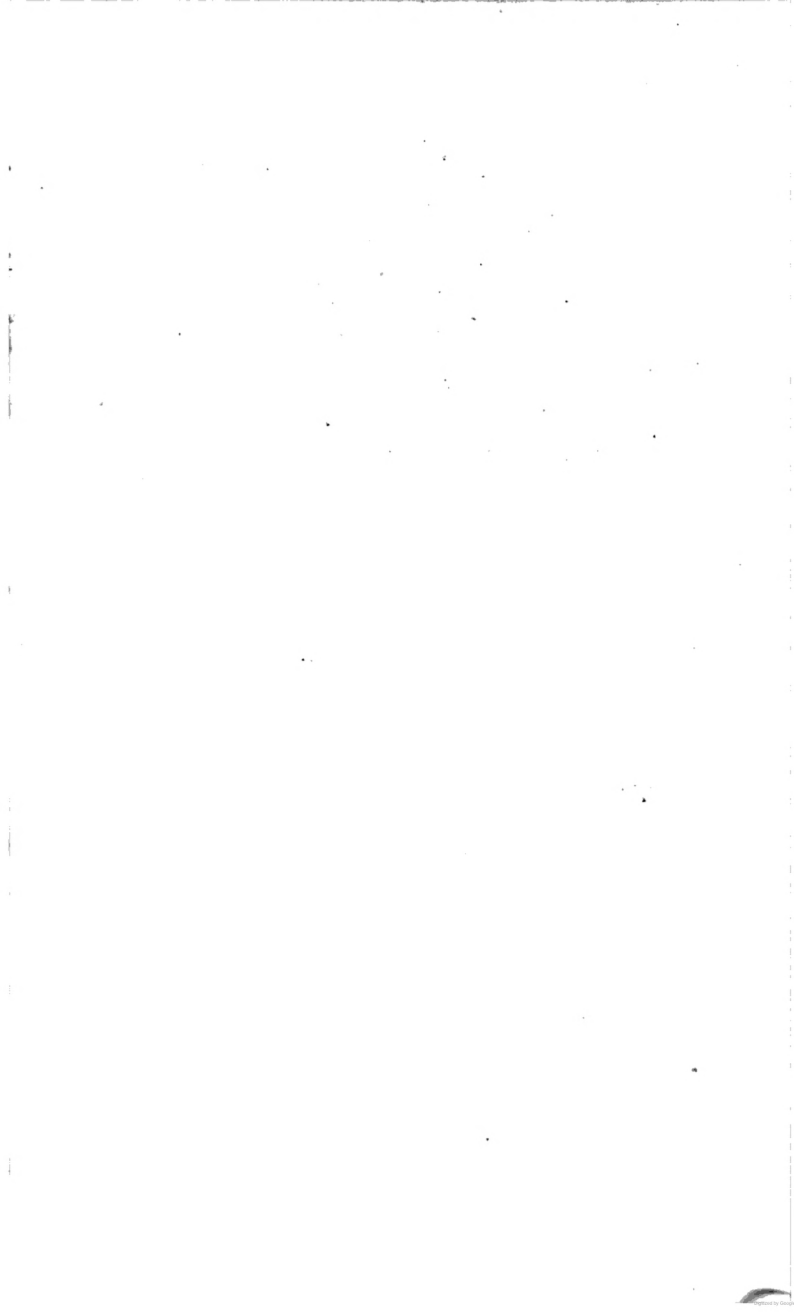
THE small, ambitious orators of Congress, who *talk* for Bunkum, instead of *act-  
ing* for the country, and who parry and postpone business by their 'much *speaking*,' are requested to sing the following lines, to the good old Scottish *air* of 'Green grow the Rashies O!' Each member must suppose the reference to be to some 'brother-member;'

'*There's* naught but talk on every han',  
On every day that passes, oh!  
'T is wonderful how members can  
Behave so much like Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
While business waits amid debates,  
And so the session passes, oh!

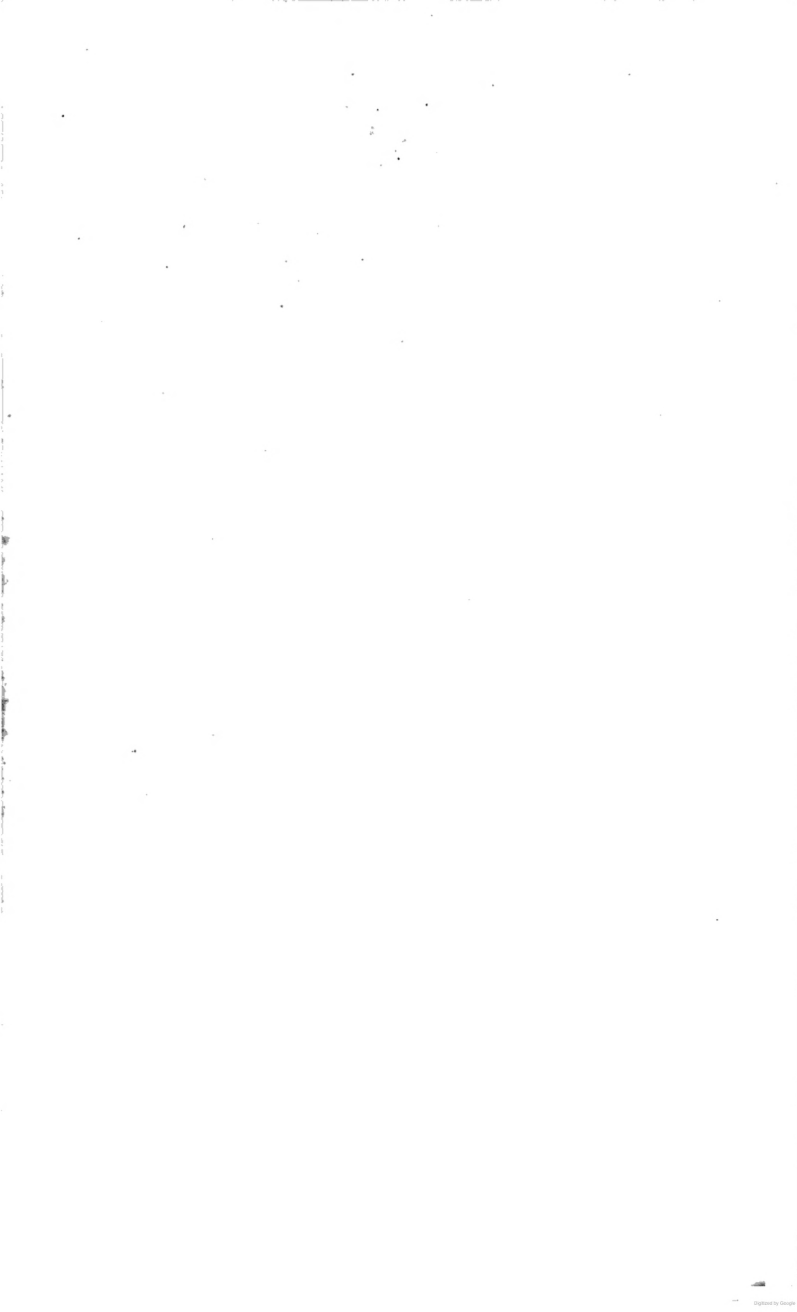
'All this delay, from day to day,  
Arrears of work amasses, oh!  
By sum on sum, till August's come,  
When members droop like Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
While business waits amid debates,  
And so the session passes, oh!'

There's not a little truth in all this. - - - THAT most mellow, fruity, and delicious of all champagnes, *Longworth's Sparkling Catawba*, has at length reached an eastern market, and may be found at the well-known extensive establishment of our friends MESSRS. BININGER AND COZZENS, Number Twelve Vesey-street, adjoining the Astor-House. It is a native wine, but to our taste, it has no superior among even the richest of all the foreign growths. Some two years since Mr. LONGWORTH wrote us, that although he should make some two hundred thousand bottles that season, he would be unable to send any of it east of the mountains, such was the home or western demand for the delicious beverage. Try it, town-reader, if you would test a wine that will linger upon your palate 'like the echo of a vanished melody in a dreaming ear.' In respect of price it is a little cheaper than other good champagnes. - - - '*Clifton, or Modern Fashion*,' is the title of a new novel, written under the *nom de plume* of 'ARTHUR TOWNLEY.' A friend, in whose judgment we should be willing to confide, commended it warmly to our admiration; nor did we find him mistaken. It is written with spirit; it is replete with incident, graphically and yet not *over-described*; and its style is simple without being tame. It has many fine pictures of southern life and scenery, which show the author to be a keen observer and a faithful limner. We are sorry not to be able to illustrate our praise by extracts, but both time and space forbid. - - - EVERY article of gentlemen and youth's clothing may be had, of the best quality, and at fixed, fair rates, at the splendid new establishment of MESSRS. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, No. 441, Broadway. Mr. MUNROE has for fifteen years been at the head of a similar establishment in New-Orleans, and is already very extensively known to the thousands who have visited our great Southern emporium. Citizens and strangers will find in his establishment here garments of every description, of the best material, and made with the same care as they would be by their own tailor. Their advertisement will be found on the third page of the cover of the present number. - - - THE reader will see how our correspondents have diversified the 'Gossip' of this number, otherwise shortened, also, by the title-page, index, etc., of the closing volume. Much matter for this department is now standing in type, embracing many things which we were reluctant to omit, even for the present. - - - Look out for the July Number — the first of the *Fortieth Volume of the Knickerbocker!*















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